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THE CORRESPONDENCE

OF

THOMAS GRAY AND WILLIAM MASON,

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SOME LETTERS ADDRESSED BY GRAY

TO

THE REV. JAMES BROWN, D.D.

MASTER OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

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WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD,

VICAR OF BENHALL.

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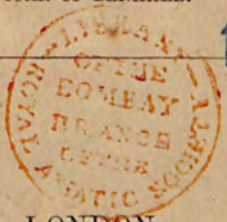

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1853.

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WESTMINSTER:
JOHN BOWYER NICHOLS AND SONS,
25, PARLIAMENT STREET.

TO

THE REV. ALEXANDER DYCE,

WHOSE EXTENSIVE KNOWLEDGE OF OUR EARLY POETRY,
ADDED TO A FAMILIAR ACQUAINTANCE WITH THAT OF GREECE AND ROME,
AND WHOSE SUCCESSFUL LABOURS ON THE WORKS OF THOSE
WHO FLOURISHED IN THE BEST PERIOD OF THE DRAMA,
FROM THE DAYS OF SHAKSPERE TO SHIRLEY,
BY RESTORING THE AUTHENTIC PURITY OF THE TEXT,
BY EXPLAINING THE OBSOLETE AMBIGUITIES OF THE LANGUAGE,
AND BY ILLUSTRATING THE FORGOTTEN MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE AGE,
HAVE PLACED HIM AS A COMMENTATOR AND CRITIC
IN HONOURABLE EQUALITY WITH TYRWHITT AND WARTON;

THIS VOLUME,

IN MEMORY OF A LONG FRIENDSHIP,
COMMENCED BY THE ATTRACTION OF SIMILAR STUDIES,
AND CONTINUED IN THE CONFIDENCE OF MUTUAL REGARD,
IS INSCRIBED
BY HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

Bankall,
September 15th, 1853.

PREFACE.

THE Correspondence between Gray and Mason, which is now published in its entire form, was carefully preserved and arranged by the latter, from which he made a partial selection in his Mémoirs of Gray. This volume at his death was bequeathed to his friend Mr. Stonhewer, and from him it passed into the hands of his relative, Mr. Bright of Skeffington Hall, Leicestershire. When, in the year 1845, the library of Gray was sold by the sons of that gentleman, then deceased, this volume of Correspondence was purchased by Mr. Penn of Stoke Park, and by him was kindly placed in my hands for publication.*

Some engagements at the time prevented my preparing it for the press; and further delay

* One letter, addressed to West, and the "Travels," have been placed in the beginning of this Correspondence, as forming part of the manuscripts collected by Mason; the letter to West being imperfectly printed by Mason, and the Travels having been printed only in the late edition of Gray, will probably not be unacceptable to the readers of the volume.

arose from the difficulty experienced in explaining the obscure allusions, and identifying the persons mentioned in it. This was only to be removed by inquiries to be made at a distance, which occupied much time, and which, often proving unsatisfactory, had to be renewed in other channels. In the Correspondence of Lord Chesterfield, of Walpole, and others, we meet with names more or less familiar to the reader from the literary eminence, or social rank, or political notoriety attached to them, and less difficulty is felt in giving such notice of them as is required for the reader's instruction; but Gray's correspondence was maintained for the most part in the seclusion of a collegiate life, and often relates to the small private circle of friends with whom he was connected, and to events only of local and partial importance. To give some personality to names, most of them new, even to those who are acquainted with the common biographies of Gray, has been found, from the lapse of time, a matter of some difficulty; and success has only been attained by the assistance of various friends. To have passed over this part of the task would have been unsatisfactory, and considered a

dereliction of duty; and, though many of the persons whom the reader will meet with in these letters have remained unnoticed, and their names publicly unknown, they formed the select and intimate society of one who was not remarkable for the facility with which his acquaintance was gained, and who required some more than ordinary proofs of excellence in that select few on whom the confidence of his friendship was bestowed. This part of my task has been performed to the best of my ability; less successfully, perhaps, than I could have wished, but scarcely short of my expectations when I first entered upon it, as more than a century has passed since the Correspondence commenced, and those who could best have explained it have long passed away.* Perhaps the effect of it, on the whole, will be to remove some portion of the general impression of Gray's solitary and secluded life, and to show that, though deprived of domestic

* From the Venerable J. Oldershaw, Archdeacon of Norfolk, and Rector of Redenhall, and from Mr. Professor Smyth, of Cambridge, I received some few anecdotes of the persons who were the contemporaries of Gray, with a faint remembrance of him from their communication; and I believe that with these two all further knowledge from personal recollection has closed.

endearments, he had a small enlightened circle of friends in his own and in other colleges, by whom he was esteemed, and to whose society he could always resort: and with many also beyond the precincts of the university he held correspondence. At Mason's rectory at Aston, at Dr. Wharton's, further north, in Durham, at Mr. Chute's at the Vine, he was a frequent visitor; and at Stoke, once his mother's residence, he could always enjoy the leisure and quiet that were so welcome and necessary to him.* In his later years, such was his high reputation and character, that whoever received him as a guest felt that an honour had been conferred. His friends treasured up his little familiar sayings and manner of expression;†

* Amidst many changes, the room in this house at Stoke which Gray occupied has been very piously preserved, as a spot of classic interest, not to be disturbed or defaced, when all around it has undergone alteration. A view of it may be seen in the Eton edition of Gray published by Mr. Williams.

† As, for instance, in one of Mason's unpublished letters, in his Correspondence with Lord Harcourt, he says,—"My servants are in what *Mr. Gray called the fever of packing up* for my York residence."—Aug. 10, 1793. For the notice of this passage I am indebted to my friend Mr. Samuel Rogers, who met with it when reading the Correspondence preserved at

and a gentleman, who long after the death of Gray paid a visit to Mr. Nicholls of Blundeston, told me that for the week he remained in the house the conversation turned almost entirely upon Gray.*

It may perhaps be asked, why a narrative containing a more complete account of the circumstances of Gray's life, which would have included also a fuller mention of his friends, did not appear in Mason's Memoirs—a work that has formed the foundation of all subsequent biographies. That volume, which was dedicated by a grateful hand to the memory of his illustrious friend, and which has been ever esteemed a model of elegant composition and structure, was made with great and careful consideration of the duty to be performed, and with an unusual delicacy in the selection of the materials; and this was deemed requisite at the time, which followed so closely on Gray's

Nuneham, which has subsequently been very kindly lent to me by the present proprietor, and for which I publicly express my thanks.

* The anecdotes of Gray given in Mr. Mathias's observations on his character and writings are all derived from Mr. Nicholls. Mr. Mathias was resident at Cambridge during the last year of Gray's life, but *he never saw him.*

death. Notwithstanding the general brightness of the poet's reputation, and the consent of the "chosen few" in the admission of his superior genius, the Elegy * was in truth the only one of his poems that was universally popular. The subject of it was attractive; the imagery recommended by its elegance; and the sentiments and reflections were not too deep for the common apprehension. "The Churchyard," Johnson says, "abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas beginning 'Yet e'en these bones' are to me original. I have never seen the notions in any other place. Yet he that reads them here persuades himself that he has always felt them." † This was not the case with the Odes.‡ The principles

* As a curiosity in criticism, I give the notice of Gray's Elegy as it appeared in the leading review of the day—the Monthly Review. "*An Elegy in a Country Churchyard.* 4to. Dodsley. Seven pages.—The excellence of this little piece amply compensates for its want of quantity."

† "C'est le cœur, il faut l'avouer, plus que l'esprit, qui lit la poésie."

‡ I am speaking of *those* Odes on which his high reputation is chiefly founded, and which were the matured products of his later years. The Ode to Eton College has always and

on which they were formed, and the ornaments they required, were less adapted to the public taste and knowledge. They were of too high a flight. The system was too refined, the ideal abstractions too remote, and the language perhaps too learned and elaborate. There was no story to unfold by which passion could be excited, nor any narrative to allure by which curiosity could be gratified. The reviewers of the day cavilled at them; the men of wit endeavoured to hold them up to ridicule; and even Hurd, the leading critic of that age, mentioned them with a courteous and attempered praise, as beyond the common vein of such things. Mason, therefore, was careful in the additions he made to what already had appeared, and did not even dare to present

deservedly been a great favourite; and what we possess of the beautiful *Fragment on Vicissitude* makes us lament its unfinished form, for it would probably have equalled the other in merit and popularity. It is curious that Dr. Barnard, a scholar in the first rank and a poet, should have been *unfavourable* to the publication of this fragment, unless he thought it injurious to Gray's reputation to have the "sweepings of his study" made public. On the *new* lyrical metre of these noble Odes, the Bard and the Progress of Poetry, unknown before Gray, and on their surpassing excellence, see Mathias's Observations on Gray's Writings, p. 71.

that beautiful torso or fragment alluded to in the note without repairing and completing it with his own hands. While to enlarge the circle of personal anecdote, and to admit the public with open confidence into a more intimate knowledge of Gray's private life and habits of intercourse, Mason would have considered as almost treacherous to his friend, as it was also directly opposed to his own temper and conduct, which was, to all but his intimate friends, cold and reserved, and not without a disposition to form austere and perhaps unfavourable judgments of others.*

* Mason was much governed in his opinions and judgments by his strong political feelings. He hated a *Tory*, and this must have been the chief cause of his dislike of his Diocesan, which he too openly showed, both in conduct and in correspondence; but the manner in which he speaks, in a letter I possess, of two ladies whose recent loss society is now lamenting, and whose varied attainments formed only one part of the fascinations they possessed, must have arisen, I think, from their having superseded him in the friendship of the master of Strawberry Hill. Mason's satirical powers were dormant at no period of his life. The world only knew them as they appeared from him "*jam senior Peleus;*" but they burst out when he was yet at the university, "*nec adhuc maturus Achilles,*" and continued in various flashes through his whole life.

Vigilantly to guard Gray's memory from any attack upon it, nor by imprudent or incautious admissions of his own to afford ground for critical animadversion or envious cavil, was his object. For this he kept some poetical pieces in reserve;* for this he used the large epistolary stores, placed from various quarters in his hands, with a severe œconomy of selection; and, with this in view, he abridged and transposed the letters he did publish so that scarcely one is entire or unaltered. Yet that Mason performed his work of love in the best manner it could have been done must be acknowledged; and into no other hands could it have been with such safety entrusted,† for there were then difficulties in more freely opening the volume of private life. Within the walls of the university and without, there were private jealousies and personal animosities that might have been awakened; and in one or two

* Mr. Fox used to lament that Mason withheld any of Gray's *Translations* from the Classics, so valuable to an English reader.

† I have heard that he asked and obtained the assistance of his friend Dr. Hurd in the selection of the papers; but there is no authority for the report that I am aware of, except a casual and private letter.

instances, where Mason has seemed to break through his usual chain of reserve, I question whether he was not incited by the dislike which he himself felt for the persons held up to ridicule and contempt by his friend.

Some difficulties have arisen, which, however, I hope are mostly overcome, from Gray's habit of mentioning those of whom he wrote only by the initial letters of their name. This was partly a matter of habit, partly of usage by others, and partly, I think, it grew out of a general distrust of the post-office at that period. Walpole has repeated his suspicions or complaints on the subject; and I found that much of Mason's correspondence with him was transmitted through private hands. Gray also indulged in a habit, that seemed very amusing to him, of designating his friends and others by what the French call *le sobriquet*, by us termed nicknames.* Thus,

* Nicknames were commonly given to political characters in those days. Lord Temple was called "Tiddy-doll;" the Duke of Cumberland "the Butcher;" Lord Shelburne's title is well known; and many may be seen in the newspapers of the time, and some are mentioned in the notes to the Grenville Correspondence, iv. p. 171-2, and iii. Pref. xxxiii.

King George the Second is styled "the Old Horse;" the Duke of Newcastle "Old Fobus;" Lord Sandwich "Jemmy Twitcher;" Mr. Brown, the Fellow of Pembroke, "Le Petit Bon Homme;" the Rev. Mr. Palgrave "Old Pa.;" and Mason himself was "Scroddles." Through these verbal masks, however, the real persons were easily discovered; but why Lord Harcourt, in his Manuscript Correspondence with Mason, always calls Horace Walpole "your wine merchant," is an enigma that I have not yet been able to decipher.

The university in which Gray resided so large a portion of his life,* could not with justice be censured if it did not bestow its voluntary honours on one, who lived there as a private person, almost unconnected with it, and without any official capacity or rank; nor could he be said to be neglected, whose characteristic reserve forbade any ready approach to him; but he was treated with the general respect due to his great talents and acquirements, and some few of the most enlightened and illustrious members of the society are ranked among his

* He was entered a fellow commoner of Pembroke Hall, and in that capacity he resided there.

friends.* In his later years, from growing infirmity, he did not often appear in public, unless occasionally a day of sunshine, and the softer breath of spring, allured him to the Botanic Garden, to watch the progress of vegetation (one of his daily occupations in his own rooms), and to make an addition to his floral calendar.† Beyond his own college, therefore, he was personally but little known; and his studies and pursuits were totally unconnected with those of the society among which he lived. In the Letters, however, now printed, his opinions of men and things may be dis-

* These observations have been occasioned by the remark made by a late writer, "Cambridge, indeed, though honoured by the education of almost all the great poets of our country, has not been very propitious to the votaries of the Muse. Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Cowley, Otway, and Gray, were dismissed by their respective societies, if not without an acknowledgment, at least without the reward of their genius," &c To this reproach the university, I think, may readily find an answer from a better hand than mine:

Non nostrum est, inquam, tantas attingere laudes.

† Gray, during the chief part of his life, kept a *daily* record of the blowing of flowers, the leafing of trees, the state of the thermometer, the quarter from which the wind blew, and the falling of rain: these he entered into his pocket journals, in his delicate and correct handwriting, with the utmost precision, and sometimes into a naturalist's calendar in addition.

closed, without the imputation of any improper or offensive freedom, for time has removed all objections that could once have been reasonably made; while, through them, a fuller and more lively portrait of himself may be obtained. The close reserve of his general manner may be advantageously contrasted with his playful humour and kindness to his friends; his warm attachments and his affectionate language may be seen coming more brightly out of the cold surface of his common demeanour; perhaps showing that some part of it was assumed, as a necessary defence against intrusion and curiosity. "The melancholy Gray" will not indeed disappear altogether; and there were events and disappointments which had affected him deeply, the effects and remembrance of which he never could remove; but, more than all, "the long disease of life" accompanied him from his earliest to his latest years, and clouded with a constant and melancholy shadow the best and brightest days of his existence. His private journals, some of which I possess, and others which I have read, mark, day by day, the fatal presence and progress of disease, and the vigilant attention and careful

means by which, however ineffectually, he endeavoured to meet its influence. He kept the records relating to his health in Latin, and such expressions as the following occur in almost every page :—"Insomnia crebra, atque expergiscenti surdus quidem doloris sensus; frequens etiam in regione sterni oppressio et cardialgia gravis, fere sempiterna." A complete decay of the powers of nature, long threatening and steadily advancing, preceded his death.*

Much has been said of the fastidious delicacy of his manners and habits of life; this, however, he had in common with Walpole, being probably acquired or increased by both during their residence abroad; and it would have been less noticed, or more readily overlooked, in one to whose rank and fortune it might be supposed to belong; but in Gray it appeared in stronger contrast with his circumscribed means, his slender fortune, and his humbler

* The Rev. Mr. Carey, through whom the great Florentine Poet has become our own, has mentioned his conversing with the college servant who helped to remove Gray from the dinner table in the hall, when suddenly attacked by his last fatal illness.

station, which brought him into the society of persons of a different character and habits: perhaps, too, some part of it, in any excess beyond what was natural to him, was assumed, to keep his secluded path of life as clear from interruption and inquisitive approach as he could. His main resource against the depressing influence of disease was in constant employment. Mason, in a letter to Lord Harcourt, says, "'To be employed, is to be happy,' said Gray; and if he had never said anything else, either in prose, or even in verse, he would have deserved the esteem of all posterity."* He certainly practised as he spoke; for his library bore witness to an extent of curiosity, a perseverance of research, and an accuracy of observation, with a minute diligence in recording what he had gained, and gathering in the harvest of the day, that is hardly to be paralleled in any one who was so gifted with original genius, and the power of forming his own creations of thought. Moreover, this indefatigable attention was not always devoted to the accomplishment of any one particular

* From an unpublished letter, Feb. 20, 1792. See also Dr. Wharton's letter in the present volume, p. 465.

object, or the completion of any favourite inquiry, but extended over every branch of literature remote from common curiosity, and was pursued through the minutest and most distant channels of research; so that on many subjects it would appear as pointing to no other end but that of making time subservient to the abstract investigation of truth, and the general enlargement of knowledge. It was said of a contemporary of his, "that he never touched any subject which he did not adorn;"* but of Gray it may with as much truth be observed, that he seldom closed his laborious inquiries till he had exhausted the means of further investigation. To him, the Genealogical Researches of Dugdale were incomplete; the scientific language of Linnæus imperfect; and the History of the Chinese Dynasties, in fifteen quarto volumes, by Grosier, needed his verbal corrections, and supplemental improvements, before it was worthy of being enrolled in the archives of Pekin.

Gibbon, it is well known, in a Note to his His-

* Dr. Johnson said of Goldsmith, "Nullum tetigit quod non ornavit," though in Latinity somewhat dubious.

tory, lamented, "that Gray, instead of compiling tables of chronology and natural history, did not apply the powers of his genius to finish the philosophical poem, of which he left so exquisite a specimen;" but a later writer,* in his admiration of Gray's genius, has far exceeded the cautious language and the moderate desires of the Historian; and has regretted to behold "the fatal gulf of pertinacious industry in which the Poet's fire and genius was seen to drop, and which perhaps extinguished in its first conception *some great epic work*, which would have placed the author on a level, which he was entitled to ascend, with Spenser and Tasso." The answer however to the reasonable wish of Gibbon, in which all must participate, will also suffice for the more ambitious vision of the other admirer, and show why such lofty aims could not be accomplished. When a friend once asked of Gray, why he never finished the fragment of "The Alliance of Education and Government," he

* I allude to Dr. Whitaker, the historian, antiquary, and philologer, &c. a person of learning, talents, and high character, and who added to great acquirements much of the elegance and enthusiasm of the poetic mind.

said, "Because he could not;" and then explained himself somewhat to this effect, "I have been used to write chiefly lyric poetry, in which, the poems being short, I have accustomed myself to polish every part of them with care, and, as this has become a habit, I can scarcely write in any other manner; the labour of this in a long poem would hardly be tolerable, and, if accomplished, it might possibly be deficient in effect, by wanting the chiaroscuro." Mr. Mathias also says, that when one asked Gray why he had written so little poetry, he answered, "It was from the great exertion it cost him in the labour of composition."*

That this *limæ labor* was irksome and unsatisfactory may be seen in the number of unfinished pieces which he left behind him, the Agrippina—the Ode to Vicissitude—the Fragment on Government—the Hymn to Ignorance—the Latin poem De Principiis Cogitandi; and even The Bard itself—called his great lyric master-piece—was for some years lying by him, and only finished by an accident.

* "Me juvat *raris* auribus placere." Martial, Ep. ii. 86.

And now we may safely hesitate before we repeat the complaint of the misapplication of the Poet's studies and occupation.

Each species of poetry seems distinguished from another by its peculiar and characteristic style, and it is praise enough, when the attainment of excellence is so rare, to have acquired a mastery over one. "The nearest approach to perfection," says a writer on a kindred art, "can only be in carrying to excellence one great quality with the least alloy of collateral defects."

Thus we find that Gray's delicately enamelled language, sparkling with the gems culled from the remoter treasures of our early poetry, woven into lyric harmony, and set off with depth of colour and variety of imagery, could not be successfully transplanted into the broader spaces of a different species, without losing its characteristic and congenial beauty,—that the structure of the Epic fable demanded a different treatment from the language of the Lyre, which requires a greater elevation of diction, bolder figures, transitions less smoothly connected, and digressions more sudden and remote. Nor must it be forgotten that in the

construction of works of great length and high design, which appeal to the best faculties of the intellect, where reason must approve what imagination admires, there is wanted an energy of will, and a vigorous concentration of the powers, that will not weary under the pressure of the duty that is undertaken; that can awaken at will Inspiration from her repose, and send Imagination on the wing after new conquests; and, readily acknowledging his commanding genius, we must confess that this great task could scarcely have been accomplished by the author of the Bard. To him the calmer occupation of research, and the studious contemplation of the thoughts of others, through the medium of some favourite pursuit, would be better adapted; and then, if the Muse did visit him in his happier hours, she would come to gather the fruits which leisure had accumulated; and to find a mind willing to welcome her, enriched with study and invigorated by repose; with new sentiments to warm the heart, and fresh knowledge to animate the mind.

Perhaps too it might be said, that under the shelter of academic bowers is not to be found

the most favourable residence of the Muse, nor that the seat of science and learning is most congenial to the exercise of the poetic faculty, which expands freely when concentrating its powers in its own domain. The means of gratifying an extended curiosity with ease, among the rich libraries of an university, and a natural sympathy with the pursuits of others, must have a strong tendency to disengage the mind from its own proper exercise and congenial occupations; from the thoughts that find their best culture in solitary reflection; and from the steadfast contemplation of those ideal creations that are reflected in the mirror of the visionary world.

The letters which contain the verbal corrections and criticisms on Mason's Poetry will not be read without interest, at least by those who know the great attention paid by Gray to propriety and perspicuity of expression, and to the language transparently representing the image of the thought. They will, I think, not only admit the general correctness of Gray's observations, but feel somewhat surprised that a person like Mason, cradled in poetry, should have given room for them in so great a degree;

but there is a passage, for which we are indebted to the recollection of Mr. Nicholls, which will throw some light on the subject; and though the name of the person alluded to, from obvious motives, is not mentioned by him, that of the author of Caractacus is to be understood.—"Speaking of a modern writer, whose poetry was sometimes too languid, Mr. Gray said, 'it was not a matter of words, for he never gave himself time to think, but he imagined that he should succeed best by writing hastily in the first fervour of his imagination; and therefore he never waited for epithets if they did not occur at the time readily, but left spaces for them, and put them in afterwards. This enervated his poetry, and will do so universally if that method is adopted; for nothing is done so well as at the first concoction;' and he added, 'We think in words; poetry consists in *expression*, if that term be properly understood.'" *

I have still some materials by me which I think will not be unacceptable to the public, partly relating to Gray and partly to those con-

* See Mathias's observations on Mr. Gray's Writings, p. 51.

nected with him and his history, that may serve to illustrate what is already published, and complete in some points our acquaintance with the circumstances of his life. It was the intention of Gray to collect and publish the poetical remains of his friend Richard West; and probably this tablet, inscribed by the hand of friendship, would have given us in words warm from the heart, such a portrait of one whose genius and virtues were laid in too early a tomb, as would have shewn from what a rich and copious source the few, but beautiful, remains we possess had sprung, and what might have been expected from him in the maturity of his powers. Why Gray left his design unaccomplished is not known; but it may be endeavoured, with the assistance of new materials, not indeed to supply the office which he left unfulfilled, but to raise the best monument to the memory of West from his own works which, at so late a period, can be done. Together with these it is proposed to give extracts from a few unpublished manuscripts of Mason, and chiefly from his correspondence with his friends, and some letters from other hands, which may form no unpleasing commen-

tary on the character and writings of Horace Walpole.

In this manner the little circle of friends may again be brought together, and the few additional touches that will be the result, may perhaps be considered as not without their value. In the meantime I present my readers with some brief notes on Gray by the hand of Walpole; I do not know the time when they were written. They are indeed very unfinished, and seem to have been composed in haste; but they have added something to our knowlege of the Poet's history, and they acquire an authentic value from the quarter from which they come. And now it only remains for me publicly to express my thanks to those who, in the most friendly manner, have assisted me in my inquiries;—to the Rev. J. Power, Fellow of Pembroke College, I am under deep obligations; and, while I scarcely know what apologies will excuse the trouble which I gave, I yet most gratefully acknowledge the value of the information it produced:—in my friend Mr. T. Watts, of the British Museum, I possess a treasure-house of literary information, to which I have never applied in vain;

for his power to instruct is always accompanied by his readiness to oblige:—my learned friend the Rev. Joseph Hunter never refused me a request, though sometimes not very reasonably made:—nor am I under obligations of less weight to Mr. Charles Wright, Librarian to Mr. Penn, who, in the most liberal manner, placed all the manuscripts and books, which consisted of the most valuable portion of Gray's library, at my command, and assisted me by his knowledge in the examination and use I made of them.

Gray's Correspondence with the Rev. James Brown, which I received from the same quarter as the other, will be found to form a valuable addition to it. The Master of Pembroke College was honoured by the friendship of the Poet during his life, and to him was committed the sacred duty of accompanying his remains to the grave.

It would have been of advantage if I could have had access once more to the original manuscripts of this Correspondence, by a collation of which I believe a few slight errors might be corrected, and the orthography of one or two names rectified. This, however,

from circumstances that occurred, it was not in Mr. Wright's power to bestow; and I believe that no mistake has occurred in the transcript which can be considered of real importance. A few words, however, used in the freedom of familiar correspondence, have been omitted intentionally by me.

If the notes which I have added serve to explain the text and assist the reader, my purpose, which is a very humble one, is fulfilled. "Illam arrogantiam a me vehementer amolior, et obnixè postulo, ut credar eruditos docere voluisse. Sentio enim quam sint pleraque in his pervulgata, et quotidianæ apud literatos observationis. Sint modo iis accepta, qui adhuc in discendo occupantur. Si quæ apud *Graium* obscura sunt, aliquatenus illustrent, si quæ errata, fortè corrigant; effecero quod volui, et liberavero, in quantum potui, fidem meam."

"MR. THOMAS GRAY.

(BY THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.)

"He was the son of a money scrivener, by Mary Antrobus, a milliner in Cornhill, and sister to two Antrobus's who were ushers of Eton School. He was born in 1716, and educated at Eton College, chiefly under the direction of one of his uncles, who took prodigious pains with him, which answered exceedingly. He particularly instructed him in the virtues of *simples*. He had a great genius for music and poetry. From Eton he went to Peter House at Cambridge, and in 1739 accompanied Mr. H. W. in travelling to France and Italy. He returned in 1741, and returned to Cambridge again. His letters are the best I ever saw, and had more novelty and wit. One of his first pieces of poetry was an answer in English verse to an epistle from H. W.* At Naples he wrote a fragment, describing an earthquake, and the origin of Monte Nuovo, in the style of

* This poem I do not know.

Virgil;* at Rome an Alcaic ode, in imitation of Horace, to R. West, Esq.† After his return he wrote the inimitable ode, On a Distant Prospect of Eton College; another moral ode; and that beautiful one on a cat of Mr. Walpole's drowned in a tub of gold fishes. These three last have been published in Dodsley's Miscellanies. He began a poem on the reformation of learning, but soon dropped it, on finding his plan too much resembling the Dunciad.‡ It had this admirable line in it:

'And gospel-light first *flashed* from Bullen's eyes.'

He began, too, a philosophical poem in Latin,§ and an English tragedy of Agrippina, and some other odes, one of which, a very beautiful one, entitled, 'Stanzas written in a Country Churchyard,' he finished in 1750. He was a very slow, but very correct writer. Being at

* Fragment of a poem on the Gaurus. See Works, i. 192.

† Carmen ad Favonium Zephyrinum, p. 189.

‡ Walpole seems to have confounded the Hymn to Ignorance (see Works, i. 140) with the Alliance of Education and Government (p. 143), and he has substituted *flashed* for *dawned*.

§ The poem De Principiis Cogitandi. See Works, i. 204.

Stoke in the summer of 1750, he wrote a kind of tale, addressed to Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, who had made him a visit at Lady Cobham's.* The Elegy written in the Churchyard was published by Dodsley Feb. 16, 1751, with a short advertisement by Mr. H. W., and immediately went through four editions. He had some thoughts of taking his Doctor's degree, but would not, for fear of being confounded with Dr. Grey, who published the foolish edition of Hudibras.

"In March, 1753, was published a fine edition of his poems, with frontispieces, head and tail pieces, and initial letters, engraved by Grignion and Müller, after drawings of Richard Bentley, Esq. He lost his mother a little before this,† and at the same time finished an extreme fine poem, in imitation of Pindar, On the Power of Musical Poetry, which he began two or three years before.‡ In the winter of 1755, George Hervey, Earl of Bristol, who was soon afterwards sent Envoy to Turin, was designed for Minister to Lisbon: he offered to carry Mr. Gray as his

* The Long Story. See Works, i. 111.

† His mother died March 11, 1753.

‡ The Progress of Poesy. See Works, i. 22.

secretary, but he declined it. In August, 1757, was published two odes of Mr. Gray; one, On the Power and Progress of Poesy, the other, On the Destruction of the Welsh Bards by Edward I. They were printed at the new press at Strawberry Hill, being the first production of that printing-house. In October, 1761, he made words for an old tune of Geminiani, at the request of Mrs. Speed.* It begins,

'Thyrsis, when we parted, swore.'

Two stanzas . . . . . the thought from the French."

* * * *

* Song. See Works, i. 157.

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LETTERS

OF

THE POET GRAY.

LETTER I.

TO JAMES WEST, ESQ.

MY DEAR WEST, Cantabr. May 8, 1736.

My letter enjoys itself before it is opened, in imagining the confusion you will be in when you hear that a coach and six is just stopped at Christ Church gates, and desires to speak with you, with a huddle of things in it, as different as ever met together in Noah's Ark; a fat one and a lean one, and one that can say a little with his mouth and a great deal with his pen, and one that can neither speak nor write. But you will see them; joy be with you! I hope too I shall shortly see you, at least *in congratulatione Oxoniensi.*

My dear West, I more than ever regret you: it would be the greatest of pleasure to me to know what you do, what you read, how you spend your time, &c., and to tell you what I do not do, not read, and how I do not, for almost all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives. Take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business, and yet neither something nor nothing give me any pleasure. For this little while last past I have been playing with Statius; we yesterday had a game at quoits together. You will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you have a little pique to him.

E lib. 6^to^ Thebaïdos, vs. 646—688.

Then thus the King :—Adrastus.
Whoe'er the quoit can wield,
And furthest send its weight athwart the field,
Let him stand forth his brawny arm to boast.
Swift at the word, from out the gazing host,
Young Pterelas with strength unequal drew,
Labouring, the disc, and to small distance threw.
The band around admire the mighty mass,
A slipp'ry weight, and form'd of polish'd brass.
The love of honour bade two youths advance,
Achaians born, to try the glorious chance;
A third arose, of Acarnania he,
Of Pisa one, and three from Ephyre;

Nor more, for now Nesimachus's son,—*(Hippomedon,)*
By acclamations roused, came tow'ring on.
Another orb upheaved his strong right hand,
Then thus: "Ye Argive flower, ye warlike band,
Who trust your arms shall rase the Tyrian towers,
And batter Cadmus' walls with stony showers,
Receive a worthier load; yon puny ball
Let youngsters toss:"—
He said, and scornful flung th' unheeded weight
Aloof; the champions, trembling at the sight,
Prevent disgrace, the palm despair'd resign;
All but two youths th' enormous orb decline,
These conscious shame withheld, and pride of noble line.
As bright and huge the spacious circle lay,
With double light it beam'd against the day:
So glittering shows the Thracian Godhead's shield,
With such a gleam affrights Pangæa's field,
When blazing 'gainst the sun it shines from far,
And, clash'd, rebellows with the din of war.
Phlegyas the long-expected play began,
Summon'd his strength, and call'd forth all the man.
All eyes were bent on his experienced hand,
For oft in Pisa's sports, his native land
Admired that arm, oft on Alpheus' shore
The pond'rous brass in exercise he bore;
Where flow'd the widest stream he took his stand;
Sure flew the disc from his unerring hand,
Nor stopp'd till it had cut the further strand.
And now in dust the polish'd ball he roll'd,
Then grasp'd its weight, elusive of his hold;
Now fitting to his gripe and nervous arm,
Suspends the crowd with expectation warm;

Nor tempts he yet the plain, but hurl'd upright,
Emits the mass, a prelude of his might;
Firmly he plants each knee, and o'er his head,
Collecting all his force, the circle sped;
It towers to cut the clouds; now through the skies
Sings in its rapid way, and strengthens as it flies;
Anon, with slacken'd rage comes quiv'ring down,
Heavy and huge, and cleaves the solid ground.
So from th' astonish'd stars, her nightly train,
The sun's pale sister, drawn by magic strain,
Deserts precipitant her darken'd sphere:
In vain the nations with officious fear
Their cymbals toss, and sounding brass explore;
Th' Æmonian hag enjoys her dreadful hour,
And smiles malignant on the labouring power.

I will not plague you too much, and so break the affair in the middle, and give you leave to resume your Aristotle instead of

Your friend and servant,

T. GRAY.*

* This letter may be compared by the reader with the one given under the same date (May 8, 1736) by Mason, from which it widely differs. The specimen of the translation from Statius here printed, precedes that which appeared in Mason, vol. ii. p. 12. The whole consisted of about 110 lines. Mason believes it was Gray's *first attempt* in English verse, and says that he had imbibed much of Dryden's spirited manner. This translation was written at the age of twenty. See for the other portion, Gray's Works, ed. Ald. vol. i. p. 126.

LETTER II.

TO DR. WHARTON.*

Florence, March 12, 1740.

MY DEAR, DEAR WHARTON,

(Which is a dear more than I give any body else. It is very odd to begin with a parenthesis, but) you may think me a beast, for not having sooner wrote † to you, and to be sure a beast I am; now, when one owns it, I do not see what you have left to say. I take this opportunity to inform you (an opportunity I have had every week this twelvemonth) that I arrived safe at Calais, and am at present at Flo-

* Thomas Wharton, M.D. of Old Park, near Durham, who died in 1794, aged 77. With this gentleman Mr. Gray contracted an acquaintance very early, and, though they were not educated together at Eton, yet afterwards at Cambridge, when the Doctor was Fellow of Pembroke Hall, they became intimate friends, and continued so to the time of Mr. Gray's death. Dr. Wharton was a physician, and Richard Wharton, Esq. one of the Secretaries of the Treasury, and M.P. for Durham in 1802 and 1806, 1807, and 1812, Chairman of the Ways and Means, also author of Fables from Dante, Berni, and Ariosto, imitated in English Verse, 1804, 8vo. was his second son, in whose possession Gray's Correspondence with his father remained, or at least by whose permission it was printed in 1816.

† "Wrote," so the MS. Mason has "*written*."

rence, a city in Italy in I do not know how many degrees north latitude. Under the Line I am sure it is not, for I am at this instant expiring with cold.

You must know, that, not being certain what circumstances of my history would particularly suit your curiosity, and knowing that all I had to say to you would overflow the narrow limits of many a good quire of paper, I have taken this method of laying before you the contents, that you may pitch upon what you please, and give me your orders accordingly to expatiate thereupon; for I conclude you will write to me, won't you? oh yes, when you know, that in a week I set out for Rome, and that the Pope is dead,* and that I shall be (I should say, God willing), if nothing extraordinary intervene, and if I am alive and well, and in all human probability, at the coronation of a new one. Now, as you have no other correspondent there, and as, if you do not, I certainly shall not write again (observe my impudence), I take it to be your interest to send me a vast letter full of all sorts of news and politics, and such other ingredients as to you shall seem convenient, with all decent expedition. Only do not be too severe upon the Pre-

* Clement XII. died on the 6th February 1740.

tender; and, if you like my style, pray say so; —this is *à la Françoise*, and if you think it a little too foolish and impertinent, you shall be treated *alla Toscana*, with a thousand *Signoria Illustrissima*'s: in the mean time I have the honour to remain,

Your lofing frind tell deth,

T. G.

Proposals for printing by subscription, in

THIS LARGE LETTER,*

The Travels of T. G. Gentleman, which will consist of all the following particulars:—

Chap. 1.—The author arrives at Dover; his conversation with the mayor of that corporation; sets out in the pacquet boat; grows very sick; with a very minute account of all the circumstances thereof; his arrival at Calais; how the inhabitants of that country speak French, and are said to be all Papishes; the author's reflections thereupon.

Chap. 2.—How they feed him with soupe, and what soupe is; how he meets with a Capucin, and what a Capucin is; how they shut him up

* The MS. from which this is given differs in a few unimportant particulars from that which is in the Aldine edition of Gray's Letters, vol. ii. p. 83.

in a postchaise and send him to Paris; he goes wondering along during six days, and how there are trees and houses just as in England; arrives at Paris without knowing it.

Chap. 3.—A full account of the river Seine, and of the various animals and plants its borders produce; a description of the little creature called an Abbé, its parts and their uses, with the reasons why they will not live in England, and the methods that have been used to propagate them there; a cut of the inside of a nunnery; its structure wonderfully adapted to the use of the animals that inhabit it; a short account of them, how they propagate without the help of a male, and how they eat up their own young ones, like cats and rabbits; supposed to have both sexes in themselves, like a snail; the dissection of a duchess, with some copper plates, very curious.

Chap. 4.—Goes to the Opera, grand orchestra of humstrums, bagpipes, salt-boxes, tabors, and pipes; the anatomy of a French ear, showing the formation of it to be entirely different from that of an English one, and that sounds have a directly contrary effect upon one and the other. Farinelli at Paris said to have a fine manner, but no voice; a grand ballet, in which there is no seeing the dance for petticoats, old women

with flowers and jewels stuck in the curls of their grey hair, red-heeled shoes, and roll-ups innumerable, hoops and panniers immeasurable, paint unspeakable; tables, wherein is calculated with the utmost exactness the several degrees of red now in use, from the rising blush of an advocate's wife to the flaming crimson of a princess of the blood, done by a limner in great vogue.

Chap. 5.—The author takes unto him a tailor; his character; how he covers him with silk and fringe, and widens his figure with buckram a yard on each side; waistcoat and breeches so straight he can neither breathe nor walk; how the barber curls him *en béquille* and *à la negligée*, and ties a vast *solitaire* about his neck; how the milliner lengthens his ruffles to his fingers' ends, and sticks his two arms into a muff; how he cannot stir, and how they cut him in proportion to his clothes.

Chap. 6.—He is carried to Versailles; despises it infinitely; a dissertation upon taste; goes to an installation in the *chapelle royale*. Enter the king and fifty fiddlers *solus*. Kettle drums and trumpets, queens and dauphins, princesses and cardinals, incense and the mass, old knights making curtsies, holy ghosts and fiery tongues.

Chap. 7.—The author goes into the country

to Rheims in Champaign; stays there three months; what he did there (he must beg the reader's pardon, but) has really forgot.

Chap. 8.—Proceeds to Lyons; the vastness of that city (cannot see the streets for houses),* how rich it is, and how much it stinks. A poem upon the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone, by a friend of the author's, very pretty.

Chap. 9.—Makes a journey into Savoy, and in his way visits the Grande Chartreuse; he is set astride upon a mule's back, and begins to climb up the mountain, rocks and torrents beneath, pine-trees and snows above; horrors and terrors on all sides. The author dies of the fright.

Chap. 10.—He goes to Geneva; his mortal

* Mons. le Duc de M. disoit, que les *maisons* de Paris etoient si hautes, qu'elles empechoient de voir la ville. Menagiana, vol. i. p. 13. "One feels like the countryman, who complained 'that the houses hindered him from seeing Paris.'" See Walpole's Fugitive Pieces, vol. i. p. 222; also Bishop Hall's Satirized Sizar, p. 72,

"That sees not Paris for the houses' height."

See the story to which the above alludes in the Editor's note, as given in the Bigarrures du Seigneur des Accords. "Quand il (Sieur Gaulord) fut à Paris, passant par les rues il disoit, Chascun me disoit que je verrois une si grande et belle ville; mais on se mocquoit bien de moi, car on ne peut pas voir, a cause de la *multitude des maisons*, qui empeschent la vue."

antipathy to a presbyterian, and the cure for it; returns to Lyons; gets a surfeit with eating ortolans and lampreys; is advised to go into Italy for the benefit of the air.

Chap. 11.—Sets out the latter end of November to cross the Alps; he is devoured by a wolf, and how it is to be devoured by a wolf. The seventh day he comes to the foot of Mount Cenis. How he is wrapped up in bearskins and beaverskins, boots on his legs, caps on his head, muffs on his hands, and taffety over his eyes; he is placed on a bier, and is carried to heaven by the savages blindfold. How he lights amongst a certain fat nation called Clouds; how they are always in a sweat, and never speak, but they ——; how they flock about him, and think him very odd for not doing so too. He falls plump into Italy.

Chap. 12.—He arrives at Turin, goes to Genoa, and from thence to Placentia; crosses the river Trebbia; the ghost of Hannibal appears to him; and what it and he says upon the occasion; locked out of Parma, in a cold winter's night; the author by an ingenious stratagem gains admittance; despises them and that city, and proceeds through Reggio to Modena. How the duke and duchess lie over

their own stables, and go every night to a vile Italian comedy; despises them and it, and proceeds to Bologna.

Chap. 13.—Enters into the dominions of the Pope of Rome; meets the Devil, and what he says on the occasion. Very public and scandalous doings between the vines and the elm-trees, and how the olive-trees are shocked thereupon. The author longs for Bologna sausages and hams, and how he grows as fat as a hog.

Chap. 14.—Observations on antiquities. The author proves that Bologna was the ancient Tarentum; that the battle of Salamis, contrary to the vulgar opinion, was fought by land, and not far from Ravenna; that the Romans were a colony of the Jews, and that Eneas was the same with Lhud.

Chap. 15.—His arrival at Florence; is of opinion that the Venus of Medicis is a modern performance, and that a very indifferent one, and much inferior to the King Charles at Charing Cross. Account of the city, and manners of the inhabitants, with a learned dissertation on the true situation of Gomorrah.

And here will end the first part of these instructive and entertaining voyages; the subscribers are to pay twenty guineas, nineteen

down, and the remainder upon delivery of the book. N. B.—A few are printed on the softest royal brown paper, for the use of the curious.

LETTER III.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR SIR, Durham, July 24, Tuesday, 1753.

We performed our journey, a very agreeable one, within the time appointed, and left out scarcely anything worth seeing in or near our way. The Doctor and Mrs. Wharton had expected us about two hours, when we arrived at Studley on Friday. We passed that night at Ripon, and the next at Richmond; and on Sunday evening got to Durham. I cannot now enter into the particulars of my travels, because I have not yet gathered up my quotations from the Classics to intersperse, like Mr. Addison; but I hope to be able soon to entertain you with a dish of very choice erudition. I have another reason, too, which is, that the post is just setting out. Suffice it to tell you, that I have one of the most beautiful vales here in England to walk in, with prospects that change every ten steps, and open something

new wherever I turn me, all rude and romantic; in short, the sweetest spot to break your neck or drown yourself in that ever was beheld. I have done neither yet, but I have been twice at the races, once at the assembly, have had a visit from Dr. Chapman,* and dined with the Bishop.†

* Prebendary of Durham, and Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, from 1746 to 1760, author of a Dissertation on the Roman Senate 1750, praised and translated by Larcher 1765, reviewed by Hooke 1750. In December 1751, Gray writes to Dr. Wharton, "Oh, by the way, I wish you joy of that agreeable creature, who has got one of your prebends of 400*l.* a year, and will visit you soon with that dry piece of goods his wife." He died 1760; see Gray's Letters, ed. Ald. vol. iii. pp. 246, 253, 260. In a copy of Hornby's Remarks on Dugdale's Baronage, which belonged to Mr. *Cole*, he wrote as follows: "The marginal notes at pp. 107, 108, are by Dr. Chapman, the conceited and overbearing Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge, who died in the summer of 1760;" to which Gray's remark may be added as a codicil: "Chapman, you see, is dead at last, which signifies not much, I take it, to any body."—The very humorous account which Gray gave in his letters, referred to above, of the *cause* of the Doctor's death, gave great offence, I have heard, to his family. There is a *severe* character of him given by Bishop Hurd, in a Letter to Warburton, No. CXLII. p. 306. He calls him "a vain and

† Doctor Richard Trevor, translated from St. David's. He succeeded Dr. Joseph Butler in 1752.

I am very shabby, for Stonhewer's box, with my coat in it, which went by sea, is not yet arrived. You are desired therefore to send Lee, the bedmaker at Peterhouse, to the master of the Lynn boats, to inquire what vessel it was sent by, and why it does not come. It was directed to Dr. Stonhewer, of Houghton, to be left with the rector of Sunderland. Another trouble I have to give you, which is to order Barnes to bring any letter Stonhewer* or I

busy man, who had not virtue enough to prefer a long and valuable friendship to the slightest, nay, almost to no prospect of interest, on which account I dropped him," &c. This Dr. Thomas Chapman must not be confounded with Dr. John Chapman, who lived at the same time, and was author of many learned works, as the Translation of Eusebius. A ludicrous story is told of *him* in Walpole's Letters to Lady Ossory, vol. ii. p. 10.

* Mr. Stonhewer, son of Dr. Stonhewer, of Houghton, Durham, was Secretary to the Duke of Grafton, in conjunction with Mr. Bradshaw. "He was," says Horace Walpole, "a modest man, of perfect integrity, invariably attached to Lord Grafton from his childhood." See Memoir of George III. vol. iv. p. 66. He appears to have taken a high degree in 1749-50, by the Cambridge Calendar, as late Fellow of St. Peter's and after of Trinity College. He held for a considerable time the post of Commissioner of Excise, and lived in Curzon Street, in a house nearly opposite to the Chapel. It was through his interest with the Duke of Grafton that Gray obtained the Professorship of Modern History.

may have to you, and direct them hither. The Doctor and Mrs. Wharton desire their particular compliments to you, and are sorry you could not be with us. Adieu. I am ever sincerely yours, T. G

P. S.—I have left my watch hanging (I believe) in my bed-room: will you be so good as to ask after it.

LETTER IV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Durham, Sept. 21, 1753.*

It is but a few days since I was informed by Avison,† that the alarm you had on your sister's

* Compare this letter, Sept. 21, with that given in the Aldine edition, vol. iii. p. 116, No. xlix. dated Dec. 26, 1753, beginning "A little while before I received your melancholy letter I had been informed by Mr. Charles Avison of one of the sad events you mention, &c." It will afford a good example of the alterations which Mason may have thought it advisable to give to Gray's Correspondence.

† Mason, in his Essays on Church Music, mentions Mr. *Avison*, the author of the Essay on Musical Expression, *as his friend.* See Works, vol. iii. p. 385 and p. 396. He adopted an opinion of Mason's on ancient and modern music, and published it in his Works. "Mason," says Mr. Boaden,

account served but to prepare you for a greater loss, which was soon to follow. I know what it is to lose a person that one's eyes and heart have long been used to, and I never desire to part with the remembrance of that loss, nor would wish you should. It is something that you had a little time to acquaint yourself with the idea beforehand, if I am informed right, and that he probably suffered but little pain, the only thing that makes death terrible.

It will now no longer be proper for me to see you at Hull, as I should otherwise have tried to do. I shall go therefore to York, with intention to make use of the stage coach, either on Friday or Monday. I shall be a week at Cambridge, and then pass through London into Buckinghamshire. If I can be of any use to you in any thing it will give me great pleasure. Let me have a line from you soon, for I am very affectionately yours,

T. GRAY.

in his Life of Kemble, i. 184, "was not meanly skilled in choral and scientific composition." It has been said that Avison's Essay on Musical Expression was written by Dr. John Brown, author of the Estimate, mentioned hereafter at page 73. See Moore's Irish Melodies, p. 227.

LETTER V.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, Hull, Sept. 23, 1753.

You have been rightly informed that I have lost a most affectionate father. I have felt for him all that a heart not naturally hard, and at the time already softened by preceding anxiety, could feel. But my griefs rest not on him alone. Only last Tuesday my most intimate friend, Dr. Pricket,* followed him; a man who, I assure you, had more good qualities of the heart than the brightness of the head could outbalance, either in mine or your estimation. We were brought up together from infancy, and ever lived in the sincerest affection. In my long illness at London he attended me with a care and assiduity almost unparalleled. I endeavoured to repay that care in my turn; but, alas, his fate did not give me time to discharge half the debt; yet what I could I did.

Oh, Mr. Gray, how dreadful is it to sit beside a dying friend; to see, as I did, reason withdraw herself gradually, often return by starts,

* "Dr. Marmaduke Pricket, a young physician of my own age, with whom I was brought up from infancy, also died of the same infectious fever."—Mason. See Gray's Works, vol. iii. p. 116.

to a memory every minute less capable of furnishing her with ideas, and a tongue less able to give them utterance. I talk nonsense, I believe; but let me do it—it gives me some relief. What makes his loss to me more deplorable is, that I am afraid either the physician who constantly attended him mistook his case, or that the other who was called in afterwards hastened his end; for a sudden change ensued the alteration of his medicines. But I will check myself till I see you, and then you must bear with me, if I am even a child or a woman in my complainings. I must add, however, that in a will he made five years ago, his friendship bequeathed to me two hundred pounds, which, when my debt is discharged to his executor, will be reduced to one; yet the sum will come at present as opportunely as anything of the kind possibly could, as my father, by the strangest disposition of his affairs that can be conceived, has left all my paternal estate to my mother-in-law for her life, and entailed it so on my little sister that I can take up no money upon it; so that without this legacy I should not have had a shilling at present.

I believe I shall be obliged to take a journey to Mr. Hutton's,* near Richmond, and may

* In December 1756 Archbishop Hutton gave Mason the

perhaps be at York next Sunday; but this is so exceedingly uncertain that I only just name it, but would not have you alter your schemes upon it for the sake of a meeting, because my mother is at present in a fever, with three blisters, but I hope on the recovery; yet I cannot leave her till there appears a greater certainty. Tom has been also in a fever, and got out only to-day; therefore I do not know whether he will be in a condition to travel, and I cannot easily relinquish the pomp of travelling with a servant all on a sudden; and my father's servant, a lad of the same age, died the week after his master, of a fever also.

From all this you may guess what a time I have gone through lately; yet I am well myself at present, except that my hands tremble, and my spirits often, very often sink; yet have they supported me hitherto surprisingly. Pray tell

prebend of Holme, in the cathedral of York. "John *Hutton*, Esq. Marsk, near Richmond, Yorkshire, died June 12, 1768, by which death an estate in the East Riding came to me in reversion."—Dates of principal events relating to myself. *Mason MS.* All Mason's landed property was bequeathed to *Mr. William Dixon*, son of his half-sister, Anne Dixon, wife of Rev. Henry Dixon, Vicar of Wadworth, Yorkshire. Gray says it was considerable. See Letter to Nicholls, Feb. 3, 1768. Archbishop Hutton died in March 1718, and was succeeded by Secker.

Mr. Brown when you see him, that I fear I cannot be up at college by the tenth of October, yet I shall get there as soon as ever I can make any end of my perplexed affairs here. I wish you had told me how long you would stay in Buckinghamshire: I hope it will be short, and that we may meet again at Cambridge soon. Adieu. My best compliments to Dr. Wharton. I am, dear Sir,

Yours, with sincerity and affection,

W. MASON.

Do write to me again very soon.

LETTER VI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.*

MY DEAR MASON, Durham, Sept. 26, 1753.

I have just received your letter, and am both surprised and angry (if you will suffer me to say so) at the weakness of your father; perhaps I ought not to use such words to a person whose affliction for him is perhaps heightened by that very weakness; for I know it is possible to feel

* This Letter should be compared with the one dated Dec. 26, in Mason's edition of Gray, Letter XVIII. which is the *foundation* of the present.

an additional sorrow for the faults of those we have loved, even where that fault has been greatly injurious to ourselves. This is certain, he has been (whether from his illness or some other cause) at least guilty of a great weakness; and it is as sure that there must have been a great fault somewhere, probably in the person who took advantage of his weakness, upon whom your care and kindness is very ill bestowed, though you do not at present show any resentment, nor perhaps ever will. At least let me desire you not to expose yourself to any further danger in the midst of that scene of sickness and death, but withdraw as soon as possible to some place at a little distance in the country, for I do not at all like the place you are in.

I do not attempt to console you on the situation your fortune is left in; if it were far worse, the good opinion I have of you tells me you will never the sooner do any thing mean or unworthy of yourself, and consequently I cannot pity you on this account, but I sincerely do so on the new loss you have had of a good and friendly man, whose memory I honour. May I remind you how like a simpleton I used to talk about him? It is foolish to mention it; but it feels I do not know how like a sort of

guilt in me, though I believe you know I could not mean any thing by it. I have seen what you describe, and know how dreadful it is; I know too I am the better for it. We are all idle and thoughtless things, and have no sense, no use in the world any longer than that sad impression lasts; the deeper it is engraved the better. I am forced to break off by the post. Adieu, my dear Sir.

I am ever yours, T. G.

P. S. I shall be at York on Sunday, at the place the stagecoach goes from, having a place taken for Monday. Pray remember James's powder; I have great faith in its efficacy; I should take it myself. Here is a malignant fever in the town.

LETTER VII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

MY DEAR MASON, Stoke, Nov. 5, 1753.

I am not in a way of leaving this place yet this fortnight, and consequently shall hardly see you in town. I rejoice in the mean time to think that you are there, and have left, I hope, a part of

your disagreeable reflections in the place where they grew.*

Stoke has revived in me the memory of many a melancholy hour that I have passed in it, and, though I have no longer the same cause for anxiety, I do not find myself at all the happier for thinking that I have lost it, as my thoughts now signify nothing to any one but myself. I shall wish to change the scene as soon as ever I can.

I am heartily glad to hear Mr. Hutton is so reasonable, but am rather sorry to find that design is known to so many. Dr. Wharton, who, I suppose, heard it from Avison, mentions it in a letter to me. Were I you, I should have taken some pleasure in observing people's faces, and perhaps in putting their kindness a little to the trial; it is a very useful experiment, and very

* Gray had hastened to Stoke on being informed that Mrs. Rogers, his aunt, had had a stroke of the palsy. See Letter XLVII. to Dr. Wharton, Oct. 18, 1753, ed. Ald. vol. iii. p. 111. His mother, to whom he was affectionately attached, died in March 1753. The inscription which Gray wrote on his mother's tomb may be seen in his Life and Works, vol. i. p. xxxi. Sir James Mackintosh used to speak with high praise of the expression in it, "the *careful, tender mother* of many children." It occurs, however, in an older writer, "These were *tender* nurses, *careful* mothers." See Braithwaite's English Gentlewoman, 4to. p. 109. 1633.

possibly you will never have it in your power to put it in practice again. Pray make your bargain with all the circumspection and selfishness of an old hunks; when you are grown as rich as Crœsus, do not grow too good-for-nothing, —a little good-for-nothing to be sure you will grow; every body does so in proportion to their circumstances, else, indeed, what should we do with one's money? My third sentence is, do not anticipate your revenues, and live upon air till you know what you are worth. You bid me write no more than a scrawl to you, therefore I will trouble you, as you are so busy, with nothing more. Adieu.

I am very sincerely and affectionately yours,

T. G.

I should be obliged to you, if you had time, to ask at Roberts's,* or some place in Jermyn Street, whether I could be there about a fortnight hence. I will not give more than half-a-guinea a week, nor put up with a second floor unless it has a tolerable room to the street. Will you acquaint me of this?

* When Gray came to London he lodged in Jermyn-street, at Roberts's the hosier's, or at Frisby's the oilman's. They are towards the east end, on different sides of the street.—Norton Nicholls.

LETTER VIII.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR SIR, Arlington Street, March 1, 1755.

I am gathering together my *disjecta membra*, and as a specimen I send you the inclosed Ode, of which, perhaps, you may remember one stanza. It is not what I can make it at present, but I will not give myself any more trouble with it till it has had your *desperate hooks;** but spare it as much as you can, for I do not mean to draw you into any scrape by the conclusion of it, but shall leave you quite at your liberty to write my epitaph or no, as you please. As soon as you have interlined it, send it me back again, and do not let any body see it except the President † . . . . and old Cardale,‡

* "Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like slashing Bentley with his *desperate hook*."
Pope's Imitation of Horace, book ii. i.

† Dr. Roger Long was Master of Pembroke College, Mr. Brown President, and Cardale a Fellow. There is a Life of Dr. Long in Nichols's edition of J. Taylor's Tracts, p. liv.–lviii. See also Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. i. pp. 94, 639; iv. p. 683; ix. p. 643; and Literary Illustrations, vol. i. p. 134. He was Professor of Astronomy and Geometry from 1749 to 1771, and author of a treatise on Astronomy.

‡ "His college, which had much declined for some time, is picking up again; they have had twelve admissions this year,

and the Master; Marcello* has set out from Newcastle, and is travelling hither as fast as a Northumberland waggon can bring him: you must not expect him at Cambridge this fortnight. Pray, is the Thane of Glamis† come? I wish I could put that good creature Fraser‡ up in his own frank, to transcribe your Ode for me, for I want it vastly.

I have no news yet about Hanover. My Lord§

and are just filling up two fellowships with a Mr. *Cardell*, whom I do not know, but they say he is a good scholar, and a Mr. *Delaval*, a fellow-commoner (a younger son to old Delaval, of Northumberland), who has taken a degree in an exemplary manner, and is very sensible and knowing." See Gray's Works (Letter to Dr. Wharton), vol. iii. p. 78. I presume that it is not of *this* Mr. Delaval that a ludicrous story is told by Gray as happening to him at the college, for this was in 1746. See Notes, vol. iii. p. 28.

* Edward Delaval, of Pembroke College.

† Lord Strathmore. The title of Strathmore takes with it that of the Thane. He entered at Pembroke College. See on him Walpole's Letters to Mason, vol. i. p. 154; Gray's Letters, vol. iii. p. 130; Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. viii. p. 388; Literary Illustrations, vol. vi. p. 602.

‡ William Fraser, Esq. held a situation in Lord Holdernesse's office.

§ Robert D'Arcy, fourth Earl of Holdernesse, to whom Mason was appointed chaplain in 1754, at this time was Secretary of State. He died in 1778, when the earldom became extinct; his only daughter married the Duke of Leeds. For Lord Holdernesse's character see Waldegrave's Memoirs,

did speak to Lord Hertford* to make me chaplain to his embassy, but he was pre-engaged: tell this to nobody but old Cardale and the master.

I send you also an epistle which folks say Voltaire† wrote lately to himself, but you must

p. 123; and Walpole's Memoirs of George II. vol. i. p. 198; vol. iii. pp. 27, 34, 341; Geo. III. vol. i. p. 42, and note of the Editor; and frequent notices of him are to be found in Walpole's Miscellaneous Letters; those in vol. i. are in pages 91, 100, 250, 271, 342; vol. iv. pp. 31, 34.

* The Earl of Hertford, a man of most unblemished morals, but rather too gentle and courteous to combat so presumptuous a court, was sent Ambassador to Paris, whither, Mons. de Mirepoix was desired to write, "that if they meaned well, we would send a man of the first character and quality." See Walpole's Mem. of George II. vol. ii. p. 2. Lord Hertford's going was suspended.—Ibid. See Grenville Papers, vol. ii. p. 514. "The King sometimes observes to Mr. Grenville, that there are not among his servants too many people of decent or orderly character; that Lord Hertford is respectable in that light, and therefore not lightly to be cast aside." See also Walpole's Misc. Lett. vol. iii. p. 105; vol. iv. p. 303.

† Is there any epistle answering to this title among Voltaire's Poems? Is it the Epitre LXXVI. vol. 13, dated this year, 1755? "L'auteur arrivait dans sa terre. 'O maison d'Aristippe, O jardin d'Epicure,'" &c. This was translated under the title of An Epistle of M. de Voltaire upon his arrival at his estate near the Lake of Geneva, March 1755. —Monthly Review, 1755, vol. ii. p. 285. Mason says he does

judge whether they are right in their assertion; you must return it in a post or two. I am, as you must say, if you have any gratitude in you,

Your very obliging friend;

W. MASON.

I am disappointed of Voltaire's verses, but you shall have them very soon.

LETTER IX.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR SIR, Hanover, June 27, 1755.

Amongst the variety of rational entertainments that travel affords to a thinking mind, I have always ranked with the principal that fund which it presents of new ideas peculiarly proper to be thrown upon paper, in order to form that which we call a free epistolary correspondence. An easy communication of sentiments neither obscured by a cloud of reserve,

not recollect the title of the poem, but it was a small one, which Voltaire wrote when he first settled at Ferney. Gray says, "There are parts in it that are excellent, and everywhere above mediocrity."—Works, vol. iii. p 141.

which is always disagreeable to an amicable reader, nor embarrassed by a burthen of terms *recherché*, which is always fully as unpleasing to a negligent writer,—is the very thing which I should always labour to attain in my productions of this kind, though perhaps my aim is totally chimerical, as the style I speak of may be called with the poet

" A faultless monster, which the world ne'er saw."

Therefore, without further apology, I shall trust to the sincerity of your friendship for a plenary absolution in this case, and proceed in all the simplicity of narration.

Germany is a country—but why should I tell my friend who has seen France, who has seen Italy, what kind of a country is Germany? and yet perhaps he will not despise me for it; for though France is remarkable for its *savoir vivre* and Italy for its *virtù*, yet Germany is the reservoir of solid literature, and therefore not unworthy of the attention of a person who unites all these qualifications in his own particular, and may be called without flattery a microcosm of the talents both of his own island and the continent; but hard, very hard, is my fate, that I cannot give him any satisfactory account of the state of the Germanic learning,

having only as yet had a single interview with Myn Herr ———, the royal librarian of this place. Mynn Herr —— is of a roundish, squab figure, and of a face corresponding, that is, as his body is cylindrical, his face is rather circular than oval; he apparels himself generally in a decent grass-green suit, with a fair full peruke, not too full to break upon the spherical form of his cheeks, and yet full enough to add a graceful squareness on each side of them; the altitude of his square-toed shoe heels, the breadth of his milk-and-watered rollups, and the size of his amber-headed cane, are all truly symbolical, not only of his own genius, but of that of all his compatriots. When I say that Myn Herr ——— is the only erudite person whom I have yet seen, I must be understood to mean in this place; for when I lately made a tour to Hamburg I met with another, though of a different sex, her name Madam Belcht, her person I will not attempt to describe, but will endeavour to give you a morceau of her conversation, for I was honoured with it. She asked me who was the famous poet that writ the "Nitt Toats;" I replied Doctor Young. She begged leave to drink his health in a glass of sweet wine, adding that he was her favourite English author. We toasted the Doctor, upon which, having a mind

to give my Parnassian toast, I asked Madame Belcht if she had ever read *La petite Elegie dans la Cimetiere Rustique?** *C'est beaucoup jolie, je vous assure,*—for I had said *fort jolie* very often before. *Oui, Monsieur*, replied Madame Belcht, *je l'ai lu, et elle est bien jolie et mélancolique. Mais elle ne touche point le cœur, comme mes tres chères Nitt Toats.*

The prudence you recommend to me at parting, and which you yourself are so remarkable for, I shall strictly observe, and therefore will say nothing of the place I am in. Indeed, I have nothing to say, if I was not prudent, only that it is the noisiest place I ever was in, and that I want to get out of it, which I hope is no treason. I have sent Lord John Cavendish† a list of the

* Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.

† Fourth son of William third Duke of Devonshire. Mason was his tutor at Cambridge. To him, the Elegy beginning

"E'er yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire,"

was addressed. During the Rockingham administration, in 1760, he was a Lord of the Treasury; in March 1762 he was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer; and he died in 1796. See Cavendish Debates, ii. p. 17; Rockingham Papers, i. 225, ii. 511; Walpole's Misc. Letters, v. 29, 207; Memoirs of George III. vol. ii. pp. 24, 128, 136; iii. p. 93; iv. p. 129; and Collins's Peerage, vol. i. p. 318. He was the warm friend of Lord Rockingham, under whose second administration he

noises and their times of beginning, which will give you some idea, if he shews you the letter.

Oh, Mr, Gray! I bought at Hamburg such a pianoforte, and so cheap! It is a harpsichord too of two unisons, and the jacks serve as mutes when the pianoforte stop is played, by the cleverest mechanism imaginable,—won't you buy my Kirkman?

Pray, Mr. Gray, write soon (how strangely is my style changed since the beginning!) and tell me about Rousseau, or any thing: it is great charity I do assure you. I would have written to you before, but Hamburg and Reviews prevented me. Whitehead* is here with his lordlings; you would delight in Lord Nuneham,† he is so peevish, and hates things so much, and has

filled the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer. His fair little person, and the quaintness with which he untreasured, as by rote, the stores of his memory, occasioned George Selwyn to call him "the learned canarybird."

* William Whitehead went abroad as travelling tutor to George Simon Harcourt, Viscount Nuneham—son of the first Earl of Harcourt, who was Governor to George III. when Prince of Wales, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland 1772, and died in 1777—and George Bussey, Lord Villiers, eldest son of the Earl of Jersey.

† Lord Nuneham succeeded to the earldom of Harcourt. He was the intimate friend of Mason and Whitehead. The entire correspondence between Mason and Lord Nuneham has been

so much sense; Lord Villiers * is Plumer exceedingly polished. Whitehead talks rather too much of Princesses of the Blood, in a way between jest and earnest, that most people must mistake and take for admiration. The rest of the English are, Earl of Peterhouse, Sutton, and just now Bagnal of Trinity, with grooms, dogs, tutors, and all. Whitworth is also soon expected; so that I think we shall soon have a pretty party enough. O, the deuce take that confounded drum and fife! it plagues me past endurance; I cannot write a word more. Adieu, and believe me yours with the greatest sincerity,

W. MASON.

preserved, and shows him to have been a person of talent and accomplishment. See on him Gray's Letters, vol. iii. LXV. p. 159; Walpole's Misc. Lett. iv. p. 377; Memoirs of George II. ii. p. 59; Letters to Mason, vol. i. p. 50; and p. 310, "He is all good nature, and deserved a fonder father."

* George Bussey, afterwards fourth Earl of Jersey, born 1735, succeeded to the peerage Aug. 28, 1769, (vide Walpole's Memoirs of George III. vol. ii. p. 58, note,) died in 1809, aged 63.—See Lord Mahon's History, vol. v. p. 90; Rockingham Papers, i. p. 159; Life of Lord Keppel, i. p. 392. General Keppel proposes to his brother, in anticipation of the Bedfords and Rockinghams coming into office in 1767, to make examples of the Onslows, Townshends, Shelleys, *not forgetting the little Lord Villiers.* See also Selwyn Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 214.

LETTER X.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, Tunbridge, Sept. 10, 1755.

I was told yesterday by Lady H.* that it was her birthday, and she wondered I had not written her some verses; so I did, and here they are:

Had R——d bad my Muse essay
To hail her on her natal day,
I soon had ransack'd Nature's bowers
For blushing fruits and fragrant flowers,
And sworn, till fops believed it true,
That all their sweetness, all their hue,
Were nought to what her checks advance,
Adorned *tout à-la-mode de France:*
Or had gay Lady C * * * *
Been bent on such an odd design,
And deigned my verses to receive
(For verse is all I have to give),
It soon had been my tuneful pray'r
To beg propitious Fate to spare
The bliss she has, and always lend
An easy lord and gen'rous friend:
But how to suit my song to you
Is mighty hard, for, *entre nous*,
You're most unfashionably fair,
Content with your own face and hair;

* i. e. Holdernesse.

And, more unfashionably true,
A husband bounds your utmost view.
This then the case, my rhymes I'll close,
And wish, in verse as plain as prose,
That Tunbridge from her springs may grant
The little added health you want;
And that for many a happy year
You need not to her fount repair,
Unless to see, as now you see,
Each varied form of vanity,
And candid laugh, as now you do,
At all the fools her walks can shew.
Yet one wish more,—may Fortune kind
Soon briskly blow a North-east wind;
And then, some few days past and gone,
You'll scarce pull coifs for St. Simon.

You must observe this is not the St. Simon mentioned in a book you have formerly read, called the Testament, but another quite of a different family, and whose name is pronounced *Sensimmong*, like a dactyle. Well, how do you like my verses? whether shall I call them "To Lady H—— on her Birth-day," or a "Lampoon on Lady R—— and Lady C——?" One talks of nothing but lampoons here. Pray *unde derivatur* lampoon? * You have a pretty knack at an old-fashioned Welsh ode, but you are

* It is derived, acccording to the dictionaries, from the old French word *lamper*, potare.

nothing like me at an impromptu. If you write to me, direct "To the young man my aunt Dent had liked to have ravished." Axton wrote to me yesterday about his Fellowship; it was rather a sesquipedalian letter. However, I answered it to-day, and hoped he would behave gratefully to Mr. Brown, who I said was much his friend, and would secure him his Fellowship; and so, having concluded my paper, I am yours.

Pray give my best compliments to Dr. Wharton and his lady, and the ejected statesman; and, if you will write to me immediately to Hull, I will tell you when I'll meet you at Cambridge. Do you know what Whitehead's place is worth?*

LETTER XI.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR GRAY, Wadworth, Nov. 26, 1755.

It is not true that I again make interest to be transported into Ireland, and yet I believe too it will be my fate; I am totally passive in the whole

* In 1755 Whitehead, through the interest of Lady Jersey, was made secretary and registrar of the Right Honourable Order of the Bath.—See Mason's Life of Whitehead, p. 86.

affair, and shall remain so. The only step I ever took which could be called active, was to write a letter to Mr. Bonfoy,* simply to inquire whether it was true that the Marquis† intended to take me next, which he has now answered in the affirmative; but, as Lowth is still to continue first chaplain, the time when is uncertain, and cannot be these two years, in which space, you know, a man may die or do a hundred pretty things. But I hear, since I came into these parts, that Seward‡ the critic is very anxious about taking my place, and has made offers of making over to me a great living in the Peak, if he may go in my stead (here too I preserve my passivity), it being totally indifferent to me whether they thrust me into the

* Of Abbot's Ripton, Huntingdonshire. His name occurs several times in the Correspondence. He is mentioned by Walpole to West as being at Paris in April 1739, when Walpole and Gray were there. See note to Lett. XXXVII. of this volume, and a letter of the Rev. Mr. Jones, in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. viii. p. 378. "All was attention and delight in Mr. *Bonfoy's* parlour, when he (Mr. Parnham) sang Mat. Prior's song," &c.

† Marquis of Hartington, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, May 1755, afterwards Duke of Devonshire.

‡ The Rev. Thomas Seward, canon of Lichfield, and editor of Beaumont and Fletcher, father of Anna Seward. The great living was, I presume, "Eyam," of which he was rector.

Devil's A—— or an Irish bog. Yet, though I say I am indifferent to both these, I will in my present circumstances embrace either. The world has nothing to give me that I really care for; therefore whatever she gives me, or however she gives it, does not matter a rush, and yet I own I would have something more of her too, merely because I have not philosophy, or a better thing, economy, to make what I have a competency.

Whitehead has sent me some verses from Vienna,* treating of my indolence and other weighty matters, and exhorting me not to detach myself too much from the world. The verses are really very easy and natural, and I would transcribe them for you, if it was not too much trouble; and yet you would not like them if I did, because of some words which I know would not digest upon your stomach, neither do they on mine. For I do not know how it is, but the slops you have given me have made my digestive faculties so weak, that several things of that sort, which were once as easy to me as hasty pudding, never get through

* I do not see these verses in Whitehead's collected works. I possess a copy of the tragedy of Œdipus, left unfinished by Whitehead, and finished by Mason, privately printed at York, alluded to in the Garrick Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 90.

the first concoction, and lay as heavy in the *prima via* as toasted cheese, all which I impute to your nursery, where you would never let one eat any thing that was solid, as I did at St. John's. Write (you say) something stately at Aston;* I write nothing there but sermons, and those I only transcribe. Write yourself, if you please; at least finish your Welsh ode, and send it me to Hull; for there is an alderman there that I want to give his opinion about it.

But pray why, Mr. Gray, must I write, and you not? Upon my word, Sir, I really do not mean it as a flattery or any thing of that sort; no, Sir, I detest the insinuation; but, *blast* my laurels, Sir, if I do not think you write vastly better than I do. I swear by Apollo, my dear Sir, that I would give all my Elfrida (Odes included) to be the author of that pretty Elegy that Miss Plumtree can say off book. And I protest to you that my Ode on Memory,† after it

* Mason was instituted to the rectory of Aston, and appointed chaplain to the Earl of Holdernesse, Nov. 1754. This living he held till his death, in 1797, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Christopher Alderson, who was followed by his son the Rev. William Alderson, who died in the autumn of 1852.

† This ranks first of his Odes. In his Works, vol. i. p. 19:

"Mother of Wisdom, thou whose sway
The throng'd ideal hosts obey," &c.

has gone through all the *limæ labor* that our friend Horace prescribes, nay, Sir, *prematur nonum in annum* (above half of which time it has already, I assure you, been concealed *malgré* my partiality to it),—I say that that very Ode is not, nor ever will be, half so terse and complete as the fragment of your Welsh Ode,* which is, as one may say, now just warm from your brain, and one would expect as callow as a new-hatched chicken (pardon the barn-door simile). But all your productions are of a different sort; they come from you armed *cap-a-piè*, at all points, as Minerva is said to have issued from the head of Jupiter. I have thus said enough to show you, that, however I may have laid aside the practical part of poetry, I retain all that internal force, that *ignea vis* which inspires every true son of Parnassus; with all which I am fervently yours,

W. Mason.

See on the opening lines of it, Hurd's Dissertation on the Marks of Imitation, addressed to Mr. Mason, p. 190, which lines he traced to a passage in the Prolusiones of Strada.

* The Bard.

LETTER XII.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR SIR, Chiswick, Dec. 25, 1755.

You desired me to write you news; but, though there are a great many promotions, they seem to me, as far as I can judge, all such dirty ones, that you may spare me the trouble of naming them, and pick them out of a newspaper, if you think it worth while. There is a *bon mot* of Mr. Pitt's handed about, out of the late debate about the treaties.* Somebody had compared the Russians to a star rising out of the north, &c. Pitt replied, he was glad the place of the star was thus fixed, for he was certain it was not that star which once appeared in the east, and which the wise men worshipped; though it was like it in one particular, for it made its worshippers bring gifts. Charles Townshend, in the same debate, called Lord Holland an unthinking, unparliamentary minis-

* On the debate concerning the treaties, see Horace Walpole's Miscell. Letters, vol. iii. p. 170–183, at which he was present. It was in this debate that the Honourable Mr. G. Hamilton made the famous speech, which now forms his pseudo-christian name; though he spoke again within a few months, and again shone.

ter, for which he was severely mumbled by Mr. Fox; which I am glad of, because he is certainly a most unprincipled patriot. But perhaps all this is old to you? I am tired of the subject, and will drop it.

There is a sweet song in Demofoonte, called "Ogni amante," sung by Ricciarelli.* Pray look at it; it is almost verbatim the air in Ariadne; but I think better. I am told it is a very old one of Scarlatti's, which, if true, Handel is almost a musical Lauder.

Voltaire's mock poem, called "La Pucelle,"†

* Ricciarelli was a neat and pleasing performer, with a clear, flexible, and silver-toned voice, but so much inferior to Mingotti, both in singing and acting, that he never was in very high favour. It was in the admirable drama of Demofoonte, that Mingotti augmented her theatrical consequence, and acquired much applause, beyond any period of her performance in England.—Dr. Burney's Hist. of Music, vol. iv. pp. 464-468.

† A day or two before Voltaire's death, says Lacretelle, "Les hommes les plus distingués du royaume venaient tour-a-tour le soutenir; on baisait ses vêtemens, on tombait à ses pieds. 'Vous voulez donc,' dit le vieillard, 'me faire mourir de plaisir.' Ces acclamations le suivoient jusqu'à sa demeure. Il s'entendait *bénir* de tous ses ouvrages, *de la Pucelle d'Orléans* comme de la Henriade." See Hist. t. v. p. 159. "Voltaire was alarmed almost to insanity by the escape of his Pucelle d'Orleans, indiscreetly trusted to a female friend, which a person of the name of Grasset had grossly interpolated, and offered even to Voltaire himself for sale." Boaden's Life of

is to be met with, though not sold publicly in town; I had a short sight of it the other day. If you have any curiosity to see it, I can send it you, with Fraser's assistance, in a couple of covers. I have been here ever since I left Cambridge, except one opera night. My absence from my pianoforte almost makes me peevish enough to write a Bolingbrokian Essay upon Exile. Why will you not send me my Inscription? and with it be sure add a dissertation upon Sigmas; and tell me, with all Dr. Taylor's* accuracy, whether a Σ, or a C, or an Ϲ, is the most classical. You can write Dissertations upon the Pelasgi, and why not upon this, when it is for the use of a learned friend? Always twitting you (you say) with the Pelasgi. Why, it is all I can twit you with. I wish you good success at brag as well as sweet temper. May the latter be ΠΟΛΥ ΠΑΚΤΙΔΟϹ ΑΔΥΜΕΛΕΣΤΕΡΑ, and the former make your purse

Kemble, vol. i. p. 137. On Gray's opinion of Voltaire, see Nicholls's Reminiscences of Gray, p. 33. His admiration of his genius (for he thought his tragedies next to Shakspere's) was united to an abhorence of his principles.

* Dr. John Taylor, the very learned editor of Demosthenes, Lysias, and of the Marmor Sandvicense, which latter work is more immediately alluded to in this letter. See Memoirs of Taylor, collected and edited by J. Nichols, 1819, and Bp. Monk's Life of Bentley, vol. ii. p. 294.

ΧΡΥΣΩ ΧΡΥΣΟΤΕΡΑ. I see in the papers Dodsley has published an Ode on the Earthquake at Lisbon, with some Thoughts on a Churchyard. I suppose you are the author, and that you have tagged your Elegy to the tail of it; however, if I do not suppose so, I hope the world will, in order that people may lay out their sixpences on that rather than on Duncombe's * flattery to Fobus, and the old horse. What a scribbling humour am I in! I will relieve you, however, by adding only my love to Mr. Brown, Tuthill, and all friends, and assuring you that I am yours with the greatest sincerity,

SCRODDLES.

Shall I trouble you, dear Sir, to wish Dr. Long and old Cardale a merry Christmas in my name? Lady Rochford assures me that Lady Coventry "has a mole on *one* of her ladyship's necks, * * * * *"

* See Bell's Fugitive Poetry, vol. xviii. p. 91, for the Ode by J. Duncombe, M.A. to his Grace the Duke of Newcastle. A life of him may be found in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. viii. p. 271-278. He died at his living of Herne, near Canterbury, in Jan. 1786, aged 56. Fobus was the name by which the Duke of Newcastle is usually designated by Gray; and the *old horse* is George the Second, who is also praised in this ode.

LETTER XIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR SKRODDLES, Pemb. Hall, Tuesday, 1756.

If all the Greek you transcribe for me were poetry already, I would bestir myself to oblige you and Mr. Rivett;* but as it is no more than measured prose, and as unfortunately (in English verse) a tripod with two ears or more has no more dignity than a chamber-pot with one, I do not see why you would have me dress it up with any florid additions, which it must have, if it would appear in rhyme; nor why it will not prove its point as well in a plain prose translation as in the best numbers of Dryden. If you think otherwise, why do not you do it yourself, and consult me if you think fit?

I rejoice to hear the prints succeed so well, and am impatient for the work, but do not approve the fine-lady part of it; what business have such people with Athens? I applaud your scheme for Gaskarth,† and wish it could have

* Nicholas Rivett, the associate of Mr. J. Stuart in the measurement and delineation of the Antiquities of Athens. See memoir of him in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. ix. p. 147. Monthly Review, xlii. 369; lii. 193.

† Joseph Gaskarth was treasurer of the College of Pembroke; in 1747 he was the fifth senior wrangler.

succeeded. He bears his disappointment like a philosopher, but his health is very bad. I have had the honour myself of some little grumblings of the gout for this fortnight, and yesterday it would not let me put on a shoe to hear the Frasi in,* so you may imagine I am in a sweet amiable humour; nevertheless, I think of being in town (perhaps I may not be able to stir) the middle of next week, with Montagu. You are so cross-grained as to go to Tunbridge just before I come, but I will give you the trouble to inquire about my old quarters at Roberts's, if I can probably have a lodging at that time; if not there, may be I can be in the Oven, which will do well enough for a sinner: be so good to give me notice, and the sooner the better. I shall not stay above a week, and then go to Stoke. I rejoice to know that the genial influences of the spring, which produce nothing but the gout in me, have hatched high and unimaginable fantasies in you. I see, methinks (as I sit on Snowdon), some glimpse of Mona and her haunted shades, and hope we shall be very good neighbours. Any Druidical anecdotes that I can meet with I will be sure to

* An opera-singer not of the first rank. See Burney's History of Music, vol. iv. p. 452. She was pupil to Signor Brivio.

send you. I am of your opinion, that the ghosts will spoil the picture, unless they are thrown at a huge distance, and extremely kept down.

The British Flag,* I fear, has behaved itself like a trained-band pair of colours in Bunhill Fields. I think every day of going to Switzerland; will you be of the party, or stay and sing mass at Aston? Adieu! I am stupid, and in some pain; but ever very sincerely yours,

T. G.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Stoke, July 25th, 1756.

I feel a contrition for my long silence, and yet perhaps it is the last thing you trouble your head about; nevertheless, I will be as sorry as if you took it ill. I am sorry too to see you so punctilious as to stand upon answers, and never to come near me till I have regularly left my

* Allusion to the loss of Minorca and Admiral Byng's conduct. See Mr. Pitt's letter to Mr. Grenville, June 5, 1756, on this subject—"Byng is gone to Gibraltar, and, if his own account does not differ widely from that of the French, *where he ought to go next is pretty evident*," &c. vol. i. p. 164.

name at your door, like a mercer's wife that imitates people who go a visiting. I would forgive you this, if you could possibly suspect I were doing any thing that I liked better, for then your formality might look like being piqued at my negligence, which has somewhat in it like kindness; but you know I am at Stoke, hearing, seeing, doing, absolutely nothing, not such a nothing as you do at Tunbridge, chequered and diversified with a succession of fleeting colours, but heavy, lifeless, without form and void; sometimes almost as black as the moral of Voltaire's Lisbon,* which

* "Poème sur la Desastre de Lisbon, 1755; ou, Examen de cet axiome Tout est bien." See Poèmes de Voltaire, tom. xii. p. 119. As Gray has alluded to the *black* moral of this poem, I may mention with the praise it richly deserves Professor Smyth's *noble* digression in his Lectures on the subject of these dangerous writings of Voltaire, and of the unhealthy regions of French literature. See vol. ii. p. 312—316. Voltaire in his Preface has endeavoured to defend his Moral; "L'Auteur du Poème sur le desastre de Lisbonne ne combat pas l'illustre Pope (Essai sur l'Homme), qu'il a toujours admiré et aimé; il pense comme lui sur presque tous les points; mais pénétré du malheur des hommes, il s'élève contre les abus qu'on peut faire de cet ancien axiome '*Tout est bien.*' Il adopte cette triste et plus ancienne vérité, reconnue de tous les hommes, *qu'il y a du mal sur la terre.*" See also Lettre XLII. à M. de Cideville, "Il *(Pope)* prouve en beau vers, que la nature de l'homme a toujours été et toujours dû être ce qu'elle est. Je

angers you so. I have had no more pores* and muscular inflations, and am only troubled with this depression of mind; you will not expect therefore I should give you any account of my verve, which is at best, you know, of so delicate a constitution, and has such weak nerves, as not to stir out of its chamber above three days in a year, but I shall inquire after yours, and why it is off again; it has certainly worse nerves than mine, if your reviewers have frighted it. Sure I (not to mention a score of your uncles† and aunts) am something a better judge than all the man midwives and presbyterian parsons that ever were born. Pray give me leave to ask you, do you find yourself tickled with the commendations of such people? for you have your share of these too. I dare say not; your vanity has certainly a better taste; and can, then, the censure of such critics move you? I own it is an impertinence in these gentry to talk of one at all either in good or in bad, but this we must all swallow; I mean not only we that write, but all the we's that ever did any thing

suis bien étonné qu'un prêtre Normand ose traduire de ces vérités."

* "pores" omitted in Mason.

† "A score of your other critics."—Mason's edition.

to be talked of.* I cannot pretend to be learned without books, nor to know the Druids from the Pelasgi at this distance from Cambridge. I can only tell you not to go and take the Mona for the Isle of Man; it is Anglesey, a tract of plain country, very fertile, but picturesque only from the view it has of Caernarvonshire, from which it is separated by the Menai, a narrow arm of the sea. Forgive me for supposing in you such a want of erudition.

I congratulate you on our glorious successes in the Mediterranean. Shall we go in time, and hire a house together in Switzerland? it is a fine poetical country to look at, and nobody there will understand a word we say or write.† Pray let me know what you are about; what

* Here Mason, in the MS., has written the following sentences (taken mostly from the preceding letter), which he has ordered to be inserted in this place: "While I write I receive yours, and rejoice to find that the influences of this fine season, which produce nothing in me, have hatched high and unimaginable fancies in you. I see, methinks, as I sit on Snowdon, some glimpse of Mona and her haunted shades, and hope we shall be very good neighbours. Any druidical anecdotes that I can meet with I will be sure to send you when I return to Cambridge, but I cannot pretend to be learned without books, or to know the druids from modern bishops at this distance. I can only add—."

† Here the letter in Mason's edition ends.

new acquaintances you have made at Tunbridge; how you do in body and in mind; believe me ever sincerely yours,

T. G.

Have you read Madame Maintenon's Letters?*

* These Letters were published, with a Life of the writer, by La Beaumelle, the great enemy and plague of Voltaire. See in Walpole and Mason Correspondence, i. 236, a French epigram on Beaumelle, Freron, and Voltaire. "This work," says Professor Smyth, "in spite of Voltaire, still keeps its place." See Lord Chesterfield's opinion of these Letters in vol. iv. p. 1 (Mrs. Stanhope's edition). "I am sure they are genuine; they both entertain'd and inform'd me." Colonel Johnes, of Hafod, published the *Original Memoirs* of Madame de Maintenon, with the various castrations and alterations, from Beaumelle's own copy. Voltaire in his Dictionnaire Philosophique, tome 1, p. 361, has argued against the *correctness* of these Memoirs, and also in his Siècle de Louis XIV. has written numerous notes against them. Horace Walpole confesses that two or three of these letters have made him jealous for his adored Madame de Sevigné. See on them the Edinburgh Review, No. LXXXVIII. by Sir James Mackintosh, and also Professor Smyth on the French Revolution, vol. i. p. 18. Chaudon in his Dictionnaire Historique (art. Maintenon), thus accuses Beaumelle: "En publiant les Lettres, il y a fait quelquefois des *changemens* qui les rendent infidelles; il fait dire à Madame de Maintenon des choses qu'elle n'a jamais pensées, et celles qu'elle a pensées d'une manière dont elle ne les a jamais dites;" and Barbier says, "La Beaumelle avoit preté à cette dame son bel esprit dans des courtes mais frequentes additions." See Bibl. d'un Homme de Goût, vol. iv. p. 46.

When I saw Lord John* in town, he said, if his brother went to Ireland you were to go second chaplain, but it seemed to me not at all certain that the Duke would return thither; you probably know by this time.

LETTER XV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Stoke, July 30, Friday, 1756.

I received your letters both at once yesterday, which was Thursday, such is the irregularity of our post. The affair of Southwell, at this time, is exceedingly unlucky; if it is committed to you by all means defer it. It is even worth while to stop Mrs. Southwell, who will enter into the reason of it. Another thing is, you have very honestly and generously renounced your own interest (I mention it not as a compliment, but *pour la rareté du fait)* to serve Mr. Brown. But what if you might serve him still better by seemingly making interest for yourself? Addison must certainly be a competitor; he will have the old (new) Lord Walpole, of Wolterton, his patron, to back him, the Bishop of

* Lord John Cavendish.

Chester,* the heads, who know him for a staunch man, and consequently the Duke of Newcastle. If you can divide or carry this interest, and by it gain the dirty part of the college, so as to throw it into Mr. Brown's scale at pleasure, perhaps it may produce an unanimous election. This struck me last night as a practicable thing, but I see some danger in it, for you may disoblige your own friends, and Lord Holdernesse must, I doubt, be acquainted with your true design, who very likely will not come into it. T. and also Mr. B. himself should be acquainted with it immediately; consider therefore well whether this or the plain open way (which, I own, is commonly the best) be most likely to succeed; the former, if it be found impracticable for Mr. B., at least may make it sure for yourself, which is to be wished. In the next place (it is odd to talk thus to a man about himself, but I think I know to whom I am talking,) I have puzzled my head about a list of the college, and can make out only these; pray supply it for me: Brown, Gaskarth, May, Cardale, Bedford, Milbourne, Tuthill,†

* Dr. Edmund Keene, Master of St. Peter's College, Cambridge; and who, on resigning the Mastership, procured Dr. Law to be elected. He will be mentioned again, more fully.

† Henry Tuthill, of St. Peter's Coll.; admitted at Pembroke

Spencer, Forrester, Mapletoft, Delaval, Axton.* I do not know if Spencer's Fellowship be vacant or not, or whether a majority only of the whole or two-thirds be required to choose a Master.

I should hope nine of these, and perhaps Mapletoft too, if Gaskarth pleases, might be got for Mr. Brown, but I can answer only for T[uthill]. Bedford has always professed a friendship for Mr. B. but he is a queer man; his patron is a Mr. Buller of Cornwall, a tory; Delaval, Gaskarth, Milbourne, and Axton, you may soon inquire into yourself; Spencer (if he is one) has promised Dr. Wharton.

I write to Mr. W.† (your neighbour over the

Coll. 5 July, 1746; admitted Fellow 1748-9; deprived of his fellowship Feb. 2, 1757. Gray had a great regard for him, as may be seen by his early Letters. See his Works, vol. iii. pp. 47, 54; and the Letter to Dr. Wharton, dated 17 February, 1757, will shew the pain and suffering which were the consequence of this unhappy history. See note to Nichols' and Gray's Correspondence, ed. Ald. pref. p. viii.

* These are the names of the Fellows of Pembroke. Delaval and Cardale appear in the Cambridge Calendar as having taken wranglers' degrees in 1750–1, and Axton, a senior optimé in 1755. Spencer, *late* Fellow of Pembroke, went to Trinity, and took his degree in 1750. Of Bedford and Milbourne I can give no account.

† Horace Walpole, who lived in the same street as Mason, viz., Arlington Street.

way) to desire him to speak to Mr. F. or the Duke of Bedford, if it may be of use, and add that if he will let you know he is at home you will come and give him any information necessary. Whether this will signify I cannot say, but I do not see any hurt it can do.

I wish like you I were at Cambridge, but to hurry down on this occasion would be worse than useless, according to my conception. I am glad you think of going, if they approve it. Dr. Long, if he is not dead, will recover,*—mind if he don't. I leave my answer to your first letter to another opportunity, and am always yours,

T. G.

* He did recover, and lived till Dec. 16, 1770, when he was in his 92d year. In his 88th year he was put in nomination for the office of Vice Chancellor. He appears in Churchill's "Candidate:"

"Comes Sumner, wise and chaste as chaste can be,
With *Long* as wise, and not less chaste than he."

In the Gent. Mag. List of Deaths, 1770, is Roger Long, aged 91. See Gray's Letters to Mr. Cole on Dr. Long's funeral, in Works, vol. iv. p. 194, and p. 196.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR SKRODDLES, Dec. 19, 1756.

* * * * The man's name is Joannes Georgius Frickius, Commentatio de Druidis: accedunt Opuscula quædam rariora, historiam et antiquitates Druidarum illustrantia itemque Scriptorum de iisdem Catalogus.* It was published at Ulm, 1744, 4to., and in the Nova Acta Eruditorum (printed at Leipsic for 1745), there is some account of it. The rare little works which make the second part of it, are, Peter L'Escalopier's Theologia Vett^m. Gallorum; Cæsar. Bulacus, in Historiâ Vett^m. Academiarum Galliæ Druidicarum; and two or three more old flams. I do not know what

* Joannis Georgii Frickii, Joan. pl. τοῦ μακαρίτου, A. M. ad æd. S.S. Trinit. Ulm. Pastoris et Gymnas. Visitatoris, itemque Societ. Teutonicæ Leipsicis Sodalis, *Commentatio de Druidis* Occidentalium Populorum Philosophis, multo quàm antea auctior et emendatior. Accedunt Opuscula quædam rariora Hist. et Antiq. Druidum illustrantia, itemque Scriptorum de eisdem Catalogus. Recensuit, singula digessit, ac in lucem edidit frater germanus, Albertus Frickius, A. M. V. D. M. Prof. P. P. et Biblioth. Adj. Ulm. itemque M. Prof. P. P. et &c. Ulmæ, 1744, 4to. See Nov. Act. Eruditorum, vol. lxiv. p. 237, Mens. Junii, 1745, p. 1.

satisfaction you will find in all this, having never seen the book itself. I find a French book commended and cited by Jaques Martin upon the Religion of the Ancient Gauls.

Over leaf you will find a specimen of my Lord Duke of Norfolk's housekeeping. I desire you would inquire of Mr. Noble, or somebody, what the same provisions would cost now-a-days.

I send you a modern curiosity inclosed, a specimen of sturdy begging, which cost me half-a-guinea; if he writes so to strangers, what must he do to particular friends like you. Pray learn a style and manner against you publish your Proposals.

Odikle* is not a bit grown, though it is fine mild open weather. Bell Selby has dreamed that you are a Dean or Prebendary; I write you word of it, because they say a w——'s dreams are lucky, especially with regard to church preferment.

You forget Mr. Senhouse's acoustic warming-pan: we are in a hurry, for I cannot speak to him till it comes. God bless you, come and bring it with you, for we are as merry as the day is short. The squire is gone; he gave us a goose and a turkey, and two puddings of a moderate size. Adieu, dove, I am ever yours.

* The Bard.

Gaskyn, and the Viper, &c. desire their civilities.

What prevys, marlings, and oxbirds are I cannot tell, no more than I can tell how to make Stoke fritters; leche is blanc-manger; wardyns are baking-pears; doyse are does. Do not think they lived thus every day. If you would know how they eat on meagre days and in ordinary I will send you word. I shall only add that Lord Surrey loved buttered lyng and targets of mutton for breakfast; and my Lady's Grace used to piddle with a chine of beef upon brewess.

You will wonder what I mean by the half-guinea I talked of above; it was a card from Mr. Frankling, which I meant to inclose, but cannot find it high or low.

CHRYSTMAS DAY.

	s.	*d.*
Empt:—Item, 35 malards, 2½*d.* a-pece . .	7	3
Item, 55 wigyns, 2*d.* a-pece	10	2
Item, 38 teles, 1*d.* a-pece	4	9
Item, 2 corlewys	1	0
Item, 2 prevys,* 2*d.* a-pece	0	4

* "Prevys" may be the "pivier," or golden plover; "marlyngs," the "morinellus," or dotterel. The "purre," *Tringa cinclus*, is called *provincially* the oxbird, a species of sand-piper.

	s.	d.
Item, 2 plovers, 2*d.* a-pece	0	4
Item, 8 woodcocks, 3*d.* a-pece . . .	2	0
Item, 42 marlyngs, ½*d.* a-pece . . .	1	9
Item, 42 rede-shanks, ½*d.* a-pece . . .	1	9
Item, 17 doz. and ½ oxbyrdys, 3*d.* a doz. .	4	4
Item, 40 grete byrdys, ½*d.* a-pece . . .	1	8
Item, 40 small byrdys, 4*d.* a doz. . . .	0	10
Item, 11 pyggs	3	8
Item, 200 eggs, 8*d.*	2	8
Item, 31 cople conyse, fett at bery* . .	10	4

Presents:—10 cople teles, 3 cople wegyns, 4 cople se-pyse, 8 malards, 3 doz. snytts, 5 doz. oxbyrdys, 6 se-mewys, 2 swanys, 2 pecocks, 14 partridges, 4 woodcoks, 15 doyse, 4 gallons creme, 6 gall. cord, a hundred ½ of wardyns, a bushell apples. Breakfast, to my Ladyse Grace: Braune, and a capon stuyd. To my Lord's Grace, a Crystmas-day dyner: First course (the Duke and Duchess and 24 persons to the same), the borys hede, brawne, pottage, a stuyd capon, a bake-mett with twelve birdys, rostyd vele, a swane, two rostyd capons, a custerde, Stoke-fritter, leeche. (Second course): Gely, three conyse, five teles, a pekoke, twelve rede-shanks,

* Thirty-one couple of conies, taken at the *burrow;* Bery, or berrie, means burrow. Thus Dryden:—

"The theatres are *berries* for the fair."

12 small byrdys, 2 pastyse veneson, a tarte, gynger-brede. (To the Bordys end): Brawne, a stuyd capon, a bakyd cony, rostyd vele, half a swane, custerde, leche. (Rewarde): Gely, 2 conyse, 4 teles, 12 small byrdys, a pasty venison, a tarte.

There was also a table for the gentlewomen, and 12 persons to the same, and the servants table or tables, at which sate 28 gentlemen, 60 yeomen, 44 gromes, and gentlemen's servants; the meats were much the same with the former. One day this Christmas I see there were 347 people dined at the lower tables. The whole expense of the week (exclusive of wine, spices, salt, and sauce, &c.) amounted to 31*l.* 9*s.* 6½*d.*

Ode, p. 32.*—"Whom Camber bore." I sup-

* Gray now begins a criticism on the Ode in Mason's Caractacus:

> "Hail, thou harp of Phrygian fire!
> In years of yore *that* Camber bore," &c.

See Mason's Works, vol. ii. p. 110. In a note in his Ode on the Hon. William Pitt, 4to., 1782, Mason says, "The poem of Caractacus was read in MS. by the late Earl of Chatham, who honoured it with an approbation which the author is proud to record."

pose you say "whom" because the harp is treated as a person; but there is an ambiguity in it; and I should read "that Camber bore." There is a specimen of nice criticism for you!

I much approve the six last lines of this stanza; it is a noble image, and well expressed to the fancy and to the ear.

I. 2.—A rill has no tide of waters to "tumble down amain." I am sorry to observe this just in a place where I see the difficulty of rhyming. I object nothing to the "Symphony of ring-doves and poplars," but that it is an idea borrowed from yourself; and I would not have you seem to repeat your own inventions.

I conceive the four last lines to be allegorical, alluding to the brutal ferocity of the natives, which by the power of music was softened into civility. It should not, therefore, be the "wolf-dog," but the "wolf" itself, that bays the trembling moon; it is the wolf that thins the flocks, and not the dog, who is their guardian.

I. 3.—I read "The Fairy Fancy." I like all this extremely, and particularly the ample plumes of Inspiration, that

> "Beat on the breathless bosom of the air."

Yet, if I were foolish, I could find fault with this verse, as others will do. But what I do

not conceive is, how such wings as those of Inspiration should be mistaken for the wings of Sleep, who (as you yourself tell me presently) "sinks softly down the skies;" besides, is not "her" false English? the nominative case is "she."

II. 3.—This belongs to the second epode. Does the swart-star (that is, Sirius,) shine from the north? I believe not. But Dr. Long will tell you.

II. 2.—These are my favourite stanzas. I am satisfied, both mind and ear, and dare not murmur. If Mador would sing as well in the first chorus, I should cease to plague you. Only,—

"Rise at her art's command"

is harsh, and says no more than

"Arise at her command,"

or

"Are born at her command."

II. 3.—I told you of the swart-star before. At the end I read,

"Till Destiny prepare a shrine of purer clay."

Afterwards read, "Resume no more thy strain." You will say I have no notion of *tout-ensembles*, if I do not tell you that I like the scheme of this ode at least as well as the execution.

And now I rejoice with you in the recovery of your eyes; pray learn their value, and be sparing of them.* I shall leave this place in about a fortnight, and within that time hope to despatch you a packet with my criticalities entire. I send this bit first, because you desire it. Dr. Wharton is in great hopes that Mr. Hurd will not treat Dr. Akenside so hardly as he intended, and desires you would tell him so, as his request is founded on mere humanity (for he pretends no friendship, and has but a slight acquaintance with the doctor).† I pre-

* Mason's eyes were weak, a complaint that lasted more or less through his life. The place in his library was pointed out to me by Mr. Alderson, where he usually sate and wrote, and which was the most distant from the light. His poetical chair—sedes beata—was kindly bequeathed to me; and I have left it by will to the Poet laureate of the day, that it may rest among the sacred brotherhood :—

—— "lætumque choro *Pæana* canentes,
Inter odoratum *Lauri* nemus."

† In one of Mason's manuscript papers, I found the following note relating to a celebrated passage in Akenside :—

"Edward Maurice, Bishop of Ossory, left behind him a manuscript dramatic poem, of which the life of David was the subject. It is with other writings of his preserved among the MSS. at Trinity College, Dublin. The author of Letters between Henry and Frances (Mrs. Griffiths), in Letter

sent it to you, and wish you would acquaint Mr. Hurd with it, the sooner the better.

I am well and stupid, but ever unalterably yours, T. G.

I do not understand if Fraser is recovered; I

498, has published the following extract from it. The coincidence is curious:—

"ABISHAI.

"Has God then two anointed, to confound
Suspended loyalty? as when the sun,
The god of eastern lands, imprints his ray
On a cloud's compact vapour, and thence shines
Another sun—the trembling priest aghast
All doubtful stands, unknowing where to send
The odour of his incense."

Akenside says that when nature and her copy made by perfect art are brought into comparison

——————— "Applauding love
Doubts where to choose, and mortal man aspires
To tempt creative praise, as when a cloud
Of gathering hail with limpid crusts of ice,
Inclos'd and obvious to the beaming sun,
Collects his large effulgence; straight the heavens
With equal flames present on either land
The radiant visage; Persia stands at gaze
Appalled, and on the brink of Ganges doubts
The snowy-vested seer, in Mithra's name
To which the fragrance of the south shall burn,
To which his warbled orizons ascend."

Pleasures of the Imagination, b. iii. v. 427.

wish he was. Do you know any thing of Stonehewer?

P. 2.—I liked the opening as it was originally better than I do now, though I never thoroughly understood "how blank he frowns." And as to "black stream," it gives me the idea of a river of mud.* I should read "dark stream," imagining it takes its hue only from the rocks and trees that overhang it. "These cliffs, these yawning," &c. comes in very well where it stood at first, and you have only removed it to another place, where, by being somewhat more diffused, it appears weaker. You have introduced no new image in your new beginning but one, "utters deep wailings," which is very well: but as to a "trickling runlet," I never heard of such a thing, unless it were a runlet of brandy.

Yet I have no objection at all to the reflection Didius makes on the power objects of the sight have over the soul; it is in its place, and might even be longer, but then it should be more choicely and more feelingly expressed. He must not talk of dells and streams only,

* Mason has, in accordance with Gray's criticism, given, "How *stern* he frowns," and the "*dark* stream." The "trickling runlet" has entirely disappeared.

but of something more striking, and more corresponding to the scene before him. Intellect is a word of science, and therefore is inferior to any more common word.

P. 3.—For the same reason I reject "philosophy," and read "studious they measure, save when contemplation," &c. and here you omit two lines, relating to astronomy, for no cause that I discern.

P. 4.—What is your quarrel to "shallops?" I like "Go bid thine eagles soar," perhaps from obstinacy, for I know you have met with some wise gentleman who says it is a false thought, and informs you that these were not real eagles, but made of metal or wood painted. The word "seers," comes over too often: here, besides, it sounds ill. Elidurus need not be so fierce. "Dost thou insult us, Roman?" was better before. Sure "plan'd" is a nasty stiff word.

P. 6.—It must be Cæsar* and Fate; the name of Claudius carries contempt with it.

P. 7.—

> "Brother, I spurn it, better than I scorn it.
> Misjudging Boy!"

is weakly. He calls him coward because such

* So it is printed,

"Cæsar and Fate demand him at your hand."

a reproach was most likely to sting him. "I'll do the deed myself," is bolder, more resolute, more hearty, than the alteration. "Lead forth the saintly," &c. better, shorter, and more lively at first. "What have I to do with purple robes and arraignments?" — like a trial at York assizes.

P. 8.—"Try, if 'twill bring her deluging," &c. better so, only I do not like "strait justice:" "modest mounds" is far worse.

P. 9.—"Do this and prosper, but pray thee," &c. Oh! how much superior to the cold lines for which you would omit them. It is not you but somebody else that has been busy here and elsewhere. "Come from their caves." I read, "Are issuing from their caves. Hearest thou yon signal?" and put "awful" where it was before. "I'll wait the closing," &c. Leave it as it was. "Do thou as likes thee best, betray, or aid me:" it is shorter and more sulky. Elidurus too must not go off in silence; and what can he say better?

P. 10.—I do not dislike the idea of this ceremony, but the execution of it is careless and hasty. The reply of the Semi-chorus is stolen from Dryden's Œdipus, which, perhaps, you never saw, nor I since I was a boy, at which time it left an impression on my fancy. Pray

look at it. This "dread ground" breaks my teeth. "Be it worm, or aske, or toad:" these are things for fairies to make war upon but not Druids, at least they must not name them. An *aske** is something I never heard of. "Full five fathom under ground." Consider, five fathom is but thirty feet; many a cellar lies deeper.† I read, "Gender'd by the autumnal moon;" by its light I mean. "Conjoined" is a bad word. "Supernal art profound" is negligent. Indeed I do not understand the image, how the snakes in copulation should heave their egg to the sky; you will say it is an old British fancy. I know it of old; but then it must be made picturesque, and look almost as if it were true.

P. 13.—"Befit such station." The verse wants a syllable. "Even in the breast of Mona," read "the heart of Mona." "Catches fresh grace;" the simile is good, but not this expression. The Tower is more majestic, more venerable, not more graceful. I read,

"He looks as doth the Tower
After the conflict of Heaven's angry bolts;
Its nodding walls, its shatter'd battlements,

* "Asker," in old language, was a *water-newt*, which Mason probably meant.

† "Twice twelve for them under ground." So Edd.

Frown with a dignity unmark'd before,
Ev'n in its prime of strength."*

P. 13.—I do not desire he should return the Druid's salute so politely. Let him enter with that reflection, "This holy place, &c." and not stand upon ceremony. It required no alteration, only I hate the word "vegetate," and would read,

"Tell me, Druid,
Is it not better to be such as these
Than be the thing I am?"

I read, too, "Nor show a Prætor's edict," &c. and "pestilent glare," as they were before. Add, too, "See to the altar's base the victims led," &c. And then, whether they were bulls or men, it is all one. I must repeat again, that the word "Seers" is repeated for ever.

P. 15.—"I know it, rev'rend Fathers," &c. This speech is sacred with me, and an example of dramatic poetry. Touch not a hair of its head, as you love your honour.

* The text of Mason stands thus :

"He looks, as doth the Tower, whose nodding walls,
After the conflict of Heaven's angry bolts,
Frown with a dignity unmark'd before,
Ev'n in its power of strength."———

P. 16. I had rather some of these personages, "Resignation, Peace, Revenge, Slaughter, Ambition," were stript of their allegorical garb.* A little simplicity here in the expression would better prepare the high and fantastic strain, and all the unimaginable harpings that follow. I admire all from "Eager to snatch thee, &c." down to the first epode of the chorus. You give these Miltonic stanzas up so easily that I begin to waver about Mador's song. If you have written it, and it turn out the finest thing in the world, I rejoice, and say no more. Let it come though it were in the middle of a sermon; but if not, I do confess, at last, that the chorus may break off, and do very well without a word more. Do not be angry at the trouble I have given you; and now I have found the reason why I could not be pleased with Mador's philosophic song. The true lyric style, with all its flights of fancy, ornaments, and heightening of expression, and harmony of sound, is in its nature superior to every other style; which is just the cause why it could not be

* Chorus. ——"that Resignation meek,
That dove-ey'd Peace, handmaid of Sanctity,
Approached the altar with thee; 'stead of these
See I not gaunt Revenge, ensanguined Slaughter,
And mad Ambition, &c."——

borne in a work of great length, no more than the eye could bear to see all this scene that we constantly gaze upon,—the verdure of the fields and woods, the azure of the sea and skies, turned into one dazzling expanse of gems. The epic, therefore, assumed a style of graver colours, and only stuck on a diamond (borrowed from her sister) here and there, where it best became her. When we pass from the diction that suits this kind of writing to that which belongs to the former, it appears natural, and delights us; but to pass on a sudden from the lyric glare to the epic solemnity (if I may be allowed to talk nonsense) has a very different effect. We seem to drop from verse into mere prose, from light into darkness. Another thing is, the pauses proper to one and the other are not at all the same; the ear therefore loses by the change. Do you think if Mingotti stopped in the middle of her best air, and only repeated the remaining verses (though the best Metastasio ever wrote), that they would not appear very cold to you, and very heavy?

P. 24.—"Boldly dare" is tautology.

P. 27.—"Brigantum:" there was no such place.

P. 28.—"The sacred hares." You might as well say "the sacred hogs."

P. 29.—There is an affectation in so often using the old phrase of "or ere" for "before."

P. 30.—"Rack" is the course of the clouds, "wreck" is ruin and destruction. Which do you mean? I am not yet entirely satisfied with the conclusion of this fine allegory. "That blest prize redeem'd" is flatly expressed; and her sticking the pages over the arch of her bower is an idea a little burlesque; besides, are we sure the whole is not rather too long for the place it is in, where all the interests of the scene stand still for it? and this is still drawn out further by the lines you have here put into the mouth of Caractacus. Do not mistake me; I admire part of it, and approve almost all; but consider the time and place.

P. 31.—"Pensive Pilgrim." Why not? there is an impropriety in "wakeful wanderer." I have told you my thoughts of this chorus already; the whole scheme is excellent, the 2d strophe and antistrophe divine. Money (I know) is your motive, and of that I wash my hands. Fame is your second consideration; of that I am not the dispenser, but if your own approbation (for every one is a little conscious of his own talents) and mine have any weight with you, you will write an ode or two every year, till you are turned of fifty, not for the world,

but for us two only; we will now and then give a little glimpse of them, but no copies.

P. 37.—I do not like "maidenhood."

P. 38.—Why not "smoke in vain," as before? the word "meek" is too often repeated.

P. 42.—The only reason why you have altered my favourite speech is, that "surging and plunging," "main and domain," come too near each other; but could not you correct these without spoiling all? I read

> "Cast his broad eye upon the wild of ocean,
> And calm'd it with a glance; then, plunging deep
> His mighty arm, pluck'd from its dark domain," &c.

Pray have done with your "piled stores and coral floors."

P. 43.—"The dies of Fate," that is, "the dice of Fate." Find out another word.

P. 44.—I cannot say I think this scene improved: I had no objection before, "but to harm a poor wretch like me;" and what you have inserted is to me inferior to what it was meant to replace, except p. 47, "And why this silence," which is very well; the end of the scene is one of my favourite passages.

P. 49.—Why scratch out "Thou, gallant boy"? I do not know to what other scene you have transferred these rites of lustration, but

methinks they did very well here. Arviragus's account of himself I always was highly pleased with.

P. 51.—"Fervid" is a bad word.

LETTER XVII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, April 23, 1757.

I too am set down here with something greater hopes of quiet than I could entertain when I saw you last; at least nothing new has happened to give me any disturbance, and the assurances you gave me in your letter from hence are pretty well confirmed by experience. I shall be very ready to take as much of Mr. Delap's * dulness as he chooses to part with at

* Mr. or Dr. Delap was curate in his earlier life to Mason at Aston in 1756. The first entry of his name appears in a marriage 14 Nov. 1756, his last signature in May 1758. In 1759 he was succeeded by Mr. John Wood. His portrait I have seen in the dining-room at Aston rectory, and it is now in Mrs. Alderson's possession. There are some verses of his writing in Bell's Fugitive Poetry, vol. viii. p. 52. He was the author of a tragedy, *Hecuba*, acted with very indifferent success at Drury Lane Theatre in 1762, and "The Captives," which was endured for three nights and then

any price he pleases, even with his want of sleep and weak bowels into the bargain; and I will be your curate, and he shall live here with all my wit and power of learning. Dr. Brown's book * (I hear) is much admired in

was gathered to its fathers. See Boaden's Life of Kemble, i. p. 325. Baker mentions him and his tragedy in the Biographia Dramatica, vol. i. p. 121; vol. ii. p. 147; but he only knew that he was a clergyman. Some account of Dr. Delap's person and conversation may be found in Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 201–229, during a visit he paid to Mrs. Thrale, at Brighthelmstone. See also vol. ii. p. 421-2, &c. In a letter to Dr. Wharton, Gray writes, "Poor Mason is all alone at Aston, for his *curate* is gone to be tutor to somebody." His preferments and works may be seen in Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. ix. p. 9.

* This is the well-known "Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times," by Dr. John Brown, a book which occupied for a time a very large share of public attention and applause; several editions were called for in the course of a year, and a second volume followed the first. The reader, if his curiosity on the author and his works is awakened, may consult Walpole's Miscellaneous Letters, vol. iii. p. 352, and vol. vi. p. 74; Cavendish's Debates, ii. p. 106; Walpole's History of George III. ii. p. 79; Smollett's History, ii. p. 289; and Monthly Review, 1764, part i. p 300; Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, ii. p. 211; viii. p. 244; ix. p. 809; and the Biographia Britannica, art. Brown (not Browne.)

This work was well answered by Dr. Wallace of Edinburgh, in the Characteristics of the Present State of Great Britain. See also Professor Smyth's Lectures on Modern His-

town, which I do not understand. I expected it would be admired here; but they affect not to like it, though I know they ought. What would you have me do? There is one thing in it I applaud, which is the dissertation against trade, for I have always said it was the ruin of the nation. I have read the little wicked book about Evil,* that settled Mr. Dodsley's conscience in that point, and find nothing in it but absurdity: we call it Soame Jenyns's, but I have a notion you mentioned some other name to me, though I have forgotten it. Stone-

tory, ii. p. 289. There is a similar complaint of the *degeneracy* of the times in Cowper's Task, book ii. (Time Piece.)

> —— all that we have left is empty talk
> Of old atchievements, and despair of new.

When Brown complained in this work of the "dry, unaffecting compositions of the *Cambridge Writers*, the Critical Review asked him if he had not *forgotten some of his friends*, Hurd, Gray, Mason," &c. vol. v. p. 314.—See Monthly Review, vol. xviii. p. 354-374, for a very severe review of the second volume. In the St. James's Mag. 1762, vol. iii. p. 232, is a pungent epigram on the *Estimate*, and on Brown's flattery of Warburton, beginning "A vast colossus made of brass," &c. *Dr. Brown* will be mentioned again.

* The Origin of Evil, by Soame Jenyns. On this work see the Notes to Walpole and Mason's Correspondence, by the Editor, vol. i. p. 438-9. The well-known review by Dr. Johnson is in every edition of his works.

hewer has done me the honour to send me your friend Lord Nuneham * hither, with a fine recommendatory letter written by his own desire, in Newmarket-week. Do not think he was going to Newmarket; no, he came in a solitaire, great sleeves, jessamine-powder, and a large bouquet of jonquils, within twelve miles of that place, on purpose not to go thither. We had three days' intercourse, talked about the beaux arts, and Rome, and Hanover, and Mason,—whose praises we celebrate *à qui mieux mieux*, — vowed eternal friendship, embraced, and parted. I promised to write you a thousand compliments in his name. I saw also Lord Villiers and Mr. Spencer, who carried him back with them; *en passant*, they did not like me at all. Here has been too the best of all Johns † (I hardly except the Evangelist and the Divine), who is not, to be sure, a bit like my Lord Nuneham, but full as well, in my mind. The Duke of Bedford ‡ has brought his son, §

* Compare Gray's Letter to Dr. Wharton, Apr. 17, 1757, in Works, vol. iii. p. 159, ed. Ald.

† Lord John Cavendish.

‡ "The Duke of Bedford is now here to settle his son at Trinity, and Mr. Rigby is come to assist them with his advice." See Letter to Dr. Wharton, vol. iii. p. 159.

§ Francis Marquess of Tavistock, of Trinity College, M.A. 1759; he died before his father in 1767.

aye, and Mr. Rigby too; they were at church on Sunday morning, and Mr. Sturgeon preached to them and the heads,* for nobody else was present. Mr. F——n is not his tutor.† These are the most remarkable events at Cambridge.

Mr. Bonfoy has been here; he had not done what you recommended to him before he came out of town, and he is returned thither only the beginning of this week, when he assured me he certainly would do it. Alas! what may this delay occasion; it is best not to think. Oh happy Mr. Delap! Adieu, my best Mason; I am pleased to think how much I am obliged to you, and that, while I live, I must be ever yours.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Cambridge, Tuesday May . ., 1757.

You are so forgetful of me, that I should not forgive it, but that I suppose Caractacus may be the better for it; yet I hear nothing from

* Roger Sturgeon, M.A. Fellow of Caius.

† Perhaps Franklin, who was of that College, and Greek Professor in 1750.

him neither, in spite of his promises. There is no faith in man, no, not in a Welch-man, and yet Mr. Parry has been here and scratched out such ravishing blind harmony, such tunes of a thousand years old, with names enough to choke you, as have set all this learned body a-dancing, and inspired them with due reverence for Odikle, whenever it shall appear. Mr. Parry (you must know) it was that has put Odikle in motion again, and with much exercise it has got a tender tail grown, like Scroddles, and here it is; if you do not like it, you may kiss it.

You remember the "Visions of Glory," that descended on the heights of Snowdon, and unrolled their glittering skirts so slowly.*

ANTIST. 3.

Haughty knights and barons bold,
With dazzling helm and horrent spear,
And gorgeous dames and statesmen old,
Of bearded majesty, appear;
In the midst a form divine:
Her eye proclaims her born of Arthur's line,
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!

* Compare this copy of the unfinished text of The Bard with one sent to Dr. Wharton, and which varies from this in several places. See Ald. ed. Gray's Works, vol. iii. p. 136, &c.

Hear, from the grave, great Taliesin, hear!
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture wakes, and, soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.

EPODE 3.

The verse adorn again
Fierce War and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In mystic measures move
Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
With Horror* wild that chills the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the Cherub choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond, impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me, with joy I see
The diff'rent doom our Fates assign:
Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care;
To triumph and to die are mine!
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he sunk to endless night.†

* "tyrant of the," in Mason's writing.

* The Moses of Parmegiano, and Raphael's figure of God in the vision of Ezekiel, are said by Mr. Mason to have furnished Gray with the head and action of his *Bard;* if that was the case, he would have done well to acquaint us with the Poet's method of making *Placidis coire immitia.*—Fuseli's Lectures, ii.

I am well aware of many weakly things here, but I hope the end will do. Pray give me your full and true opinion, and that not upon deliberation, but forthwith. Mr. Hurd * himself allows that "lion-port" is not too bold for Queen Elizabeth. All here are well, and desire their respects to you. I read yesterday of a canonry of Worcester vacant in the newspaper. Adieu, dear Mason, and believe me most truly yours.

It will not be long before I shall go to London.

* "I asked Mr. Gray, what *sort of a man Dr. Hurd* was; he answered, 'The last person who left off *stiff-topped gloves*.'" —Norton Nicholls. Hurd, in the *later* editions of his Commentary on Horace, suppressed his criticism on the Chinese drama, which he had printed at the end of his Commentary on the Epistle to Augustus, 1751. I am not aware of Hurd, in any passage of his various works, having praised Gray, except once, when he is, I presume, alluded to, in Hurd's usual manner, without mentioning the name, in his Essay on the Marks of Imitation, p. 218, "a certain friend of ours, not to be named without honour, and therefore not at all on so slight an occasion;" which was, that this friend conjectured that Milton's expression of "Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile," was taken from Spenser's "Grinning griesly." Hurd speaks also of some "*late Odes*" in terms of praise. In Dr. Wooll's Life of J. Warton there is a letter from Hurd to Mr. Thomas Warton, in which he thus mentions the Installation Ode: "It is much above the common rate of such things, and will preserve the memory of the Chancellor, when the minister is forgotten." Lett. LXXXIX. p. 348.

LETTER XIX.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Cambridge, Saturday, June.

I send you inclosed the breast and merry-thought and guts and garbage of the chicken, which I have been chewing so long that I would give the world for neck-beef or cow-heel. I thought, in spite of *ennui*, that the ten last lines would have escaped untouched; for all the rest that I send you I know is weakly, and you think so too. But you want them to be printed and done with; not only Mr. Hurd, but Mr. Bonfoy too and Neville*

* Thomas Neville, of Jesus' College, published Imitations of Horace, 1758, and of Juvenal and Persius in 1769. In the Horace, p. 93, *Mason* is mentioned with praise.

> Can *Mason* days of Gothic darkness grace,
> And not to railings rouse the snarling race?
> *Mason*, who writes not with low sons of rhyme,
> But on Pindaric pinions soars sublime.

Hurd, in his Notes on Horace, vol. i. p. 177, praises Neville's *elegant* Translation of Aristotle's Moral Song Ἀρέτα πολύμοχθε. "Its best commendation (he says) is that it comes from the same hand which has so agreeably entertained us of late with some spirited imitations of Horace." See also Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. ii. p. 306; iii. 78; ix. 763; and Brydges's Restituta, vol. iii. p. 74. Warburton, in his

have seen them. Both these like the first Ode (that has no *tout-ensemble*,) the best of the two, and both somehow dislike the conclusion of the Bard, and mutter something about antithesis and conceit in "to triumph, to die," which I do not comprehend, and am sure it is altered for the better. It was before

"Lo! to be free to die, are mine."

If you like it better so, so let it be. It is more abrupt, and perhaps may mark the action better; or it may be,

"Lo! liberty and death are mine."

whichever you please. But as to breaking the measure, it is not to be thought of; it is an inviolable law of the Medes and Persians. Pray think a little about this conclusion, for all depends upon it; the rest is of little consequence. "In bearded majesty," was altered to "of" only because the next line begins with "In the midst," &c. I understand what you mean about "The verse adorn again." You may read

"Fierce War and faithful Love
Resume their," &c.

Correspondence, mentions him frequently, and with respect. See Letters cxvii. and cxx. Neville also translated the Georgics of Virgil, printed 1767.

But I do not think it signifies much, for there is no mistaking the sense, when one attends to it. "That chills the throbbing," &c. I dislike as much at you can do. "Horror wild," I am forced to strike out, because of "wild dismay" in the first stanza. What if we read

"With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast."

Why you would alter "lost in long futurity" I do not see, unless because you think "lost" and "expire" are tautologies, or because it looks as if the end of the prophecy were disappointed by it, and that people may think that poetry in Britain was some time or other really to expire, whereas the meaning is only that it was lost to his ear from the immense distance. I cannot give up "lost," for it begins with an *l*.

I wish you were here, for I am tired of writing such stuff; and besides, I have got the old Scotch ballad on which Douglas was founded; it is divine, and as long as from hence to Aston.* Have you never seen it? Aristotle's

*On this ballad see Bishop Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 69. He considers that the poem lays claim to high antiquity; it has received considerable modern improvements, and *the whole has undergone a revisal.* The Bishop's old imperfect copy, instead of *Lord Barnard* has *John Stuart*, and instead of Gil Morrice *Child Maurice*, which last, he says, is

best rules are observed in it in a manner that shows the author never had heard of Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play. You may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about; and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story. I send you the two first verses:

Gil Maurice was an Earle's son,
His fame it wexed wide.
It was nae for his grete riches,
Nae for his mickle pride;
But it was for a ladie gay
That lived on Carron's side.
" Where shall I get a bonny boy
That will win hose and shoon,
That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
And bid his ladie come?
Ye maun rin this errand, Willie,
And ye maun rin with pride;
When other boys gae on their feet,
On horseback ye sal ride,"
" Ah na, ah na, my master dear," &c. &c.

You will observe in the beginning of this thing I send you some alterations of a few words, partly for improvement, and partly to avoid repetitions of like words and rhymes; I

probably the original title. On this ballad the story in Home's tragedy of *Douglas* is founded.

have not got rid of them all. The six last lines of the fifth stanza are new; tell me if they will do.

I have seen your friend the Dean of S——y here to-day in the theatre, and thought I should have sp-w-d.* I am very glad you are to be a court chaplain nevertheless; for I do not think you need be such a one,—I defy you ever to be.

I have now seen your first Chorus, new-modelled, and am charmed with it. Now I am coming with my hoe. Of all things I like your idea of "the sober sisters, as they meet and whisper with their ebon and golden rods on the top of Snowdon;" the more because it seems like a new mythology peculiar to the Druid superstition, and not borrowed of the Greeks, who have another quite different moon. But yet I cannot allow of the word "nod," though it pictures the action more lively than another word would do. Yet, at the first blush, "See the sober sisters nod," taken alone without regard to the sense, presents a ridiculous image, and you must leave no room for such ideas; besides, a word that is not quite fami-

* In 1757. See Dodsworth's book on the Cathedral of Salisbury, by which it appears—

1727. John Clerke, D.D. died Feb. 4, 1757, aged 75.

1757. Thomas Green, D.D. succeeded; died 1780.

liar to us in the sense it is used should never form a rhyme; it may stand in any other part of a line. The rest is much to my palate, except a verse (I have it not now before me) towards the end. I think it is "Float your saffron vestments here," because one does not at once conceive that "float" is "let them float;" and besides, it is a repetition of the idea, as you speak of the "rustling of their silken draperies" before, and I would have every image varied as the rest are. I do not absolutely like "Hist ye all," only because it is the last line. These are all the faults I have to find; the rest is perfect. I have written a long letter of poetry, which is tiresome, but I could not help it. My service to Mr. Delap. Adieu! Do write soon; love and compliments. R. For:r's* sister Dolly is dead, and he has got 1,400*l.*, a man, and two horses. I go to town next week. If you could write directly, it would be clever; but, however, direct hither, it will be sent me, if you cannot write so soon.

* Richard Forester, a Fellow of Pembroke College, son of Poulter Forester, of Broadfield, Herts; took senior optime degree in 1747-8, afterwards Rector of Passenham, Northamptonshire. He died in April, 1769.

LETTER XX.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.*

DEAR SIR, Stoke, July 25, 1757.

I thank you for the second little letter, for your Cambridge Anecdotes, and, suffer me to say too, for the trouble you have had on my account. I am going to add to it, by sending you my poetical cargo to distribute; though, whatever the advertisement says, it will not be this fortnight yet, for you must know (what you will like no more than I do, yet it was not in my power any how to avoid it), Mr. Walpole, who has set up a printing-press in his own house at Twickenham, earnestly desired that he might print it for Dodsley, and, as there is but one hand employed, you must think it will take up some time to despatch 2000 copies. As soon as may be you will have a parcel sent you, which you will dispose of as follows: Mrs. Bonfoy, Mr. Bonfoy, Dr. Long, Gaskarth, and all the Fellows resident; Mr. Montagu and Southwell, if they happen to be there; Master of St. John's,†

* The Rev. James Brown, of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, afterwards joint executor with Mason of Gray's will.

† John Newcome, Master of St. John's, 1734 to 1765. See a life of him in Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. i. p. 553-565; and viii. p. 379.

(I know he is at Rochester, but it suffices to send it to his lodge;) Master of Bennet,* Mr. Hurd, Mr. Balguy, Mr. Talbot, Mr. Nourse, Mr. Neville of Jesus, Mr. Bickham,† Mr. Hadley, Mr. Newcome. If you think I forget any body, pray send it them in my name; what remain upon your hands you will hide in a corner. I am sorry to say I know no more of Mason than you do. It is my own fault, I am afraid, for I have not yet answered that letter.

His Prussian Majesty wrote a letter to the King owning himself in a bad situation, from which, he said, nothing but a *coup-de-maître* would extricate him.‡ We have a secret expedition§ going forward; all I know is, that Lord

* John Green, Master of Ben'et, 1750 to 1764. Dr. Farmer succeeded to his preferments at Lichfield at Green's death in 1790,—a prebend, with the chancellorship annexed; and see anecdote of him in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. i. p. 662.

† He was tutor at Emanuel College. See Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. viii. p. 420.

‡ See Lacretelle's Histoire, vol. iii. pp. 307, 319; Belsham's History, vol. iv. book xii. pp. 304; Walpole's George II. vol. iii. p. 80, 110, 290; see also Wraxall's Memoirs of the Court of Berlin, on the *extraordinary Campaign of* 1757, vol. i. p. 161, &c.

§ On this expedition, see Smollett's History of England, vol. iv. chap. vii. p. 61; Belsham's History, vol. iv. p. 312;

Ancram, Sir John Mordaunt, and General Conway are to bear a part in it. The Duke* has been very ill, with his leg; Ranby was sent for, but countermanded, the Marshal d'Etrées having sent him his own surgeons. I would wish to be like Mr. Bonfoy, and think that every thing turns out the best in the world, but it won't do, I am stupid and low-spirited, but ever yours,

T. G.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Stoke, Monday, August 1.

If I did not send you a political Letter forthwith, it was because Lord Holdernesse came in again† so soon that it was the same thing as if

Walpole's George II. vol. iii. chap. III. ; Dodington's Diary, p. 399 ; and note in Gray's Works, vol. iii. p. 179 ; and the Grenville Papers, vol. i. p. 224.

* Duke of Cumberland.

† See an account of the dismissal and resignation of Ministers, April 1757, in Walpole's History of George II. vol. iii. p. 27. "The next day Lord Holdernesse went to the King and resigned the seals, as a declaration of the Newcastle squadron against Fox. *The King received him with the cool scorn he deserved.*"

he had never gone out, excepting one little circumstance, indeed, the anger of old Priam; * which, I am told, is the reason, that he has not the blue riband, though promised him before. I have been here this month or more, low-spirited and full of disagreeablenesses, and, to add to them, am at this present very ill, not with the gout, nor stone, (thank God,) nor with blotches, nor blains, nor with frogs nor with lice, but with a painful infirmity, that has to me the charms of novelty, but would not amuse you much in the description.

I hope you divert yourself much better than I do. You may be sure Dodsley had orders to send you some Odes the instant they were off the spit; indeed I forgot Mr. Fraser, so I fear they will come to Sheffield in the shape of a small parcel by some coach or waggon; but if there is time I will prevent it. They had been out three weeks ago, but Mr. Walpole having taken it into his head to set up a press of his own at Twickenham, was so earnest to handsel it with this new pamphlet that it was impossible to find a pretence for refusing such a trifle. You will dislike this as much as I do, but there is no help; you understand, it is he that prints them, not for me, but for Dodsley.

* George the Second.

I charge you send me some Caractacus before I die; it is impossible this weather should not bring him to maturity.

If you knew how bad I was you would not wonder I could write no more. Adieu, dear Mason; I am ever most truly yours,

T. G.

LETTER XXII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, August 14, 1757.

Excuse me if I begin to wonder a little that I have heard no news of you in so long a time. I conclude you received Dodsley's packet at least a week ago, and made my presents. You will not wonder therefore at my curiosity, if I inquire of you what you hear said; for, though in the rest of the world I do not expect to hear that any body says much, or thinks about the matter, yet among *mes confrères*, the learned, I know there is always leisure, at least to find fault, if not to commend.

I have been lately much out of order, and confined at home, but now I go abroad again.

Mr. Garrick and his wife * have passed some days at my Lady Cobham's,† and are shortly to return again; they, and a few other people that I see there, have been my only entertainment till this week, but now I have purchased some volumes of the great French Encyclopedic, and am trying to amuse myself within doors. Pray tell me a great deal, and believe me ever most faithfully yours,

T. G.

LETTER XXIII.

TO MR. HURD.

DEAR SIR, Stoke, August 25, 1757.

I do not know why you should thank me for what you had a right and title to; but attribute it to the excess of your politeness, and the more so because almost no one else has made me the same compliment. As your acquaintance in the University (you say) do me the honour to admire, it would be ungenerous in me not to give

* Compare this Letter with one to Dr. Wharton (17 Aug.) on the same topics, and nearly in the same language. Works, vol. iii. p. 165.

† At Stoke.

them notice that they are doing a very unfashionable thing, for all people of condition are agreed not to admire, nor even to understand: one very great man, writing to an acquaintance of his and mine, says that he had read them seven or eight times, and that now, when he next sees him, he shall not have above thirty questions to ask.* Another, a peer, believes that the last stanza of the Second Ode relates to King Charles the First and Oliver Cromwell. Even my friends tell me they do not succeed, and write me moving topics of consolation on that head; in short, I have heard of nobody but a player and a doctor of divinity † that profess their esteem for them. Oh yes! a lady of quality, a friend of Mason's, who is a great reader. She knew there was a compliment to Dryden, but never suspected there was any thing said about Shakspeare or Milton, till it was explained to her; and wishes that there had been titles prefixed to tell what they were about.

* See Walpole's Miscellaneous Letters, vol. iii. pp. 309, 313. Letter to H. Mann on these Odes, vol. iii. p. 234.

† Garrick and Dr. Warburton. Garrick wrote some verses in their praise. See Walpole's Miscellaneous Correspondence, vol. v. p. 261. On Warburton's opinion see Gray's Letters (Works, vol. iii. pp. 167 and 178.)

From this mention of Mason's name you may think, perhaps, we are great correspondents; no such thing; I have not heard from him these two months. I will be sure to scold in my own name as well as in yours. I rejoice to hear you are so ripe for the press, and so voluminous,*—not for my own sake only, whom you flatter with the hopes of seeing your labours both public and private,—but for yours too, for to be employed is to be happy. This principle of mine, and I am convinced of its truth, has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do nothing; indeed I have one excuse; my health, which you so kindly inquire after, is not extraordinary, ever since I came hither. It is no great malady, but several little ones, that seem brewing no good to me.

It will be a particular pleasure to me to hear whether Content dwells in Leicestershire,† and how she entertains herself there; only do not be

* Alluding probably to the "Moral and Political Dialogues" then composing, and published in 1759.

† Mr. Hurd was settled in Leicestershire February 16, 1757, on a College living. See Mason's Elegy IV. to Mr. Hurd.

Whose equal mind could see vain Fortune shower
Her flowery favours on the fawning crew,
While in low *Thurcaston's sequestered bower*
She fixed him distant from Promotion's view.

too happy, nor forget entirely the quiet ugliness of Cambridge. I am, dear sir,

Your friend and obliged humble servant,

T. GRAY.

If Mr. Brown falls in your way, be so good to shew him the beginning of this letter, and it will save me the labour of writing the same thing twice. His first letter, I believe, was in the mail that was robbed, for it was delayed many days; his second I have just received.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON,

You are welcome to the land of the living, to the sunshine of a court, to the dirt of a chaplain's table,* to the society of Dr. Squire † and

* Mason was appointed, by the Duke of Devonshire, chaplain in ordinary to George II. 1757.

† "And leave Church and State to Charles Townshend and *Squire*,"

is a line which concludes Gray's sketch of his own character. See an account of Dr. Squire, in Gray's Works, ed. Ald. vol. i. p. 156. He was Fellow of St. John's, Rector of St. Anne's, Soho, afterwards Dean of Bristol, and then Bishop of St.

Dr. Chapman. Have you set out, as Dr. Cobden ended, with a sermon against adultery? or do you, with deep mortification and a Christian sense of your own nothingness, read prayers to Princess Emily* while she is putting on her

David's; died 7 May, 1766. See Bishop Newton's Life of Himself, p. 78. The well-known saying of Warburton may serve to explain Gray's line, quoted above. He told Mr. Allen that never bishoprick was so *bedeaned*, for one (Squire) made *religion his trade*, and the other (Tucker) *trade his religion*. Mr. Cradock, in his Memoirs, has not told the story quite correctly; see vol. iv. 335. See on Dr. Squire Harris's Philosophical Arrangements, p. 247; Noble's Continuation of Granger, vol. ii. p. 313; Nichols's Literary Illustrations, vol. v. p. 766; Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. i. p. 625; ii. p. 348. He was made Bishop of St. David's 1761. Gray writes to Dr. Wharton, "I wish you joy of Dr. Squire's bishoprick; he keeps back his livings, and is the happiest of devils." Dr. Dodd was his Chaplain, and Dr. Squire introduced him in the warmest terms to the patronage of Lord Chesterfield; in a sermon dedicated to *Mrs. Squire*, 1767, Dr. Dodd has given a summary of the Bishop's Life and Works. It is extracted in Monthly Review, xxxvi. p. 252. See also Dr. King's Anecdotes, p. 154, for a violent attack on *Squire*, on his *mean birth*, &c. &c. On Dr. Chapman, see the note in Lett. III.

* Compare the anecdote in Walpole's Reminiscences. "While the Queen (*Caroline*) dressed, prayers used to be read in the outer room, where hung a naked Venus. Mrs. Selwyn, bed-chamber woman in waiting, was ordered one day to bid the chaplain, Dr. Maddox, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, begin the service. He said archly, "and a

dress? Pray acquaint me with the whole ceremonial, and how your first preachment succeeded; whether you have heard of any body that renounced their election, or made restitution to the Exchequer; whether you saw any woman trample her pompons under foot, or spit upon her handkerchief to wipe off the rouge.

I would not have put another note to save the souls of all the owls in London. It is extremely well as it is—nobody understands me, and I am perfectly satisfied. Even the Critical Review* (Mr. Franklin, I am told), that is rapt and surprised and shudders at me, yet mistakes the Æolian lyre for the harp of Æolus, which, indeed, as he observes, is a very bad instrument to dance to. If you hear anything (though it is not very likely, for I know my day is over), you will tell me. Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Shenstone † admire me, but wish I had been *a*

very proper altar-piece, Madam." Queen Anne had the same custom, and once ordering the door to be shut while she *shifted*, the Chaplain stopped. The Queen sent to ask why he did not proceed. He replied, "He would not whistle the word of God through the keyhole."

* See Critical Review, vol. iv. p. 167. "Such an instrument as the *Æolian harp*, which is altogether uncertain and irregular, must be very ill adapted to the dance, which is one continued, regular movement," &c.

† "Mr. Gray, of manners very delicate, yet possessed of a

little clearer. Mr. (Palmyra) Wood* owns himself disappointed in his expectations. Your enemy, Dr. Brown,† says I am the best thing in the language. Mr. Fox, supposing the Bard sung his song but once over, does not wonder if Edward the First did not understand him. This last criticism is rather unhappy, for though it had been sung a hundred times under his window, it was absolutely impossible King Edward should understand him; but that is no reason for Mr. Fox, who lives almost 500 years after him. It is very well; the next thing I print shall be in Welch,—that's all.

I delight in your Epigram, but dare not show it anybody, for your sake; but I more delight to hear from Mr. Hurd that Caractacus advances. Am I not to see Mador's song? Could not we meet some day,—at Hounslow, for example, after your waiting is over? Do tell me time and place. I am most truly yours,

T. G.

poetical vein fraught with the *noblest and sublimest images*, and a mind fraught with the more masculine parts of learning."—See Shenstone's Essays, vol. ii. 248.

* A portrait of Mr. Palmyra Wood, by Mengs, is in the Bridgewater Gallery, No. 121. He accompanied the Duke of Bridgewater in his travels through Italy.

† The author of the Estimate.

If you write to Lord Jersey, commend me to him. I was so civil to send a book to Lord Nuneham, but hear nothing of him. Where is Stonhewer? I am grown a stranger to him. You will oblige me by sending to Dodsley's, to say I wonder the third and fourth volumes of the Encyclopedie are not come. If you chance to call yourself, you might inquire if many of my 2,000 remain upon his hands. He told me a fortnight ago about 12 or 1,300 were gone.

You talk of writing a comment. I do not desire you should be employed in any such office; but what if Delap (inspired by a little of your intelligence) should do such a matter? it will get him a shilling; but it must bear no name, nor must he know I mentioned it.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Stoke, Sept. 28, 1757.

I have, as I desired Stonhewer to tell you, read over Caractacus twice, not with pleasure only, but with emotion.* You may say what

* On the drama which excited *emotion in Gray*, Walpole writes, "Mr. Mason has published another drama called

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you will, but the contrivance, the manners, the interests, the passions, and the expression, go beyond the dramatic part of your Elfrida many, many leagues. I even say (though you will think me a bad judge of this) that the world will like it better. I am struck with the Chorus, who are not there merely to sing and dance, but bear throughout a principal part in the action, and have (beside the costume, which is excellent) as much a character of their own as any other person. I am charmed with their priestly pride and obstinacy, when, after all is lost, they resolve to confront the Roman General, and spit in his face. But now I am going to tell you what touches me most. From the beginning the first opening is greatly improved. The curiosity of Didius is now a very natural reason for dwelling on each particular of the scene before him, nor is the description at all too long. I am glad to find the two young men are Cartismandua's sons; they interest me far more. I love people of condition. They were men before that nobody knew; one could

Caractacus. There are some incantations poetical enough, and odes so Greek as to have very little meaning. But the whole is laboured, uninteresting, and no more resembling the manners of Britons than of the Japanese," &c.—Misc. Lett. iii. p. 455.

not make them a bow if one had met them at a public place.

I always admired that interruption of the Druids to Evelina, "Peace, Virgin, peace," &c. and chiefly the abstract idea personified (to use the words of a critic) at the end of it. That of "Caractacus would save my Queen," &c., and still more, that, "I know it, reverend Fathers, 'tis heaven's high will," &c. to "I've done, begin the rites!" This latter is exemplary for the expression (always the great point with me); I do not mean by expression the mere choice of words, but the whole dress, fashion, and arrangement of a thought. Here, in particular, it is the brokenness, the ungrammatical position, the total subversion of the period, that charms me. All that ushers in the incantation, from "Try we yet what holiness can do," I am delighted with in quite another way, for this is pure poetry, as it ought to be, forming the proper transition, and leading on the mind to that still purer poetry that follows it. You have somehow mistaken my meaning about the sober Sisters: the verb "nod," before "only," seemed to be a verb neuter; now you have made it absolutely such, which was just my objection to it; but it is easily altered, for if the accusative case come first, there is no danger of ambiguity. I read

See ! their gold and ebon rod
Where the sober Sisters nod,
And greet in whispers sage and slow.
Snowdon, mark ! 'tis Magic's hour;
Now the mutter'd spell hath power,
Power to rift* thy ribs of rock,
To burst thy base with thunder's shock,
But, &c. &c.
Than those that dwell
In musick's, &c.

You will laugh at my "these's" and "those's," but they strike my ear better. What Mador sings must be the finest thing that ever was wrote; and the next chorus, where they all go to sleep, must be finer still.

In the beginning of the succeeding act I admire the chorus again,† "Is it not now the hour, the holy hour," &c.: and their evasion of a lie, "Say'st thou, proud boy," &c.: and "Sleep with the unsunn'd silver," which is an example of a dramatic simile. The sudden appearance of Caractacus, the pretended respect and admiration of Vellinus, and the probability

* "rend" in the printed copies.

† Bishop Hurd, in his remarks on the ancient Chorus, says, "It may be sufficient to refer the English reader to the late tragedies of *Elfrida* and *Caractacus;* which do honour to modern poetry, and are a better apology than any I could make for the ancient chorus."—See Hurd's Commentary on Horace, vol. i. p. 132.

of his story, the distrust of the Druids, and their reasoning with Caractacus, and particularly that, "'Tis meet thou should'st; thou art a king," &c. &c.; "Mark me, Prince, the time will come when destiny," &c., are well and happily imagined. Apropos of the last striking passage I have mentioned, I am going to make a digression.

When we treat a subject where the manners are almost lost in antiquity our stock of ideas must needs be small, and nothing betrays our poverty more than the returning to and harping frequently on one image; it was therefore I thought you should omit some lines before, though good in themselves, about the scythed car, that the passage now before us might appear with greater lustre when it came; and in this, I see, you have complied with me. But there are other ideas here and there still that occur too often, particularly about the oaks, some of which I would discard to make way for the rest.

But the subjects I speak of, to compensate (and more than compensate) that unavoidable poverty, have one great advantage when they fall into good hands: they leave an unbounded liberty to pure imagination and fiction (our favourite provinces), where no critic can molest or antiquary gainsay us. And yet (to please

me) these fictions must have some affinity, some seeming connection with that little we really know of the character and customs of the people. For example, I never heard in my days that midnight and the moon were sisters, that they carried rods of ebony and gold, or met to whisper on the top of a mountain; but now, I could lay my life it is all true, and do not doubt it will be found so in some Pantheon of the Druids that is to be discovered in the library at Herculaneum. The Car of Destiny and Death is a very noble invention of the same class, and, as far as that goes, is so fine, that it makes me more delicate than, perhaps, I should be. About the close of it, Andraste, sailing on the wings of Fame, that snatches the wreaths from oblivion to hang them on her loftiest amaranth, though a clean and beautiful piece of unknown mythology, has too Greek an air too give me perfect satisfaction.

Now I proceed. The preparation to the Chorus, though so much akin to that in the former act, is excellent. The remarks of Evelina, and her suspicions of the brothers, mixed with a secret inclination to the younger of them (though, I think, her part throughout wants re-touching), yet please me much; and the contrivance of the following scene much more.

"Masters of wisdom, no," &c. I always admired, as I do the rocking-stone and the distress of Elidurus. Evelina's examination of him is a well-invented scene, and will be, with a little pains, a very touching one; but the introduction of Arviragus is superlative. I am not sure whether those few lines of his short narative, "My strength repaired, it boots not that I tell," &c. do not please me as much as anything in the whole drama. The sullen bravery of Elidurus; the menaces of the Chorus, that "Think not, Religion," &c; the trumpet of the Druids; that "I'll follow him, though in my chains," &c.; "Hast thou a brother, no," &c.; the placability of the Chorus when they see the motives of Elidurus' obstinacy, give me great contentment. So do the reflections of the Druid on the necessity of lustration, and the reasons for Vellinus' easy escape; but I would not have him seize on a spear, nor issue hastily through the cavern's mouth. Why should he not steal away unmarked and unmissed till the hurry of passions in those that should have guarded him was a little abated? But I chiefly admire the two speeches of Elidurus:—"Ah! Vellinus, is this thee," &c., and "Ye do gaze on me, Fathers," &c. The manner in which the Chorus reply to him is very fine, but the

image at the end wants a little mending. The next scene is highly moving; it is so very good that I must have it made yet better.

Now for the last Act. I do not know what you would have, but to me the design and contrivance of it is at least equal to any part of the whole. The short-lived triumph of the Britons—the address of Caractacus to the Roman victims—Evelina's discovery of the ambush—the mistake of the Roman fires for the rising sun—the death of Arviragus—the interview between Didius and Caractacus—his mourning over his dead son—his parting speech (in which you have made all the use of Tacitus that your plan would admit)—everything, in short, but that little dispute between Didius and him, "'Tis well, and therefore to increase that reverence," &c., down to "Give me a moment," (which must be omitted, or put in the mouth of the Druid,) I approve in the highest degree. If I should find any fault with the last Act it could only be with trifles and little expressions. If you make any alterations I fear it will never improve it, I mean as to the plan. I send you back the two last sheets, because you bid me. I reserve my nibblings and minutiæ for another day. Adieu. I am most truly yours, T. G.

I have had a printed Ode sent me, called "Melpomene."* Pray who wrote it? I suspect Mr. Bedingfield,† Montagu,‡ young Pitt,§ or Delap. Do say I like it.

* See Dodsley's Poems in Anderson's Collection, vol. xi. p. 76; Critical Review, vol. iv. p. 465.

† See Gray's Letter to Dr. Wharton, October 7, 1757. "Mr. Bedingfield, in a golden shower of panegyric, writes me word, 'That at York races he overheard three people, whom by their dress and manner he takes for Lords,' say, "That *I was impenetrable and inexplicable.*"—Works, vol. iii. p. 178. In Dodsley's Collection of Poems, vol. iii. p. 119, is a poem, "The Death of Achilles," by Mr. Bedingfield. See on him a letter of Dr. J. Warton to his brother, 1753, "Give my compliments to Bedingfield. I am glad he is emerging into life from Hertford College," in Dr. Wooll's Life of Dr. Warton, p. 217; and one from Dodsley, "Mr. Bedingfield has actually refined his taste to a degree that makes him dissatisfied with almost every composition," p. 225; and another from him of the year 1757 to Dr. Warton, p. 244, on Milton.

‡ Frederick Montagu, son of Charles Montagu, of Papplewick, in Northamptonshire. He is mentioned again by Gray in Letters, Jan. 1761, vol. iii. p. 262; and by Walpole, in Memoirs of George III. vol. i. p. 396; "young Thomas Pitt and Frederick Montagu, Sandwich's own cousin;" and see Selwyn Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 266, "Fred Montagu sits for Higham Ferrers."

§ Mr. Thomas Pitt, of Boconnock, nephew of Lord Chatham, afterwards Lord Camelford, died at Florence in 1793. See on him Gray's Letter to Dr. Wharton, Jan. 1760. "Mr. Pitt, not the great but the *little* one, is set out on his travels;" and, Jan. 1761, "Young Pitt, whom I believe you have heard

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Friday, Oct. 13, 1757.

I thank you for your history of Melpomene, which is curious and ought to be remembered; the judgment of knowing ones ought always to be upon record, that they may not be suffered to retract and mitigate their applause. If I were Dodsley I would sue them, and they

me mention, is returned to England," &c. His only son and successor was killed in a duel in 1804, and his daughter was married to Lord Grenville in 1792. He is most favourably mentioned by Walpole in a letter to Mason. "He is not only an ingenious young man, but a most amiable one. He has always acted in the most noble style," &c. And in the Preface to the Letters of Lord Chatham, which were written to him, Lord Grenville says, "The same suavity of manners and steadiness of principle, the same trueness of judgment and integrity of heart, which characterised him in the first dawn of youth, distinguished him through life; and the same affectionate attachment of the people who knew him best, has followed him beyond the grave." See also Walpole's Misc. Letters, ii. 271, iv. pp. 25, 268, 299; Letters to Mason, vol. i. pp. 30, 104; Memoirs of George III. vol. i. pp. 259, 339; Grenville Papers, ii. p. 320. He was attached to George Grenville, and by him made a Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Camelford's Letters (fifty-eight in number) to G. Hardinge are printed in the sixth volume of Nichols's Literary Illustrations, pp. 83—106.

should buckle my shoe in Westminster Hall. What is the reason I hear nothing of your waiting, and your performances in public? Another thing,—why has Mr. Hurd's Letter* to you never been advertised? and why do not I hear what any body says about it?

I go from hence for three days on Wednesday next, and hope your installation will not be so over that you should come to Windsor before I return; if I had notice in due time, I would meet you at the Christopher in Eton, or, if you choose it,—you know the worst, having been already here,—shall rejoice to see you at Stoke. In town I shall hardly be till next month. Our expedition is extremely *à l'Anglaise*,

* In 1757 Hurd published a Letter to Mason, "on the marks of Imitation," which is since incorporated as a dissertation in his Horace. See this Letter mentioned by Gray to Dr. Wharton in Works, Letter LXXIV. vol. iii. p. 177. The remarks that appeared against it, anonymously written with much acrimony (v. Monthly Review, 1766, i. 474), were by *Mr. Capell.* Hurd maintained through life his friendship for Mason, which was formed at college; and at Mason's death, in 1797, a long and interesting correspondence was returned by his executors to the Bishop. In Hurd's paper called "Some Occurrences in my Life," is the following entry: "Mr. Mason died at Aston, April 5, 1797. He was one of my oldest and most respected friends. Very few of this description now remain." Doctor Whitaker truly said, "Bishop Hurd was the last survivor of Gray's friends;" except Mr. Nicholls of Blundeston.

but I have given up all thoughts of England, and care for nobody but the King of Prussia. Pray do not suffer your megrims to prevail over you; it is good for you that you should come to school for a few months now and then. I must say no one has profited more in so few lessons. Common sense no where thrives better than in the neighbourhood of nonsense. Take care of your health, and believe me ever yours,

T. G.

Send me Elegy,*—my hoe is sharp.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Dec. 19, 1757.

Though I very well know the bland emollient saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me, "I make you Rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of £300 a-year and two butts of the best Malaga; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse

* Mason's "Elegy in the Garden of a Friend." See Gray's Works, vol. iii. p. 185, ed. Ald.; and Mason's Works, vol. i. p. 100.

or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things," I cannot say I should jump at it; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me Sinecure to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think every body I saw smelt a rat about me; but I do not pretend to blame any one else that has not the same sensations; for my part I would rather be serjeant trumpeter or pinmaker to the palace. Nevertheless I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle, whom you mention, he belonged to my lord mayor not to the king.* Eusden† was a person of great hopes

* [This paragraph on "*Settle*" is omitted in Mason's edition; but the whole letter, though of the same date, 19th Dec. 1757, is composed of the present and the following, with numerous additions, omissions, and alterations.] Elkanah Settle, born 1646, died 1724; the *last* of the city poets; for, when the Lord Mayors' pageants dropped, the office fell with them. He commenced his poetical life by opposing Dryden; and he ended it by writing drolls for Bartholomew Fair. His friend, John Dunton, has praised him in his Life, p. 243; and he still lives embalmed and immortal in the Dunciad of Pope, b. i. ver. 90.

† Appointed poet laureate by Lord Halifax, in 1716. He

in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden* was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet laureat.

I am obliged to you for your news; pray send me some more, and better of the sort. I can tell you nothing in return; so your generosity will

was rector of Coningsby in Lincolnshire, (which afterwards received another poet, the author of the Fleece), where he died in 1730. He too appears in company with his brother Settle, engaged in no very noble occupation.

"And *Eusden* eke out Blackmore's endless line."

See Dunciad, i. ver. 103, and the note.

* "Ill-fated Dryden! who unmov'd can see
The extremes of wit and meanness meet in thee?"
Brown's Essay on Satire.

"If Pope thro' friendship fail'd—indignant view,
Yet pity Dryden! hark! whene'er he sings,
How Adulation drops his courtly dew
On titled rhymers and inglorious kings."—Mason.

See Dryden's character finely and forcibly drawn by Professor Smyth, in Lectures on Modern History, vol. ii. p. 41.

be the greater;—only Dick* is going to give up his rooms, and live at Ashwell. Mr. Treasurer† sets Sir M. Lamb‡ at nought, and says he has sent him reasons half a sheet at a time; and Mr. Brown attests his veracity as an eye-witness. I have had nine pages of criticism on the Bard sent me in an anonymous letter,§ directed to the Reverend Mr. G. at Strawberry Hill; and if I have a mind to hear as much more on the other Ode, I am told where I may direct. He seems a good sensible man, and I dare say a clergyman. He is very frank, and indeed much ruder than he means to be. Adieu, dear Mason, and believe me that I am too.

* Dick is the Rev. Richard Forester, mentioned before, in Letter XIX., son of Poulter Forester, Esq. of Broadfield, Herts. He vacated his fellowship at the end of the year 1757, and went to Ashwell in his own county.

† Mr. Joseph Gaskarth was the college treasurer, but the subject of his disagreement with Sir M. Lamb does not appear to be known.

‡ Probably Sir Matthew Lamb, of Brocket Hall, Herts, created a Baronet in 1755; father of the first Lord Melbourne. He died 6 Nov. 1768. See Clutterbuck's Hertfordshire, ii. p. 361.

§ See Gray's Letter to Dr. Wharton, Dec. 8, 1757. The writer was a Mr. J. Butler, of Andover. See p. 113, and note of the Editor of Gray's Works, vol. iii. p. 181.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Jan. 3, 1758.

A life spent out of the world has its hours of despondence, its inconveniences, its sufferings, as numerous and as real (though not quite of the same sort) as a life spent in the midst of it. The power we have, when we will exert it, over our own minds, joined to a little strength and consolation, nay, a little pride we catch from those that seem to love us, is our only support in either of these conditions. I am sensible I cannot return to you so much of this assistance as I have received from you. I can only tell you that one who has far more reason than you (I hope) will ever have to look on life with something worse than indifference, is yet no enemy to it, and can look backward on many bitter moments partly with satisfaction, and partly with patience, and forward too, on a scene not very promising, with some hope and some expectations of a better day. The conversation you mention seems to me to have been in some measure the cause of your reflection. As you do not describe the manner (which is very essential, and yet cannot easily

be described,) to be sure I can judge but very imperfectly of it. But if (as you say) it ended very amicably, why not take it as amicably? In most cases I am a great friend to *éclaircissements;* it is no pleasant task to enter upon them, therefore it is always some merit in the person who does so. I am in the dark too as to what you have said of ———. To whom, where, before whom, how did it come round? for you certainly would not do it indiscriminately, nor without a little reserve. I do not mean on your own account (for he is an object of contempt, that would naturally tempt any one to laugh, or —— *himself),* but for the person's sake with whom you so often are, who (merely from his situation) must neither laugh nor —— *himself,* as you and I might do. Who knows? any little imprudence (which it is so pleasant to indulge) might really be disagreeable in its consequences to him; for it would be said infallibly, though very unjustly, that you would not dare to take these liberties without private encouragement, at least, that he had no aversion to hear in secret what you ventured to say in public. You do not imagine that the world (which always concludes wrong about the motives of such minds as it has not been used to) will think you have any

sentiments of your own; and though you (if you thought it worth while) might wish to convince them of their mistake, yet you would not do it at the expense of another, especially of this other; in short, I think (as far as I know) you have no reason from this to take any such resolution as you meditate. Make use of it in its season, as a relief from what is tiresome to you, but not as if it was in consequence of something you take ill; on the contrary, if such a conference had happened about the time of your transmigration, I would defer it, to avoid that appearance merely: for the frankness of this proceeding has to me an appearance of friendliness that one would by no means wish to suppress.

I am ashamed not to have returned Mr. Hurd my thanks for his book;* pray do it for me in the civilest manner, and tell him I shall be here till April, when I must go for a short time to town, but shall return again hither. I rejoice to hear he is again coming out, and had no notion of his being so ready for the press.

I wrote to the man (as you bid me), and had

* It appears by the dates of his life that Hurd printed in 1757 his "Remarks on Hume's Natural History of Religion;" or the book which he gave to Gray might be the new edition of his Commentary on Horace.

a second criticism; his name (for I desired to know it) is Butler. He is (he says) of the number of those who live less contented than they ought, in an independent indolence, can just afford himself a horse for airings about Harewood Forest (the scene of Elfrida), half a score new books in a season, and good part of half an acre of garden-ground for honeysuckles and roses. Did you know that Harewood was near Andover?* I think that you had some friend in that neighbourhood,—is it not Mr. Bourne? however, do not inquire, for our correspondence is to be a profound secret. Adieu! I am ever truly yours, T. G.

LETTER XXIX.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, Syon Hill, Jan. 5, 1758.

I send you with your anonymous Criticisms the produce of Christmas. But first, as to the

* Harewood is in Herefordshire, union of Ross, upper division of the hundred of Wormelow. This parish formerly belonged to the forest of Harewood, in which Earl Ethelwold is supposed to have been assassinated by King Edgar for his misconduct to the fair Elfrida.—Parliamentary Gazetteer.

Criticisms. I think just as you do about them; yet I have so much good-nature even for a critic, that I think I would write to him; though on second thoughts it scarce signifies, when one reflects what he has said about the famished eagle.

Now be it known unto you, I send you two Odes, one so very ancient that all the Æolian lyres that ever sounded are mere things of yesterday in comparison. If you have a mind to trace my imagery, you will find it all huddled together by Keysler, in his "Antiquitates Selectæ Septentrionales et Celticæ."* The book I do not doubt is to be met with at Cambridge; and if you have not seen it you need only read his second chapter. But tell me, may this sort of imagery be employed? will its being Celtic make it Druidical? If it will not, burn it; if it will, why scratch it *ad libitum*, and send it me back as soon as possible.

The other Ode is as modern as can be wished, and is that upon which I trust all my future fame will be founded. While Lord Bolingbroke stands upon the same shelf with Malebranche and Locke, I have no fear but I shall squeeze myself between Soame Jenyns and Lord Ches-

* Published at Hanover in 1728. See Saxii Onomast. Literarium, vol. vi. p. 287; Acta Lipsiensia, 1721, April, p. 162.

terfield, and I swear I will not give the *pas* to Sir Charles Hanbury. "Well, but who is this Mr. Jolliffe; and how came you acquainted with him?" Lord! you are not one of us; you know nothing of life. Why, Mr. Jolliffe is a bookseller's son in St. James's Street, who takes profiles with a candle better than any body. All White's have sat to him, not to mention Prince Edward. At first his price was only half a crown, but it is now raised to a crown, and he has literally got above a hundred pounds by it. Return it with the other Ode, and be sure let nobody see it, except Mr. Brown.

I cannot finish my letter without telling you an excellent story of Fobus.* On the death of

* The name by which Gray and his friends used to designate the Duke of Newcastle, though occasionally bestowed on another Lord, as "Lord Radnor, a simple old Fobus." See Works, vol. iii. p. 157. "His vanity," says Professor Smyth, "and some defects of character, exposed him to the ridicule of wits and satirists." See a more impartial character of him in the Rockingham Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 11–13. Mason, then Fellow of Pembroke Hall, wrote the Ode on the Installation of the Duke of Newcastle at Cambridge. It is printed in Dodsley's Collection of Poems, vol. iv. p. 269. Gray says, that "Mason's Ode was the only entertainment that had any tolerable elegance; and for my own part, I think it (with some little abatements) uncommonly

the laureat, Lord Barrington* told him he was very glad to find that I was not to succeed, because it would be a shame to employ me in writing such stuff as birth-day odes. Fobus said he did not know me. Lord B. stared, and told him he wondered at that, "for that he of all people ought to know me." Still Fobus was ignorant; in short, Lord B. was obliged to rattle the Installation Ode in his ears before Fobus would own to the least bit of remembrance.

Pray tell this story to every body, it is matter of fact, and I think to both our credits.

Adieu! I would give all I am worth, that is

well on such an occasion," &c. The Ode is *not* to be found in Mason's collected Works, four vols. 8vo. which were published by his relation Mr. Dixon, though without a name. The Monthly Review says, "The Isis, an Elegy, and the Ode were probably suppressed from prudential or political considerations." See Monthly Review, 1764, vol. i. p. 66. On this Installation compare Walpole's Letter to Mason, Misc. Lett. vol. ii. p. 286.

* William Lord Viscount Barrington, who filled many public offices, and retired from Parliament in 1778; died Feb. 1, 1793. See account of him in Rockingham Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 190: his Life has been written by his brother, the Bishop of Durham. His official career extended over a period of twenty-four years. He had been successively Secretary-at-War, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Treasurer of the Navy.

to say, Caractacus and my Ode to Mr. Jolliffe, to see an Ode to the King of Prussia by your hand. He has certainly taken Breslau, and in it 14 general officers and 10,000 prisoners.*

Yours sincerely.

To Mr. Jolliffe (who cuts out likenesses from the *shadow* at White's):—

Oh thou that on the walls of White's,
The temple of virtú,
Of dukes and earls, and lords and knights,
Portray'st the features true!
Hail, founder of the British school!
No aids from science gleaning;
Let Reynolds blush, ideal fool,
Who gives his pictures meaning;
Of taste or manners let him dream,
With all his art and care,
He can but show us what men seem,
You show us what they are.
Let connoisseurs of colouring talk,
What is't at best but skin;
You, Jolliffe, at one master-stroke,
Display the void within.
Come, Bob,† and ope the club-room door,
And let the Muses follow;
By God, they'll lay you six to four,
They guess each face all hollow.

* See Belsham's Hist. vol. iv. p. 29; Smollett's Hist. vol. iv. p. 188.

† See Walpole and Mason's Correspondence, vol. i. p.

"Well, who is this?" "This sail'd with Byng,
Minorca's siege to raise;
This for surrendering gain'd a string;
This eat the grapes of Aix;
These did to Nova Scotia go,
Cape Breton's forts to sack,
And (spite of French and Indian foe),
Safe brought their shadows back."
Oh, Jolliffe! may the historic sage
Thy art and judgment steal,
And when he draws the present age,
Still sketch it in profile.
Or since an honest hand would hate
Fictitious lights to spread,
Let him revere Britannia's fate,
And throw it all in shade.

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131. "Bob, formerly a waiter at White's, was set up by my nephew for two boroughs, and actually was returned for Castle Rising with Mr. Wedderburne.

Servus curru portatur eodem."

Walpole's Letters; and vol. ii. p. 132.

"When Macreath serv'd in Arthur's crew,
He said to Rumbold, 'Black my shoe;'
To which he answered 'Aye, Bob:'
But when returned from India's land,
And grown too proud to brook command,
He sternly answered, 'Nay, Bob.'"

Sir Robert Macreath had been head waiter at the Cocoa, where he was known as "*Bob*." See Clubs in London, vol. i. p. 145. In a letter to Horace Mann, Walpole says, "Lord Orford had borrowed money of him; brought him into Parliament for

LETTER XXX.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, . Jan. 13, 1758.

Why you make no more of writing an Ode, and throwing it into the fire, than of buckling and unbuckling your shoe. I have never read Keysler's book, nor you neither, I believe; if you had taken that pains, I am persuaded you would have seen that his Celtic and his septentrional antiquities are two things entirely distinct. There are, indeed, some learned persons who have taken pains to confound what Cæsar and Tacitus have taken pains to separate, the old Druidical or Celtic belief, and that of the old Germans, but nobody has been so learned as to mix the

his borough of Castle Rising; and, to excuse it, pretended that his mother, Lady Orford, borrowed the money. This transaction gave so much offence that Macreath was persuaded to sell his seat."—See vol. ii. p. 299. Mr. H. Jesse, in his pleasing edition of Selwyn Correspondence, has given a letter from Macreath to George Selwyn, April, 1763—he was the proprietor of *White's*—announcing that he had quitted business entirely, and let his house to Mr. *Chambers*, his new relative, and recommending him to patronage. And see vol. i. p. 216. G. Williams mentions him in a letter to G. Selwyn as one of the *betters* in Change Alley on the success of Wilkes, when he stood for the City. "*Macreath* was the ally, and had various negotiations." ii. 266.

Celtic religion with that of the Goths. Why, Woden himself is supposed not to have been older than Julius Cæsar; but let him have lived when he pleases, it is certain that neither he nor his Valhalla were heard of till many ages after. This is the doctrine of the Scalds, not of the Bards; these are the songs of Hengist and Horsa, a modern new-fangled belief in comparison of that which you ought to possess. After all, I shall be sorry to have so many good verses and good chimæras thrown away. Might we not be permitted (in that scarcity of Celtic ideas we labour under) to adopt some of these foreign whimsies, dropping however all mention of Woden and his Valkhyrian virgins, &c.? To settle this scruple of conscience, I must refer you to Dr. Warburton: if this should be his opinion (which I doubt), then I go on to tell you (first premising that a dirge is always a funeral service sung over persons already dead,) that I would have something striking and uncommon in the measures, the rhythm, and the expression of this Chorus; the two former are not remarkable here, and the third is so little antiquated, that "murky"* and "dank" look like two old maids of honour got into a circle

* "Haste with light spells the *murky* foe to chase."
Chor. in Caractacus.

of fleering girls and boys. Now for particulars: I like the first stanza; the image of Death in arms is very fine and gallant, but I banish "free-born train," and "glory and luxury" here (not the ideas, but the words), and "liberty and freedom's cause," and several small epithets throughout. I do not see how one person can *lift* the voice of another person. The imagery of the second stanza too is excellent. A dragon *pecks!* why a cock-sparrow might do as much: in short, I am pleased with the Gothic Elysium. Do not think I am ignorant about either that, or the *hell* before, or the *twilight*. I have been there, and have seen it all in Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark (it is in French),* and many other places. "Now they charge," &c. looks as if the coursers rode upon the men. A ghost does not fall. These are all my little objections, but I have a greater. Extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous, and musical, is one of the grand

* Northern Antiquities, translated from Mons. Mallet's Introduction à l' Histoire de Dannemark, 2 vols. 1770. This portion is said to be by Bishop Percy. See Foreign Quarterly Review, No. iv. p. 478; Leyden's Complaynt of Scotland, p. 254; Pinkerton on the Goths, p. 100; Nichols's Illustrations of Literature, vol. viii. p. 314. A new edition, edited by J. A. Blackwell, has been published in Bohn's Antiquarian Library.

beauties of lyric poetry; this I have always aimed at, and never could attain; the necessity of rhyming is one great obstacle to it: another and perhaps a stronger is, that way you have chosen of casting down your first ideas carelessly and at large, and then clipping them here and there, and forming them at leisure; this method, after all possible pains, will leave behind it in some places a laxity, a diffuseness; the frame of a thought (otherwise well invented, well turned, and well placed) is often weakened by it. Do I talk nonsense, or do you understand me? I am persuaded what I say is true in my head, whatever it may be in prose,—for I do not pretend to write prose.

I am extremely pleased with your fashionable Ode, and have nothing to find fault there, only you must say "portray'st" in the first stanza; and "it looks at best but skin," in the fourth, is not right. I have observed your orders, but I want to shew it everybody. Pray tell me when I may have the credit of doing so. I have never seen a prettier modernism: let it be seen while it is warm. You are in the road to fame; but do not tell your name at first, whatever you may venture to do afterwards.

Fobus is a treat; desire Lord Holdernesse to

kiss him on both ears for me. I forgive Lord B. for taking the Tudors for the Restoration. Adieu, dear Mason, and remember me; and remember too that I have neither company, nor pleasure, nor spirits here, and that a letter from you stands in all the place of all these. Adieu!

So you have christened Mr. Dayrolles'* child, and my Lady Y.† they say. Oh! brave Dupp.‡

* Mr. Dayrolles was the intimate friend and correspondent of Lord Chesterfield, and the Resident at the Hague. See Chesterfield's Letters in Maty's edition, vol. iv. from 1734 to 1772, more fully published since by Lord Mahon, pp. 101—367; and Walpole's Misc. Letters, vol. ii. p. 189. He is also mentioned in Walpole's and Mason's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 270, on his daughter having eloped with Leonidas Glover's youngest son. He was protected by the Richmond and Grafton families. From a MS. memorandum of Horace Walpole's, relating to Mr. Dayrolles, I find that some scandal existed with regard to Mr. Stanhope, to whom he was gentleman at the Hague, and to which Gray silently pointed, in his mention of Mr. Dayrolles' child.

† I suppose that Lady Yarmouth is meant. She had a son, called Master Louis, but not owned, 1758. See Walpole's George II. vol. i. p. 177; and his Misc. Correspondence, vol. i. Lett. xcix. p. 375; and Reminiscences, p. 309; Works, 4to. vol. iv. p. 309.

‡ Thomas Henry, Viscount Dupplin, afterwards Earl of Kinnoul. In 1757 Lord Waldegrave says, "I am now ordered by the King to notify to Sir Thomas Robinson and Lord Dupplin his Majesty's intention of appointing the former

how comes he to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer? What is going to be now?

LETTER XXXI.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 16, 1758.

I believe you are quite right, as you always are in these matters. But it is a little hard upon my no-reading to believe I have not read Keysler. I have, I assure you, and he led me into the mistake. He has a chapter on the notions the northern nations had of a future state. First of all, he talks of the "Metempsychosis," which everybody allows Druidical (except Pelloutier), and then says, "Illi qui sine animarum transmigratione aliam post obitum vitam superesse statuebant, duplices primo animarum sedes faciebant. Alius enim status

Secretary of State, and the other *Chancellor of the Exchequer*. . . . . Lord Dupplin excused himself as not being equal to so high an employment, even in times of the greatest tranquillity," p. 108. See Grenville Papers, vol. i. p. 190; Rockingham Papers, vol. i. p. 146; Chesterfield's Letters, vol. iv. p. 202; Belsham's Hist. vol. i. p. 245; Walpole's Mem. of George II. vol. i. pp. 63, 328, 383–388; vol. ii. pp. 144, 146; vol. iii. p. 6; add many notices in Walpole's Misc. Correspondence, vol. iii. pp. 48, 49, 54, 281, 296, &c.

erat eorum ante crepusculum deorum, alius post illud." And then goes on to describe his "Hell," and his "Valhalla." But Sir William Temple set me right about the low date of these ideas, before I received yours;* I have therefore laid aside the Ode, and shall make no use of it at all, except perhaps the image of the "armed Death," which is my own, and neither Scaldic nor Runic. And as to this nasty German, Keysler, who led me to take all this trouble, I will never open him again. The fool was a Fellow of the Royal Society—what could one expect better from him? But, after all, I do wish indeed that these Odes were all of them finished; and yet, by what you talk of "measure, and rhythm, and expression," I think I shall never be able to finish them,—never certainly at all if I am not to throw out my ideas at large; so, whether I am right or wrong, I must have my way in that: therefore talk no more about it. Well, you like my other Ode, however, so I'll turn wit; though that, according to Pope's gradation to plain fool,† should have

* See Sir W. Temple "Of Heroic Virtue" and "Of Poetry," on this subject.

† Some have at first for wits, then poets passed;
Turn'd critics next, and proved *plain fools at last.*
Pope's Essay on Criticism, i. p. 35.

come before poetry. However, as times go, it is well it comes anyhow. But hold, I cannot part with "poetry" till it has served me a few friendly turns; and when it has done that it may go to Fobus, if it pleases, or to the devil. One of these friendly turns it has done already, and you will have it inclosed, if my excellent Fraser transcribes it in time. Let me have your strictures speedily, because I want to send it to Wood. Take notice, the lines descriptive of his garden* are strictly peculiar, and White-

* See Letter XXVI.—See note in Letter XXIV. to which add, Mr. Robert Wood was the author of the Essay on Homer, the work on the Ruins of Palmyra, &c. appointed Under Secretary of State in 1759 by Mr. Pitt. See Cavendish's Debates, p. 9. He died 1771, aged 59, and was buried in Putney Church. The inscription on his monument was written by Lord Orford. See Chatham Correspondence for his Letters, vol. ii. pp. 246—249; for his writings see ibid. vol. i. p. 432; see also Walpole's George III. vol. i. pp. 276, 363, vol. iv. pp. 3, 185, 345; and Walpole and Mason's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 433, with Editor's note. Wood's Essay on Homer was published after his death by Jacob Bryant; for a most acute and learned examination of it see Howes's Critical Observations on Works Antient and Modern, vol. i. p. 1—79; *Howes* is the person whom Dr. Parr, in his Notes to the Spital Sermon, calls the *Delian Diver*, Τοῦ Δηλίου κολυμβητοῦ, p. 109, and see Quarterly Review, No. CXLVI. p. 381. In the Preface to the Homer is an entertaining anecdote of Lord Granville (Carteret.) Add Nichols's Literary Anecdotes,

head, who has seen the place, tells me they are the very thing: nothing can be conceived so flowery, so fragrant, and so shady as the foreground, nothing more extensive and *riant* than the offsets. Yet I cannot let this Elegy come to you without begging that, as you are stout, you will be merciful to it, for I feel for it, somehow, as if it was a favourite child; and I will give you a hundred Druidical Odes to burn in your critical colossus, if you will let it live. Lord! I know nothing of Dupp.'s being made Chancellor of the Exchequer, unless it is a thing of course after he is made Recorder of Cambridge. Sure you had your intelligence from Mr. Alderman Marshall. Do not believe a word what the papers tell you, that the child's name was Mary,—'twas Concubinage; and Dr. Shebbeare is to teach it its catechize.

Pray, Mr. Gray, why won't you make your Muse do now and then a friendly turn? An

vol. iii. p. 83; Literary Illustrations, vol. i. p. 144. Dr. R. Laurence gives high praise to Wood's explanation of the τροπαὶ ἡελίοιο. Homer's Od. xv. 204. "It seems difficult (he says) to determine which is most striking, the simplicity or ingenuity of the explanation." See Enoch Transl. p. 199, by R. Laurence, LL.D.

On a work of his on the Troad, of which there were but seven copies printed, see Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. iii. p. 8, and Bibliotheca Grenvilliana, vol. ii. p. 812.

idle slut as she is! if she was to throw out her ideas never so carelessly it would satisfy some folks that I know, but I won't name names, and therefore I won't sign all the nonsense I have written.

Do you know if Pelloutier ever published a third volume of his "Histoire des Celtes?" * Dr. W. has only sent me two, and I find the third was to contain their ceremonials, which is all I want.

Pray direct me to the passage I have seen somewhere, like this, "Est genus hominum tam umbratile," &c.† I fancy it would make a good motto. If not, "Locus est et pluribus umbris," is no bad one.

* Histoire des Celtes, et particulièrement des Gaulois, et des Germans, depuis le tems fabuleux, jusqu'a la Prise de Rome par les Gaulois, 2 vols. 4to, 1771, published after the author's death by Chiniac. The former edition was in two vols. 12mo, 1740, 1750, Hague. A very high character is given of his work by Barbier in the Bibliothèque d'un Homme de Goût, vol. iii. p. 385; and see Saxii Onomast. Liter. vol. vii. p. 266. Under the name *Celts* Pelloutier strangely includes both Gauls and Germans.

† Though Cicero more than once alludes to the "*Vita* umbratilis et delicata," and other authors have the same or similar expressions, I do not know where the exact sentence which Mason gives is to be found.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Sunday, Jan. . .,* 1758.

I am almost blind with a great cold, and should not have written to you to-day if you did not hurry me to send back this Elegy. My advices are always at your service to take or to refuse, therefore you should not call them severe. You know I do not love, much less pique myself, on criticism, and think even a bad verse as good a thing or better than the best observation that ever was made upon it. I like greatly what you have now sent me, particularly the spirit and sentiment of it; the disposition of the whole too is natural and elegiac. As to the expression, I would venture to say (did you not forbid me) that it is sometimes too easy. The last line I protest against. This, you will say, is worse than blotting out rhymes. The descriptive part is excellent, yet I am sorry for the name of Cutthorpe. I had rather Vertumnus and Flora did not appear in person. The word "lopt" sounds like a

* Mason has not given the date of the day of the month in this letter; but as it was on a Sunday subsequent to the 16th, it must have been either on the 22nd or the 29th,— most probably the former.

farmer, or a man of taste. "A mountain hoar," "The savage," &c. is a very good line: yet I always doubt if this ungrammatical construction be allowable; in common speech it is usual, but not in writing even prose; and I think Milton (though hard pressed by his short metre in the Penseroso) yet finds a way to bring in his *that's*, his *who's*, and his *which's*.* "Fair unfold the wide-spread," &c.; "fair," is weakly, "wide-spread" is contained in "unfold." By "amber mead," I understand the yellow gleam of a meadow covered with marsh-marigolds and butterflowers,—is it not so? the two first lines (the second especially) I do not admire. I read, "Did Fancy wake not—refuse one votive strain;" you will ask me why? I do not know. As to votive, it is like delegated, one of the words you love. I also read, "How well does Memory," &c.—for the same no reason. "It all was his," &c. I like the sense, but it is not sufficiently clear. As to the versification, do not you perceive that you make the pause on the fourth syllable in almost every other line?

* Mason seems to have profited by Gray's judicious criticisms. The name "*Cutthorpe*" does not appear in the printed copy. "*Pierced*" is substituted for "lopped."—"That yon wild peak," for "*savage peak*," &c.

Now I desire you would neither think me severe, nor at all regard what I say any further than it coincides with your own judgment; for the child deserves your partiality; it is a healthy well-made boy, with an ingenuous countenance, and promises to live long. I would only wash its face, dress it a little, make it walk upright and strong, and keep it from learning paw words.

I never saw more than two volumes of Pelloutier, and repent that I ever read them. He is an idle man of some learning, who would make all the world Celts whether they will or no. *Locus est et pluribus umbris,** is a very good motto; you need look no further. I cannot find the other passage, nor look for it with these eyes. Adieu! dear Mason, I am most sincerely yours.

You won't find me a place like Mr. Wood's.

Elegy I.†

"Favour'd steps," useless epithet! Write "choir." Read "rank'd and met." "Cull liv-

* See Hor. Ep. lib. I. Ep. v. ver. 28.

"Et nisi læna prior potiorque puella Sabinum
Detinet, assumam, *locus est et pluribus umbris.*"

† "To a Young Nobleman (Lord John Cavendish) leaving the University, 1753." See Mason's Works, vol. i. p. 93.

ing garlands," &c. too verbose. You love "garlands which pride nor gains:" odd construction. "Genuine wreath—Friendship twine;" a little forced. "Shrink" is usually a verb neuter; why not "blight" or "blast"? "Fervid;" read "fervent." "When sad reflection;" read "till sad," &c. "Blest bower," "call on;" read "call we." "In vain to thee;" read "in vain to him," and "his" for "thy." Oh, I did not see: what will become of "thine?" "Timid" read "fearful." "Discreter part;" "honest part" just before "explore." "Vivid," read "warmest."

There is too much of the Muse here. "The Muse's genuine wreath," "the Muse's laurel," "the Muse full oft," "the Muse shall come," "the Muse forbids,"—five times.

Elegy II.*

"Laurel-circled;" "laurel-woven" sounds better. "Neglect the strings" is somehow naked: perhaps

"That rules my lyre, neglect her wonted strings."

Read "re-echo to my strain." "His earliest blooms" should be "blossoms." "Then to thy sight," "to the sight." Read "he pierced."

* This stands as Elegy III. p. 100, in Mason's Works.

"Modestly retire," I do not like. "Tufts" sounds ill.

"To moral excellence:" a remnant of bad books you read at St. John's; so is the "dignity of man."

"Of genuine man glowing,"

a bad line. "Dupe" I do not approve. "Taste" too often repeated.

"From that great Guide of Truth,"

hard and prosaic.

Elegy III.*

"Attend the strain," "quick surprise," bet-

* This is placed as Elegy V. (p. 107,) "On the Death of a Lady);" *i. e.* the beautiful Lady Coventry. In all the eulogies on her printed in various publications, and illustrated by commentators, no one has quoted Shenstone's testimony to her beauty, Letter xciii. Nov. 25, 1718. "I first saw my Lady Coventry, to whom I believe one must allow all that the world allows in point of beauty; she is certainly the most unexceptionable figure of a woman I ever saw, and made most of the ladies there seem of almost another species." The Morocco Ambassador however (no bad judge of beauty) gave the preference to *Lady Caroline Petersham.* See Grenville Papers, vol. i. p. 149, and on Lady Coventry's walking in Hyde Park, attended *for her safety* by the King's guards, ibid. p. 309. I have seen an original portrait of her at Crome, and of her sister the Duchess of Hamilton.

ter than "sweet." "Luxuriant Fancy, pause," "exulting leap."—Read

"The wint'ry blast that sweeps ye to the tomb."

"Tho' soon,"—query? "His patient stand," better before. Read "that mercy." "Trace then by Reason's,"—blot it out. "Dear as the sons," perhaps, "yet neither sons," &c.

"They form the phalanx," &c.
"Is it for present fame?"

From hence to "peasant's life," the thought seems not just, because the questions are fully as applicable to a prince who does believe the immortality of the soul as to one who does not; and it looks as if an orthodox king had a right to sacrifice his myriads for his own ambition, because they stand a chance of going to heaven, and he of going to hell.

Indeed these four stanzas may be spared, without hurting the sense at all. After "brave the torrent's roar," it goes on very well. "Go, wiser ye," &c.; and the whole was before rather spun out and weakly.*

* Gray's remark, that this Elegy is *rather spun out* unnecessarily, is still true, whatever alterations it may have received. But such lines as

"With hearts as gay and faces half as fair,

LETTER XXXIII.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, Aston, Jan. 22, 1758.

I cannot help sending you a line to desire that, if you can spare a moment from buying and selling South Sea Annuities, taking inventories of old china jars and three-legged stools with black feet and grass-green velvet bottoms, you would write me word how you do. I ask not criticisms, nor hints, nor emendations,—these at your leisure,—for my tithes are come in. I live within tolerable compass, and therefore I care not a fig whether Caractacus goes forth or no, even though he should bring me as much as Cleone did to my printer; they both begin with a C. which is a good omen.

Since your last I wrote as you bid me (or to speak more grammatically, bad me) to Mr. Hurd, and read his answer. He says, "I could not but smile at Dr. Wharton's petition. As

And—

> "Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
> Chas'd by a charm still lovelier than the last,"

would redeem many faults. See a severe and sarcastic review of these elegies by "*Martinus Scribterus*," in Monthly Review, vol. xxvii. p. 485; 1763.

what I had to say of that wretch * was no extraordinary pass of patience, I may the easier be induced to make a sacrifice of it to humanity. Yet I promise nothing; there will be time enough to think of this, for the publication is necessarily delayed by the late accident for sometime."

This accident was no less than the loss of the MS. of his last Dialogue on the Constitution, by the carelessness of a Leicester bookseller, and he is afraid will not be recovered; if so, he'll have it all to compose afresh from some loose notes. This you will say is a warning for Caractacus, and indeed it does not suit his dignity to ride post, like a lad newly elected at White's; he

* The "wretch" is the poet Akenside (see page 64 *ante*). Akenside had given offence to Warburton by a note in the third book of his Pleasures of the Imagination, in which he defended Shaftesbury's maxim, that ridicule is the test of truth. The term *wretch* was applied by the Hurd and Warburton school to those writers to whom they were opposed. Hurd writes to Warburton this very year, (Jan. 1757,) "I would give a *pack of wretches* to understand, that your friends can appeal to the Essay as well as they;" and Warburton says in an answer, "A *wickeder heart* than his (Hume's), and more determined to do public mischief, I think I never knew." See Lett. c. and Hurd's Life of Warburton, p. 64–68, for further account. Gray did not like Hume either as a moralist or historian. See Works, vol. v. p. 33.

shall therefore stay with you, for Hurd is returning to Thurcaston, and I fancy will come to see me; if not, I will go to see him with my own copy, before I think of publishing. I send you at the bottom a piece of a new stanza for the second Ode. I know not if you will not think the rhymes too antiquated, or whether it is not a sort of beauty in the place.

Most sincerely yours,
W. MASON.

Every heath and mountain rude*
Was mute till then, save from the den
Where watch'd some Giant proud.
The heifer, cag'd in craggy pen,
Lifted her lowings loud;
While her fair firstlings' streaming gore
Distain'd the bone-besprinkled floor.
Dismal notes! and answered soon.

* These lines do not appear in the text of Caractacus.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Good Friday, 1758.

I have full as much *ennui* as yourself though much less dissipation, but I cannot make this my excuse for being silent, for I write to you *pour me desennuyer*, though I have little enough to say. I know not whether I am to condole with you on this Canterbury business, for it is not clear to me that you or the Church are any great losers by it; if you are be so good as to inform me, and I will be sorry; however, there is one good thing in it, it proves the family are mortal.

You do not seem to discover that Mons. Mallet † is but a very small scholar, except in the erudition of the Goths. There are, *à propos*, two

* Parts of this letter are taken to form the letter Mason printed under the date December 19, 1757.—Gray's Works, vol. iii. p. 183.

† See on this work (the History of Denmark by Mallet,) Barbier, Bibliothèque d'un Homme de Goût, vol. iv. p. 150. La préface de ce livre mérite spécialement qu'on s'y arrete. C'est un grand tableau," &c. See also Pinkerton on the Goths, p. 100; Leyden's Complaynt of Scotland, p. 274; Foreign Quarterly Review, iv. p. 478; Nichols's Illustrations of Literature, vol. viii. p. 314.

Dissertations on the Religion and Opinions of the Gauls, published in the Mémoires de l'Acad. des Belles Lettres et des Inscriptions, vol. XXIV. 4to. one by the Abbé Fénel, in which he would shew that, about Tiberius' and Claudius' times the Druids, persecuted and dispersed by the Romans, probably retired into Germany, and propagated their doctrines there. This is to account for some similitude to the Gaulish notions which the religion of Germany seems to bear, as Tacitus has described it, whereas Julius Cæsar makes them extremely different, who lived before this supposed dispersion of the Druids; the other by Monsieur Freret, is as to shew the reverse of all this,—that there was no such dispersion, no such similitude, and that, if Cæsar and Tacitus disagree, it is because the first knew nothing but of those nations that bordered on the Rhine, and the other was acquainted with all Germany. I do not know whether these will furnish you with any new matter, but they are well enough written and easily read. I told you before, that, in a time of dearth, I would venture to borrow from the Edda without entering too minutely on particulars; but, if I did so, I would make each image so clear, that it might be fully understood by itself, for in this obscure mythology

we must not hint at things, as we do with the Greek fables, that every body is supposed to know at school. However, on second thoughts, I think it would be still better to graft any wild picturesque fable, absolutely of one's own invention, upon the Druid stock; I mean upon those half-dozen of old fancies that are known to have made their system: this will give you more freedom and latitude, and will leave no hold for the critics to fasten on.

Pray, when did I pretend to finish, or even insert passages into other people's works? as if it were equally easy to pick holes and to mend them. All I can say is, that your Elegy must not end with the worst line in it; it is flat, it is prose; whereas that above all ought to sparkle, or at least to shine. If the sentiment must stand, twirl it a little into an apophthegm, stick a flower in it, gild it with a costly expression; let it strike the fancy, the ear, or the heart, and I am satisfied.

Hodges is a sad fellow; so is Dr. Akenside,* and Mr. Shenstone, our friends and companions.

* Gray alludes to the two additional volumes to Dodsley's Collection of Poems, which came out in the year 1758, and contained his two Odes, and some Poems by Mason, Shenstone, Akenside, &c. Gray disliked Akenside, and in general all poetry in blank verse, except Milton: see Works, vol. v. p. 36.

Your story of Garrick is a good one; pray is it true, and what came of it? did the tragic poet call a guard?* It was I that hindered Mr. Brown from sending the pamphlet. It is nonsense, and that nonsense all stolen from Dr. Stukeley's book about Abury and Stonehenge; yet if you will have it, you may. Adieu, and let me hear soon from you.

I am ever yours, T. G.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, June 20, 1758.

I sympathize with your eyes, having been confined at Florence with the same complaint for

* This may allude to the disputes with Arthur Murphy regarding The Orphan of China. See Garrick Correspondence at the end of the year 1757, and Letters, dated 23rd February, 1758, and 27th May, 1758. See also Davies's Life of Garrick, vol. i. p. 254, and Murphy's Life of Garrick, vol. i. p. 331. Dr. Franklin, in his Dissertation on Ancient Tragedy, 1760, had a note of the grossest abuse on The Orphan of China, in which much malice and rancour were shown. See Monthly Review, 1760, vol. xxiii. p. 5. Mason's letter, to which this by Gray is an answer, is wanting. Mr. Boaden says, "The *true secret* of Garrick's objections to the *Orphan of China*, Cleone, &c., was that the *female interest preponderated*." See Life of Kemble.

three weeks, but (I hope) in a much worse degree, for, besides not seeing, I could not sleep in the night for pain; have a care of old women (who are all great oculists), and do not let them trifle with so tender a part.

I have been exercising my eyes at Peterborough, Crowland, Thorney, Ely, &c.; am grown a great Fen antiquary; this was the reason I did not answer you directly, as your letter came in my absence. I own I have been all this while expecting Caractacus, or at least three choruses, and now you do not so much as tell me it is finished: sure your spiritual functions, and even your attentions to the Duchess of Norfolk and Sir Conyers,* might have allowed you some little intervals for poetry; if not (now

* The Right Honourable Sir Conyers d'Arcy, K.B. younger son of John Lord D'Arcy, by the Hon. Bridget Sutton, only surviving daughter of Robert Lord Lexington. He was appointed Master of the King's Household 1719-20; K.B. 1725; Comptroller of the Household and a Privy Counsellor 1730; Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding during the minority of his nephew, Robert Earl of Holdernesse; M.P. for Richmond from 1728 to 1747, and for Yorkshire from 1747 to his death, in 1758. "Lady M. W. Montagu.—Her father fell in love with Lady Anne Bentinck, who forsook for him Sir Conyers Darcy, who had long been HER lover, and on whose despair Rowe wrote the ballad of 'Colin's Complaint.'"—MS. note by Horace Walpole.

Queen Hecuba is gone), I utterly despair, for (say what you will) it was not retirement, it was not leisure, or the summer, or the country, that used to make you so voluminous; it was emulation, it was rivalry, it was the collision of tragedy against tragedy, that kindled your fires, and set old Mona in a blaze. You do not say who succeeds her Trojan Majesty;* it ought to be well considered. Let me have none of your prosaic curates. I shall have you write sermons and private forms, and "heaven's open to all men."

That old *fizzling* Duke† is coming here again (but I hope to be gone first,) to hear speeches in his new library, with the Bishop of Bristol, to air his close-stool; they have fitted it up —not the close-stool, nor the Bishop, but the library, with classes, that will hold anything but books, yet books they must hold, and all the bulky old Commentators, the Synopses and Tractatus Tractatuums,‡ are washed with white-

* Dr. Delap, the author of "Hecuba," who had left Mason's curacy. See note, p. 72. His Elegies and Royal Suppliants, reviewed in the Monthly Review. See Index, vol. i. p. 537.

† Duke of Newcastle. "The old *Hubble-bubble* Duke" is Dr. Warner's expression for the same peculiarity of manner which Gray describes by *fizzling*.—See Selwyn's Corr. iv. 283.

‡ A collection of legal dissertations, "Tractatus universi

of-eggs, gilt and lettered, and drawn up in review before his Grace. Your uncle Balguy takes his doctor's degree, and preaches the commencement sermon at Dr. Green's request.

Mr. Brown sends his love, and bids me tell you that Dr. Warburton has sent you his New Legation, with its dedication to Lord Mansfield;* would you have it sent you? Lord Strathmore goes to-morrow into the North to come of age.† I keep an owl in the garden as like me as it can stare; only I do not eat raw meat, nor bite people by the fingers. This is all the news of the place. Adieu, dear Mason! and write to me directly if it will not hurt you, or I shall think you worse than you are. I am ever yours,

T. G.

juris," published by Zilettus, the bookseller at Venice in 1564, in 18 folio volumes, usually bound in 25, to which there are additional volumes of Index, making in all 28 folios.

* Books i. ii. iii. of The Divine Legation were dedicated to Philip Earl of Hardwicke 1754 (new edition.) The Books iv. v. vi. were dedicated to William Lord Mansfield in 1765 (new edition.) The *original* Dedications were to the Free Thinkers and to the Jews.

† John, ninth Earl of Strathmore and Kinghorne, succeeded to the title 1755, and died in April 1776; in 1767 he married the great heiress, daughter of G. Bowes, Esq. of Streatlam Castle, in the western part of the county of Durham.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Stoke, August 11, 1758.

I was just leaving Cambridge at the time when I received your last letter, and have been unfixed and flitting about almost ever since, or you had heard of me sooner. You do not think I could stay to receive Fobus; no more did Mr. Hurd, he was gone into Leicestershire long before. As to uncle Balguy,* pray do him

* Doctor Thomas Balguy, prebendary of Winchester, and archdeacon; the friend of Warburton and Hurd. See Hurd's Life of Warburton, p. 114; Brydges's Restituta, iv. p. 391; Nichols's Literary Illustrations, vol. vi. p. 683. "The late learned and excellent Dr. Balguy," writes Seward in his Anecdotes, iv. p. 198. Dr. Warton in his Dryden, vol. i. p. 41, thus speaks of his friend: "Dr. Balguy, a man far above the narrow views of party, of an enlarged mind and manly spirit, enriched with a variety of solid learning, which he always imparted in a style pure and energetic. He refused the bishopric of Gloucester, offered him by Lord North. 'The bishopric,' he said, 'has cost me *one* night's rest, and I determined it should not cost me another." See very high praise of him by Dr. S. Parr, in his Warburtonian Tracts, p. 182, who considers Balguy as best fitted "to unfold with precision the character of Warburton." "The history of *Warburton* (he says) in the hands of so consummate an artist, would have been a most instructive and interesting work, a περιλογράφια

justice; he stayed, indeed, to preach the commencement sermon, but he assured me (in secret) it was an old one, and had not one word in it to the purpose. The very next morning he set out for Winchester, and I do really think him much improved since he had his residence there; freer and more open, and his heart less set upon the mammon of unrighteousness. *A propos*,—would you think it?—Fobus has wit. He told Young,* who was invited to supper at Doctor L.'s, and made all the company wait for him,—"Why, Young, you make but an awkward figure now you are a bishop; this time last year you would have been the first man here." I cannot brag of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or my fertility; the days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to anything but that one to which we are all tending. Yet I love people that leave some traces of their journey behind them, and have strength enough to advise you to do so

Varronis." Balguy left a large and interesting volume of Warburton's Correspondence, which is still in MS. For the very high estimation in which his authority is held in theology, see Hey's Lectures on Divinity, *passim*.

* Philip Yonge, Residentiary of St. Paul's, consecrated Bishop of Bristol 1758; translated to Norwich 1761; died 1783. He resigned the Public Oratorship in 1752. Mentioned in the last letter.

while you can. I expect to see "Caractacus" completed, not so much from the opinion I entertain of your industry as from the consideration that another winter approaches, which is the season of harvest to an author; but I will conceal the secret of your motives, and join in the common applause. The books you inquire after are not worth your knowledge. Parnell* is the dunghill of Irish Grub-street. I did hear who Lancelot Temple† was, but

* A posthumous volume of Parnell was published in Dublin, 1758, since reprinted; see Monthly Review, vol. xix. p. 380. Lintot gave Pope fifteen pounds for the copyright of Parnell's poems.

† A name assumed by Dr. Armstrong, the poet and physician. See his Miscellanies, vol. ii. p. 131—259, first published in 1756; reviewed in Monthly Review, vol. xviii. pp. 560—568. See also Knowles's Life of Fuseli, p. 59, and Campbell's Hist. of Scottish Poetry, 4to, p. 222. Armstrong was very intimate with Fuseli, and travelled with him on the continent; experiencing the usual fate of travellers, they quarrelled at Genoa, *about the pronunciation of a word*, and parted; but Fuseli visiting Armstrong on his death-bed, they were reconciled. Smith, in his Life of Nollekens, says, Armstrong often noticed Fuseli in the papers of the day with praise (see vol. ii. p. 420, Life of Nollekens): and in his Sketches, (vol. ii. p. 236, Armstrong's works,) there is a passage prophetic of Fuseli's future fame: "This barren age has produced a genius, not indeed of British growth, unpatronised and at present almost unknown, who may live to

have really forgot. I know I thought it was Mr. Greville.* Avon is nothing but a type.†

astonish, to terrify, and delight all Europe." There is a violent passage against Armstrong in Churchill's Poems (The Journey), vol. iii. p. 229, ed. 1774, 12mo. See Dr. Beattie's account of this work of Armstrong in Forbes's Life of Beattie, vol. i. p. 203.

* Author of Maxims, Characters, and Reflections, 1757. See account of him in Miss Burney's Memoirs of her Father, vol. i. p. 242, vol. ii. p. 101, vol. iii. p. 134; Madame du Deffand's Letters, tome i. pp. 67, 72–82; Lady W. Montagu's Letters, vol. iii. p. 102, ed. Wharncliffe; Boswell's Johnson, vol. viii. p. 305; Walpole's Misc. Lett. vol. iii. p. 210; Jesse's Corr. of Selwyn, vol. i. p. 336; and Edinburgh Review, No. CLIV. p. 525. Mrs. Greville was Fanny Macartney, the Flora of the Maxims, the author of the Ode to Indifference, and the mother of the beautiful Lady Crewe. She is described in the Maxims under the character of *Flora;* Mr. Greville himself under that of *Torrismond;* Lord Chatham under *Praxiteles.* Mrs. Montagu figures as *Melissa.*

† "Avon," a poem in three parts, 4to. Birmingham, printed in the *new types* of Mr. Baskerville. The Monthly Review, 1756, vol. ii. p. 276, says at the end of its notice, "We have premised that this work is printed by Mr. Baskerville, who obliged the curious and literary world with a specimen of *his excellent types* in his quarto edition of Virgil. *The letter in which the Avon is printed, though very beautiful,* is yet in our opinion inferior to that of the Virgil," &c. The Rev. John Cowper, Fellow of Corp. Chr. Cambridge (brother of the poet), says in a letter, Jan. 1786, to Mr. Gough, "A little poem called 'Avon' has its merit." See Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, viii. p. 562.

The Duchess of Queensberry's advertisement * has moved my impatience; yet, after all, perhaps she may curl her gray hair with her grandfather's golden periods. Another object of my

* The Public Advertiser, July 10, 1758.—"Whereas a spurious, incorrect edition of a work represented to contain the history of the reign of his Majesty King Charles the Second, from the Restoration to the end of the year 1667, by the late Lord Chancellor Clarendon, has been attempted to be imposed on the public; to prevent which, their Graces the Duke and Dutchess of Queensberry have preferred a bill in the High Court of Chancery, and obtained an injunction to restrain the printing and publishing the same; and, in order to prevent the abuse which will arise to the public from such a publication, they think it incumbent on them to signify that a correct edition from the original manuscript in the hand of Lord Chancellor Clarendon, of his Lordship's life, from his birth to his banishment (and which includes the history of the Last Seven Years attempted to be imposed on the public,) is now preparing for the press, and will soon be published, the profits of which have been appropriated by the family for a public benefaction to the University of Oxford." The Duchess was the wife of Douglas third Duke of Queensberry. She was the friend of Pope, and patroness and protector of Gay, for whom she quarrelled with the Court. She retained in age the dress of her youth, which was one of her many eccentricities. She died in 1772. See Horace Walpole's Letters, March 2, 1774; and a Letter from her in the Grenville Papers, vol. ii. p. 424, and note. Her name is preserved in the verse of Pope on Gay:

Of all thy blameless life the sole return,
My verse and *Queensberry* weeping o'er thy urn.

wishes is, the King of Prussia's account of the Campaign, which Niphausen talked of six weeks ago as just coming over, but it is not come; perhaps he waits for a better catastrophe. The Twickenham Press is in labour of two or three works (not of the printer's own). One of them is an Account of Russia by a Lord Whitworth,* who, I think, was minister there from King William.

I seem to have told you all I know, which you will think very little, but *a nihilo nil fit.* If I were to coin my whole mind into phrases they would profit you nothing, nor fill a moderate page. Compassionate my poverty, show yourself noble in giving me better than I bring, and ever believe me

Most sincerely yours,

T. G.

* This little work was printed at Strawberry Hill in 1758. See Walpole's Misc. Lett. vol. iii. pp. 403, 411. The MS. was given by Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq., who had purchased *Mr. Zolman's* Library, which related solely to *Russian* History. In the Preface, written by Walpole, some account may be found of Lord Whitworth. The title is, "Account of Russia as it was in 1710." See a favourable review of it in Monthly Review, xix. pp. 439—444; but the reviewer, before he marked the errata, should have known that *blue* (the colour) was always spelt *blew* at that time. Thus Gray spelt it in his Letters.

I find you missed of Stonhewer by going to Sir Conyers Darcy's. Can you tell me if he is still at Harrowgate, for I do not know how to direct to him there?

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE REV. MR. BROWNE.

DEAR SIR, Sept. 7, 1758.

It is always time to write (whether Louisbourg* be taken or not), and I am always alike glad to hear from you. I am glad however to repay you with "the King of Prussia:" there is a man for you at a dead lift, that has beat and baffled his three most powerful† enemies, who had swallowed him up in idea: not that I look

* "Louisbourg is an important conquest. It will strengthen Mr. Pitt, and enable him to struggle more successfully against corruption."—Warburton to Hurd, Sept. 3, 1758, Letter cxx. It was taken on 27th July, 1758, after forty-nine days' siege. See account of it in Mr. Jenkinson's Letter in Grenville Papers, i. 258.

† His three powerful enemies were France, Austria, and Russia. "The threats," writes Sir C. Williams, the Ambassador at Petersburg, "of the three greatest powers in Europe, instead of frightening him from his designs, made him execute them more easily. His plan and execution of it are alike his own."—See Works, iii. p. 106.

upon this last exploit, however seasonable, as his most heroic exploit: I suppose it was only butchering* a great flock of slaves and savages, a conquest that, but for the necessity of it, he would have disdained. What use our little supply is like to be of in Germany I cannot say. I only know that my Lord Granby, with his horse, had a bridge which broke under them, and that he (the Marquess) was sore bruised and laid up; but I think the Electorate may be saved for all this.

Old Pa. wrote to me from Scarborough three weeks ago;† he had seen more in his journey

* This alludes to the King of Prussia's victory over the Russian army at Zorndorf, Aug. 25; "as the Prussians gave no quarter, the slaughter was terrible." See Smollett, vol. iv. pp. 331—333; Grenville Papers (Mr. Jenkinson to Mr. Grenville), vol. i. p. 263; also Shenstone's Letters, iii. p. 307. "On the regular destruction of 15 or 20,000 wretches on the field; Mr. Cambridge was considering the *massacre* rather in a philosophical than political view; and indeed it does not appear to me that plague, earthquake, or famine are more pernicious to the human race than what the world calls *heroes*."

† See Gray's Letters, vol. iii. Letter LXXXV. p. 204, Sept. 6, 1758, to Mr. Palgrave. The Rev. William Palgrave, LL.B. 1760, of Pembroke College, Cambridge, of an ancient Norfolk house, Rector of Palgrave thirty-three years, and of Thrandeston forty years, both in Suffolk, died suddenly at Brightelmstone, Nov. 5, 1799, aged sixty-four years. He is buried in Palgrave church in the chancel, within the altar-rail; a flat

than ever he saw before in his life, and was to see twice as much more in his way to Glamis.

stone covers his grave. The rectory house is much altered since Palgrave's time. The garden was said to be laid out by Mason, and a sequestered alcove still remains, bearing the name of "the Poet's Corner." My late friend the Rev. William Alderson was the last survivor of those who personally remembered Mr. Palgrave. He used to meet him during his visits at Aston, and described him as a person of small stature, neat in his appearance, agreeable and clever in conversation, and a very pleasant companion. He was much esteemed by his parishioners at Palgrave, charitable to the poor, and performed with care the duties of his parish. A little singularity was given to his figure by his head being drawn aside towards the shoulder, which was the occasion of a ludicrous circumstance still remembered in his parish happening to him from a fall when hunting. Mr. Alderson mentioned to the writer of this note one or two specimens of his quick and lively repartees, but these ἔπεα πτερόεντα,—"the winged messengers from mind to mind,"—lose their graces when fixed on paper. Mr. Palgrave's elder brother assumed the name of Sayer, and married Miss Tyrrell of Gipping, afterwards Lady Mary Haselrigge. To his younger brother the Rev. William Palgrave, who is the subject of this note, it is said Mr. Lawson of Boroughbridge is indebted for a small but valuable collection of antiquities collected during Mr. Palgrave's travels in Italy with his friend Mr. Weddell of Newby (who at that time made the collection of statues now belonging to Lord de Grey). Mr. Lawson has also Mr. Palgrave's *journal*, undertaken by Gray's advice. See Gray's Letter to Mr. Palgrave on his Tour. "Quodcumque videris, scribe et describe, memoriâ ne fide," vol. iv. p. 106: whether

He is become acquainted with rocks and precipices, and despises the tameness and insipidity of all we call fine in the South. Mr. Pitt and he did not propose being at Glamis till the end of August.

If I had been at the great gambling dinner, I should have desired somebody would help me to a collop of the other great turtle, though I believe it is vile meat. You tell me nothing about the good family at Ripton, that were to come together from all quarters* and be so happy this summer; has any ill chance hindered their meeting, or have you not paid them a visit this vacation? It is an infinite while since I heard from Mason; I know no more of him than you do; but I hope Caractacus will profit of our losses; if pleasure or application take up his thoughts I am half content.

My health I cannot complain of, but as to my spirits they are always many degrees below

the expression in the following precept is classically correct may admit a doubt, "Tritum viatorum compitum calca." Mr. Palgrave is often mentioned in Walpole's Letters to Mason in a very friendly manner. See vol. ii. p. 161, &c. &c.

* Nicholas Bonfoy, Esq. married Elizabeth, a daughter of William Hall, Esq. of King's Walden. She was one of a family of ten sons and four daughters; he resided at Abbot's Ripton, in the county of Huntingdon, where the descendants are still situated. See note to Letter xi. p. 38.

changeable, and I seem to myself to inspire everything around me with *ennui* and dejection; but some time or other all these things must come to a conclusion, till which day I shall remain very sincerely yours,

T. G.

Commend me to any that inquire after me, particularly Mr. Talbot.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE REV. MR. BROWNE.

DEAR SIR, Oct. 28, 1758.

You will not imagine me the less grateful for the long letter you were so good to write me some time since, because I have omitted to answer it, especially if you know what has since happened. Mrs. Rogers died in the end of September; and what with going to town to prove her will and other necessary things, what with returning back hither to pay debts, make inventories, and other such delightful amusements, I have really been almost wholly taken up. I might perhaps make a merit even of writing now, if you could form a just idea of my situation, being joint executor with another

aunt, who is of a mixed breed between —— and the Dragon of Wantley. So much for her. I next proceed to tell you that I saw Mason in town, who stayed there a day on my account, and then set out (not in a huff) with a laudable resolution to pass his winter at Aston, and save a curate.* My Lord† has said something to him, which I am glad of, that looked like an excuse for his own dilatoriness in preferring him; but this is a secret. He told me he had seen you, and that you were well. Dr. Wharton continues dispirited, but a little better than he was. The first act of Caractacus is just arrived here, but I have not read it over.

I am very disagreeable; but who can help that? Adieu, my best Mr. Browne; I am ever yours, T. G.

I shall hardly be at Cambridge before Christmas. I recollect that it is very possible you may have paid my bills; if so, pray inform me what they amount to, that I may send the money when I get to London, or sooner, if you please.

* I presume that he did so; for there appears a vacancy in the curacy between Mr. Delap's leaving Aston, and Mr. Wood coming in 1759, by the Aston Register.

† Lord Holdernesse.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Stoke, Nov. 9, 1758.

I should have told you that Caradoc came safe to hand, but my critical faculties have been so taken up in dividing nothing with "The Dragon of Wantley's Dam,"* that they are not yet composed enough for a better and more tranquil employment; shortly, however, I will make them obey me. But am I to send this copy to Mr. Hurd, or return it to you? Methinks I do not love this travelling to and again of manuscripts by the post. While I am writing, your second packet is just arrived. I can only tell you in gross that there seem to me certain passages altered, which might as well have been let alone; and that I shall not be easily reconciled to Mador's own song. I must not have my fancy raised to that agreeable pitch of heathenism and wild magical enthusiasm, and then have you let me drop into moral philosophy and cold good sense. I remember you insulted me when I saw you last, and affected to call that which delighted

* Mrs. Olliffe was "the other aunt," and was joint executor with Mr. Gray. See his Letter to Dr. Wharton, LXXXVIII. vol. iii. p. 210, on this subject.

my imagination nonsense. Now I insist that sense is nothing in poetry but according to the dress she wears, and the scene she appears in. If you should lead me into a superb Gothic building with a thousand clustered pillars, each of them half a mile high, the walls all covered with fretwork, and the windows full of red and blue saints, that had neither head nor tail, and I should find the Venus of Medici in person perked up in a long niche over the high altar, as naked as ever she was born, do you think it would raise or damp my devotions? I say that Mador must be entirely a Briton, and that his pre-eminence among his companions must be shown by superior wildness, more barbaric fancy, and a more striking and deeper harmony, both of words and numbers. If British antiquity be too narrow, this is the place for invention; and if it be pure invention, so much the clearer must the expression be, and so much the stronger and richer the imagery—there's for you now.*

I am sorry to hear you complain of your eyes. Have a care of candle-light, and rather play at hot-cockles with the children than either read or write. Adieu! I am truly and ever yours, T. G.

* "The fourth Ode was afterwards new written."—Mason.

LETTER XL.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, 1758.

I received your last, but, as I had before sent you my second Ode, I was in hopes to have heard again, with your particular remarks on that. Observe, the second stanza, that is, the first antistrophe, I intend to alter on account of the sameness of imagery with one in Melancholy; but I hope the rest will stand, some words excepted. I will attempt a new Mador's song to please you, but, in my own mind, I would not have him sing there at all on account of the *tout ensemble*, for he sings all the second Ode, and also all the fourth, so I am afraid he will be hoarse. I like the idea of my fourth Ode much, and the preparation to it. It is the speech of an Armed Death to the Britons, who Mador is supposed to see and hear just at the onset of the battle. Thus—

CHORUS.

——— but why is this ?
Why doth our brother Mador snatch his harp
From yonder bough ? why this way bend his steps ?

CARACTACUS.

He looks entranced. The fillet bursts that bound
His liberal locks; his snowy vestments fall
In ample folds, and all his floating form
Doth seem to glisten with divinity.
Yet is he speechless. Say, thou chief of bards,
What is there in this airy vacancy
That thou, with fiery and irregular glance,
Should scan thus wildly? wherefore heaves my breast?
Why starts——

ODE.

Hark! heard ye not yon footsteps dread,
That shook the earth with thundering tread?
'Twas Death; in haste
The warrior pass'd;
High tower'd his helmed head,
I mark'd his mail, I mark'd his shield;
I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
I saw his giant arm the falchion wield;
Courage was in his van and Conquest in his rear.*

And so it goes on, but without a word of Odin and Walhalla; yet the general Celtic principle of the happiness of dying in battle is touched upon, which, I hope, is not in itself too Scaldic.

* See last Chorus in Caractacus,

Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread, &c.

But how Death should be wielding at the *same time* both a sword and a spear, is not very easy to determine.

I spy'd the sparkling of his *spear*,
I saw his giant arm the *falchion* wield.

I send you with this another packet, and I have another ready to follow it. Then I get to my third Ode, and, when that is done, I shall have little more than transcription. When you have all the MS. I would have you keep it till I write about sending it to Mr. Hurd; probably we may contrive it without posting. Do excuse all this Caractacation. I am seriously desirous of getting quit of him, and therefore must trouble you till I do.

Mr. Brown has writ me a long letter about keeping my Divinity Act, which, he says, I must do next March. Do you say so too? If you do I will incontinently drown myself; till when,

I remain, sincerely yours,
W. MASON.

My eyes, by blistering, are well again.

LETTER XLI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, London, Jan. 18, 1759.

You will think me either dead, or in that happy state which is that of most people alive, of forgetting every thing they ought to remem-

ber; yet I am neither one nor the other. I am now in town, having taken leave of Stoke, and hoping to take leave of my other incumbrances in a few months hence. I send you in short my opinion of Caractacus, so far, I mean, as I have seen of it; I shall only tell you further, that I am charmed with the idea you give me of your fourth Ode; it is excellently introduced, and the specimen you send me even sublime. I am wrapped in it; but the last line of the stanza falls off, and must be changed, "Courage was in his van," &c. for it is ordinary when compared with the rest; to be sure, the immortality of the soul and the happiness of dying in battle are Druid doctrines; you may dress them at pleasure, so they do but look wild and British.

I have little to say from hence but that Cleone* has succeeded very well at Covent Gar-

* Written by Dodsley, and acted in 1758 at Covent Garden. In a *manuscript* Letter from Lord Chesterfield to Dodsley on the intended performance of this play, he says, "You should instruct the actors not to mouth out the Y in the name of *Siffroy*, as if they were crying oysters." A high character is given of the play in Anderson's Life of Dodsley. It was shown to Pope, who advised the extension of its plan, and it was praised by Dr. Johnson in terms that seemed to place it above Otway. The prologue was written by Melmoth, the epilogue by Shenstone. See on this play Davies's Life of Garrick, vol. i. p. 251, and Shenstone's Letters, vol. iii. xciii.

den, and that people who despised it in manuscript went to see it, and confess—they cried so. For fear of crying too I did not go. Poor Smart* is not dead, as was said, and Merope† is acted for his benefit this week, with a new farce, "The Guardian."‡ Here is a very agreeable opera of Cocchi's, the "Cyrus,"§ which gave me some

p. 289; and a judicious and fair notice in Monthly Review, vol. xix. p. 582. See also Garrick Correspondence, vol. i. p. 79; and Boaden's Life of Kemble, vol. i. p. 340. Life of Siddons, ii. p. 214; and note in Lett. xxxiv. Dodsley mentions it in a Letter to Dr. Warton as written in 1754. See Wooll's Life of Warton, p. 225.

* See Anderson's Life of Smart. He was admitted of Pembroke Hall Oct. 30, 1739, elected Fellow 1745, M. A. 1747. See Gray's Letter to Dr. Wharton on his works (vol. iii. p. 4), written in great kindness to one of the most unfortunate among the sons of genius.

† Written by Aaron Hill. See Baker's Biog. Dram. vol. ii. p. 230, where a high character is given of this play. It was acted in 1749, and said to be chiefly borrowed from the Merope of Voltaire.

‡ A farce written by Garrick, acted 1759, in two acts, and taken in great measure from the *Pupille* of Mons. Fagan. See Critical Review, vol. vii. p. 171. "On doit surtout regarder 'La Pupille' comme le chef d'œuvre de cet auteur." See Barbier Bibliothèque, vol. ii. p. 146.

§ "Il Ciro Riconosciuto" is the title of an opera composed by Cocchi, produced at the King's Theatre in 1759, and said by Dr Burney to be the best of Cocchi's productions during his residence in England. In the British Museum is

pleasure; do you know I like both Whitehead's Odes* in great measure, but nobody else does.

I hear matters will be made up with the Dutch, and there will be no war. The King of Portugal † has slily introduced troops into Lisbon, under pretence of clearing away the rubbish, and seized the unsuspecting conspirators in their own houses; they are men of principal note, in particular the family of Tavora, who have some pretensions to the crown; and it is thought the Jesuits have made use of their ambition to execute their own revenge. The

a copy of the opera in Italian and English, as used in the theatre at the time; and it is curious to observe how materially it varies from the text of the Ciro Riconosciuto in the modern editions of Metastasio's works. The wording of whole scenes is different.

* "I don't dislike the Laureate at all; to me it is his best Ode, but I don't expect every one should find it out; for Othbert and Atesté are surely less known than Edward the First and Mount Snowdon. It is no imitation of me, but a good one of 'Pastor, cum traheret,' &c. which was falsely laid to my charge." See Works, vol. iii. p. 212, Lett. LXXXIX. Gray alludes to the two Laureate Odes for 1758 and 1759. See Whitehead's Works, vol. ii. p. 261–267.

† On this singular conspiracy and attempt at assassination see Belsham's History of England, vol. iv. p. 435; vol. v. p. 61; Adolphus's Hist. vol. i. p. 60; Smollett, vol. iv. p. 959; Walpole's History of George II. vol. iii. p. 141; Misc. Letters vol. iii. pp. 402, 432.

story of the king's gallantries, and the jealousy of some man of quality, who contrived the assassination, is said to be all false.

Adieu! I rejoice to hear you use your eyes again. Write to me at Dr. Wharton's, for perhaps I may go to Cambridge for some weeks, and he will take care I shall have your letter.

LETTER XLII.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY

DEAR SIR, Aston, Jan. 25, 1759.

I sent an impatient letter to you (to use Mr. Mincing's epithet to dinner) at Stoke, and, the day after it went, received yours from London, with its accompaniment of criticisms, for which a thank severally, and ten apiece for every emendation, that is to say, every alteration. Yet I cannot help thinking that if you had not seen the joint critique from Prior Park,* you would not have judged so hardly of some of my new lines. True I did not think every thing that all my critics have remarked necessary to be altered; yet I altered them for this reason: Critics, like Indians, are proud of the

* The joint critique of Dr. Warburton and Rev. Mr. Hurd.

number of scalps they make in a manuscript; and if you don't let them scalp, they will do you no service. However, it appears I have scalped myself in some places, particularly at the beginning. Yet I cannot help thinking that "chills the pale plain beneath him" is an improvement. Yet I can unscalp, if you bid me. There is one unfortunate thing which attends showing either a marked or an altered manuscript, and you yourself prove it to me. The person that reads it regards only the marks and alterations, and considers whether they are right or wrong, and hence a number of faulty passages in the gross escape his observation. I remember I showed "Caractacus" this summer to a certain critic, who read it all over, and returned it me with this single observation: "I have read it, and I think those faults which are marked with a pencil ought to be altered." I was surprised at this, because I did not know the MS. was marked at all at that time. I examined it, and found here and there about seven or eight almost invisible little × ×. I could not conceive who had done it; I asked Delap if he had, and he cried *peccavi*, assuring me he only did it to remember to tell me of some minutiæ which he thought inaccurate; but that he thought he had almost made them

invisible. So quick-sighted is the eye of a critic. But to proceed. I agree to almost all your criticisms, however they make against me. Your absolution from Mador's song makes amends for all. Yet I am sorry about the scene between Evelina and Elidurus; it is what the generality will think the principal scene, and which yet is not as it should be. I am afraid of making it more pathetic, and yet if it is not so, it will not satisfy. I send you with this my third Ode; you will find it must be inserted soon after the description of the rocking-stone, and the last line of the sheet I send you will connect with this,

> "So certain that on our absolving tongues
> Rests not that power may save thee."
> Caractacus, p. 124; Mason's Works.

so that a few lines must be cancelled in the copy you have; my reason for this change is, that I myself thought (and nobody else), that a lustration ode would take up too much time in the place first intended, and that the action went on too slow there. I shall therefore show more of Caractacus himself in the scene subsequent to the next I shall send you, and I am pretty sure that (*toutes ensembles* considered) this will be an improvement. As to this Ode,

I do not expect you to like it so well as you do the second; yet I hope it is well enough, and will have some effect in the place it comes in.

Explicit Pars Poeseos, & incipit Pars Chitchatices.—I dare not face Rutherforth,* that saintly butcher, in his purple robes of divinity, and therefore, sorely against good Mr. Brown's gizzard, I have given up my fellowship, and this post carries my civilities to Dr. Long concerning this great resignation. Indeed, if I could dispute black into white, like my uncle Balguy, this act would have fallen out too unluckily for me to have thought of keeping it, for I am resolved not to set my face southward these several months, not even if I publish this spring, for I'll either have the sheets sent down to me or get somebody in town to correct the press. Do you think either Dr. Wharton or Stonehewer could be prevailed on to take this trouble? You are perpetually twitting me about

* Thomas Rutherford, D.D. of St. John's College, Regius Professor of Divinity, 1756, succeeded by Richard Watson, D.D. 1771. He was the author of Natural Philosophy and Institutes of Natural Law, and other works, a list of which may be seen in the Biographical Dictionary. See Hey's Lectures on Divinity, vol. i. p. 469; Nichols's Illustrations of Literary History, vol. i. p. 134. A copious account of him and his works may be seen in the Index to Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. vii. p. 362.

my motive of gain; could I write half as well as Rousseau I would prove to you that this is the only motive any reasonable man should have in this matter; but pray distinguish the matter (I mean gain is not my only motive for writing, God forbid it should). I write for fame, for posterity, and all sort of fine things, but gain is my only motive for publishing; for I publish to the present age, whom I would fleece, if I could, like any Cossack, Calmuck, or Carcol-spack. Now do you understand me, and, if you do, don't you agree with me? This resuscitation of poor *Smart* pains me; I was in hopes he was safe in that state where the best of us will be better than we are, and the worst I hope as little worse as infinite justice can permit. But is he returned to his senses? if so, I fear that will be more terrible still. Pray, if you can dispose of a guinea so as it will in any sort benefit him (for it is too late for a ticket),* give it for me. My best regard to Dr. Wharton and Mrs. if this finds you there. You will find from my last letter that Hurd is disposed to gratify the Doctor's humanity.† Have you seen

* In this year (1759) Garrick made Smart an offer of a free benefit at Drury Lane Theatre: he had but lately been released from confinement; to which Mason alludes.

† See Letter xxxiii. p. 135.

Jortin's "Life of Erasmus?"* was there ever such a lumbering slovenly book? I shall not send a packet till I hear again from you; do not be long first.

LETTER XLIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Cambridge, March 1, 1759.

Did I tell you I had been confined in town with the gout for a fortnight? well, and since I came hither, it is come again. Yesterday I came abroad again, for the first time, in a great shoe, and very much out of humour; and so I must return again in three days to town about business, which is not like to add much to the

* On this work see Walpole's Miscellaneous Letters, vol. iii. p. 401, who "considers it written with great moderation and goodness of heart," and p. 407; and Coleridge's Friend, vol. i. p. 226. Mr. Barham, in his Life of Reuchlin, says, "Jortin has made an amusing book out of the Life of Erasmus; though, but superficially versed in the literary history of the sixteenth century, he rarely ventures beyond the text of Erasmus and Le Clerc without stumbling," p. 251. See Monthly Review, vol. xix. pp. 385—399, and vol. xxiii. pp. 195—204, for a severe review of the second volume.

sweetness of my temper, especially while stocks are so low.

I did not remember ever to have seen the joint criticism* from Prior Park that you speak of, so little impression did it make; nor should I believe now that I had ever seen it, did I not recollect what a prejudice the parsons expressed to human sacrifice, which is quite agreeable to my way of thinking; since Caractacus convinced me of the propriety of the thing, it is certain that their fancies did in no sort influence me in the use of my tomahawk. Now you must know I do not much admire the chorus of the rocking-stone, nor yet much disapprove it; it is grave and solemn, and may pass. I insist, however, that "deigns" (though it be a rhyme) should be "deign'st," and "fills" "fill'st," and "bids" "bid'st." Do not blame me, but the English tongue. The beginning of the antistrophe is good. I do not like "meandring way,"

"Where Vice and Folly stray,"

nor the word "sprite." The beginning too of the epode is well; but you have used the epi-

* Of Hurd and Warburton. See Walpole's Miscell. Letters, vol. iii. pp. 465-7. See also p. 171, Letter XLII.

thet "pale" before in a sense somewhat similar, and I do not love repetitions. The line

" Or magic numbers "

interrupts the run of the stanza, and lets the measure drop too short. There is no beauty in repeating "ponderous sphere." The two last lines are the best.*

The sense of your simile about the "distant thunder" is not clear, nor well expressed; besides, it implies too strong a confession of guilt.

The stanza you sent me for the second Ode is very rude; and neither the idea nor verses touch me much. It is not the gout that makes me thus difficult. Finish but your Death-song as well as you imagined and begun it, and mind if I won't be more pleased than anybody. Adieu! dear Mason, I am ever truly yours,

T. G.

Did I tell you how well I liked Whitehead's two Odes? they are far better than any thing he ever wrote.†

* By reference to the poem it will be seen that Mason adopted some of Gray's proposed alterations and rejected others. In the collected edition of Mason's Works, 4 vols, 8vo. 1811, this chorus will be found, vol. ii. p. 122.

† Ode for his Majesty's Birth-day and Ode for the New Year, 1759. See Whitehead's Works, vol. ii. pp. 261-7, note.

Mr. Brown* and Jemmy Bickham † lament your indolence, as to the degree, in chorus; as to me, I should have done just so for all the world.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, April 10, 1759.

This is the third return of the gout in the space of three months, and worse than either of the former. It is now in a manner over, and I am so much the nearer being a cripple, but not at all the richer. This is my excuse for long silence; and, if you had felt the pain,

* Rev. James Brown, the friend and executor of Gray, was Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke College, A.B. 1729, A.M. 1733, and President, and afterwards Master of the College, 1770; died 1784. Cole, in his Athenæ Cantab. says of him, "He is a very worthy man, a good scholar, small, and short-sighted." There is a letter from him to Lord Chatham, giving an interesting account of his second son, the great future minister, who was placed at his College of Pembroke.—See Chatham Corr. vol. iv. p. 311.

† James Bickham, Fellow of Emanuel College, A.B. 1740, A.M. 1744. See Letter xx. p. 84. "Bickham, the junior tutor, was a bold man, and had been a bruiser when young." See Add. to the Life of R. Farmer in Nichols's Anec. viii. 421.

you would think it an excuse for a greater fault. I have been all the time of the fit here in town, and doubtless ought to have paid my court to you and to Caractacus. But a critic with the gout is a devil incarnate, and you have had a happy escape. I cannot repent (if I have really been any hindrance) that you did not publish this spring. I would have it mellow a little longer, and do not think it will lose any thing of its flavour; to comfort you for your loss, know that I have lost above 200*l.* by selling stock.

I half envy your situation and your improvements (though I do not know Mr. Wood),* yet am of your opinion as to prudence; the more so because Mr. Bonfoy tells me he saw a letter from you to Lady H.,† and that she expressed a sort of kindness; to which my Lord added, that he should write a rattling epistle to you that was to fetch you out of the country. Whether he has or not don't much signify: I would come and see them.

I shall be here this month at least against my will, unless you come. Stonhewer is here with all his sisters, the youngest of which has

* The author of the Essay on Homer.

† Lady Holdernesse.

got a husband. Two matches more (but in a superior class) are going to be soon: *—Lord Weymouth to the Duchess of Portland's homely daughter, Lady Betty, with £35,000; and Lord Waldegrave to Miss Maria Walpole, with £10,000. It is impossible for two handsomer people ever to meet.†

All the cruelties of Portugal are certainly owing to an amour of the King's (of long standing) with the younger Marquess of Tavora's wife.‡ The Jesuits made their advantage of the resentments of that family. The disturbances at Lisbon are all false.

This is my whole little stock of news.

Here is a very pretty opera, the Cyrus;§ and

* Thomas third Viscount Weymouth on May 22, 1759, married the Lady Elizabeth Cavendish Bentinck, eldest daughter of William second Duke of Portland.

† In 1759 he (Lord Waldegrave) married the natural daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, a lady of great beauty and merit. See Editor's Preface to Waldegrave's Memoirs, p. xv. She afterwards married William Henry Duke of Gloucester, brother of King George the Third.

‡ See note on Letter XLI. p. 171.

§ On the *Cyrus*, see Burney's History of Music, iv. 476; an opera of Cocchi, the last of his productions during his residence in England. Cocchi used to say of the English taste—"E molto particulare, ma gli Inglesi non fanno conto d'alcuna cosa, *se' non è ben pagata*. See note, p. 171.

here is the Museum, which is indeed a treasure. The trustees lay out 1,400*l.* a-year, and have but 900*l.* to spend. If you would see it you must send a fortnight beforehand, it is so crowded. Then here are Murdin's Papers,* and Hume's History of the Tudors, and Robertson's History of Mary Stuart and her son, and what not. Adieu, dear Mason.

I am most faithfully yours,

T. G.

LETTER XLV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, July 23, 1759.

I was alarmed to hear the condition you were in when you left Cambridge, and, though Mr. Brown had a letter to tell him you were mending apace while I was there, yet it would give me great pleasure to hear more particularly from yourself how you are. I am just

* "A Collection of State Papers in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, from 1571 to 1596, from the Library at Hatfield House; by William Murdin, &c." folio, 1759. The collection is a continuation of that published by Dr. Haynes in 1740

settled in my new habitation in Southampton Row; and, though a solitary and dispirited creature, not unquiet, nor wholly unpleasant to myself. The Museum will be my chief amusement.* I this day passed through the jaws of a great leviathan, that lay in my way, into the belly of Dr. Templeman,† superintendent of the reading-room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much good company. We were,—a man that writes for Lord Royston; a man that writes for Dr. Burton, of York;‡ a third that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock,§ for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; Dr. Stukeley, who writes for him-

* Compare Gray's letter to Mr. Palgrave, July 24, 1759, Works, vol. iii. p. 219.

† Dr. Peter Templeman held the office of Keeper of the Reading-room for the British Museum from its opening in 1758 till 1761, when he resigned, on being chosen Secretary of the Society of Arts, then newly established. Dr. Templeman was a medical man and a learned one; author of several medical works and the translator of Norden's Egypt, to which he added notes. He died in 1769. There is a memoir of him in Heathcote's Biographical Dictionary, which has been noticed by Chalmers.

‡ John Burton, M.D. born at York, 1697; died 1771: among other works he published Monasticon Eboracense, vol. i. York, 1758. folio.

§ Dr. Richard Pocock, Bishop of Ossory, 1756, and of Meath, 1765; published Travels in the East, and other works.

self, the very worst person he could write for;* and I, who only read to know if there were any thing worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed one thousand copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and have sold four score; that they have 900*l.* a-year income, and spend 1,300*l.*, and that they are building apartments for the under-keepers, so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised, and set to auction.

Have you read the Clarendon book?† Do you remember Mr. Cambridge's‡ account of it before it came out; how well he recollected all the

* Dr. Stukeley, the well-known antiquary, was the Rector of St. George's, Queen Square, near the Museum. He died 1765. See an account of him in Burke's Landed Gentry, part viii. p. 625.

† Life of Edward Earl of Clarendon, &c. written by himself, was printed in the year 1759, at the Oxford Press, in folio and 8vo. See Walpole's Letters, vol. iv. p. 10, and Johnson's Idler, No. LXV.

‡ On Mr. Cambridge and his habits of conversation, see Walpole's Letters to Lady Ossory, vol. i. pp. 132, 140, 410; vol. ii. p. 242; Walpole to Mason, vol. i. p. 235; and Nichols's Literary Illustrations, vol. i. p. 130; and Rockingham Memoirs, vol. i. p. 215, for his Letter to Lord Hardwicke, in June, 1765. In conversation he was said to be full of entertainment, liveliness, and anecdote. One sarcastic joke on Capability Brown testifies his wit, and his *Scribleriad* still survives in the praises of Dr. Warton: yet the radical fault that pervades it, is well shown in Annual Review, ii. 584.

faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties? Surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.

The invasion goes on as quietly as if we believed every Frenchman that set his foot on English ground would die on the spot, like a toad in Ireland; nobody but I and Fobus are in a fright about it: by the way, he goes to church, not for the invasion, but ever since his sister Castlecomer* died, who was the last of the brood.

Moralize upon the death of my Lady Essex,† and do write to me soon, for I am ever yours.

At Mr. Jauncey's, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury. I have not a frank in the world, nor have I time to send to Mr. Fraser.

* Sister of the Duke of Newcastle. See Walpole's Misc. Correspondence, ii. p 275; iii. 467; v. pp. 393, 403. Frances, 2nd daughter of Lord Pelham, married Christoper Wandesford, Viscount Castlecomer; she died in 1756. Walpole, in a MS. note of his, which I possess, says, "The Duke of Newcastle is afraid of spirits, and never durst lie in a room alone! This is literally true."

† Lady Essex died in childbirth, July 19, 1759. She was daughter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, K.B. by Lady Frances, daughter of Thomas Earl Coningsby. See Walpole's Misc. Letters, vol. iii. pp. 67. He attributes her death, but wrongly, to another cause; see pp. 465–7. "The *gay Lady Essex*, Gray writes to Dr. Wharton, died of a fever during her lying-in." Works, iii. 207. For her *gaiety*, see Walpole's Correspondence, vol. iii p. 272.

LETTER XLVI.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Aug. 8, 1759.

The season for triumph is at last come; I mean for our allies, for it will be long enough before we shall have reason to exult in any great actions of our own, and therefore, as usual, we are proud for our neighbours. Contades' great army is entirely defeated:* this (I am told) is undoubted, but no particulars are known as yet; and almost as few of the other victory over the Russians, which is lost in the splendour of this greater action. So much for war; and now come and see me in my peaceful new settlement, from whence I have the command of Highgate, Hampstead, Bedford Gardens, and the Museum; this last (as you will imagine) is my favourite domain, where I often pass four hours in the day in the stillness and solitude of the reading room, which is uninterrupted by anything but Dr. Stukeley the antiquary, who comes there to talk nonsense and coffee-house news; the rest of the learned are (I suppose)

* See Walpole's History of George the Second, vol. iii. p. 199, and Lacretelle, Histoire de France, vol. iii. p. 360, for an account of the various events and battles of these memorable campaigns.

in the country, at least none of them come there, except two Prussians, and a man who writes for Lord Royston.* When I call it peaceful, you are to understand it only of us visitors, for the society itself, trustees and all, are up in arms, like the fellows of a college. The keepers have broke off all intercourse with one another, and only lower a silent defiance as they pass by. Dr. Knight† has walled up the passage to the little house, because some of the rest were obliged to pass by one of his windows in the way to it. Moreover the trustees lay out £500 a-year more than their income; so you may expect all the books and the crocodiles will soon be put up to auction; the University (we hope) will buy.

* Afterwards second Earl of Hardwick. It is probable that "the *man who writes for Lord Royston*" was collecting materials for the State Papers, from 1750 to 1776, printed in 1778, 2 vols. 4to. On the connection of Lord Royston with the spurious paper called "The English Mercurie, 1588," see the very curious and interesting account by Mr. Thomas Watts, in Gent. Mag. May, 1850, p. 485, by whom the discovery of the *forgery* was first made. See his Letter to A. Panizzi, Esq. ib. Nov. 1839.

† Doctor Gowin Knight, M.D. principal librarian of the British Museum from 1756 to 1772, when another M.D. Matthew Maty, became his successor. Doctor Fothergill once made this Doctor Knight a present of a thousand guineas.

I have not (as you silently charge me) forgot Mosheim. I inquired long ago, and was told there were none in England, but Nourse expects a cargo every day, and as soon as it comes, you shall have it. Mason never writes, but I hear he is well, from Dr. Gisburne. Do not pout, but pray let me hear from you, and above all, do come and see me, for I assure you I am not uncomfortably situated for a lodger; and what are we but lodgers? Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever yours,

T. G.

At Mr. Jauncey's, Southampton-row, Bloomsbury.

LETTER XLVII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Saturday, Aug. 9, 1759.

I retract a part of my yesterday's intelligence, having to-day had an opportunity of hearing more, and from the best hand.

The merit of Prince Ferdinand's policy and conduct is not a little abated by this account. He made a detachment of 4 or 5,000 men, under the hereditary Prince of Brunswick, which had got between the main French army

and the town of Herwart, where their principal magazine lay. The fear they were under on that account obliged Contades to begin the attack, and he accordingly began his march at midnight, in eight columns. Very early in the morning, before the Prince had time to make the proper dispositions, they were upon him. He had only his first line formed when the battle began, and of that line the English infantry made a considerable part; Contades' troops (joined by the Duke of Broglio's corps) amounting to near four-score thousand: the Prince had only forty battalions with him, half of which only engaged (as I said) for want of time. The French artillery at first did terrible execution, and it was then our four regiments suffered so much, 68 of their officers (all, I think, below a captain in degree) being killed or wounded; 267 private men killed, and above 900 wounded. The rest of the line were Hanoverians (who behaved very bravely), and, as their number was much greater, it is likely they suffered still more; but of their loss I have no particular account. In the village of Tonhausen, near at hand, were all the Hessian artillery, which being now turned upon the French, soon silenced their cannon, and gave an opportunity to come to close engagement. The

conflict after this lasted but an hour and a quarter. The French made a poor and shameful resistance, and were dispersed and routed on all sides. The Marshal himself (having detached a body of men to try if they could save or turn Herwart) retreated along the Weser toward Rintelen and Corvey, but wrote a letter to the Prince to say that, as Minden must now soon fall into the hands of his victorious troops, he doubted not but he would treat the wounded and sick (who were all lodged there) with his usual humanity. Accordingly he entered Minden the next day. Eight thousand only of the French were slain in the field, twenty pieces of cannon (sixteen-pounders) taken, and twelve standards. The number of prisoners and the slaughter of the pursuit not so great as it might have been, for the English horse (though they received orders to move) stirred not a foot, nor had any share in the action. This is unaccountable, but true; and we shall soon hear a greater noise about it. (Lord G. Sackville.)*

* See Cavendish's Debates, pp. 143, 171; Ellis's Letters on English History, 2nd series, iv. p. 413; Walpole to Mason, iii. p. 338, 371; Walpole's Hist. of George II., vol. iii. pp. 147, 192, 196, 212, 271; Walpole's Letters to Lady Ossory, i. p. 214; Lord Mahon's History, vol. v. p. 429; Belsham's

The Prince of Brunswick fell in with the party sent towards Herwart, entirely routed it, took five pieces of cannon, the town, and all the magazines.

The loss of the Russians is not what has been reported. Their march towards Silesia, however, was stopped; and the King of Prussia is gone in person to attack them.

The story of Durell is all a lie.*

Lord H.† is blamed for publishing General Yorke's and Mitchell's letters so hastily.

Hist. of England, vol. iv. p. 399; Gray's Works, vol. iii. pp. 226, 238; Dr. King's Memoirs of his own Time, p. 36. It is curious that Walpole in one place speaks of Lord G. Sackville as "of distinguished bravery;" and indeed his conduct looks more like disaffection and discontent and pique than cowardice, and seems similar in motive to the conduct of Sir Hugh Palisser and Admiral Lestock in like circumstances. See Belsham's Hist. iv. 167. The chief witnesses against him were Colonel Sloper and Lord Ligonier. Add Life of Earl of Hardwicke, vol. iii. p. 186. "There came on Monday night the strangest letter from the Prince (*Ferdinand*) that I ever saw in my life, to press his (Lord G. S.'s) immediate recall; but these orders were gone six days before." See the Monthly Review, vol. xxi. for account of the innumerable pamphlets, in various forms, that appeared on this occasion, 1759. Also abridgment of the whole trial in Annual Register, 1760, p. 175.

* In Jan. 1758, Commodore Durell hoisted his broad pendant on board the Diana. He went to command the fleet at Halifax.

† Lord Holdernesse, one of the Secretaries of State, ap-

Don't quote me for all this Gazette. The Prussians have had a very considerable advantage over General Harsch.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO THE REV. WM. MASON.

DEAR MASON, Stoke, Oct. 6, 1759.

If you have been happy where you are, or merely better in health for any of your employments or idlenesses, you need no apologies with

pointed June 21, 1751; in March, 1761, succeeded the Earl of Bute: see a letter of Joseph Yorke, in the London Gazette Extraordinary, Aug. 8, 1759. I do not see any letter of Mitchell's in the Gazettes for 1759 or 1760, or in the Annual Register of that time. The battle of Minden took place Aug. 1. 1759. See interesting account of Mr. Mitchell, our Minister at the Court of Berlin, afterwards Sir And. Mitchell, K B., in Thiebault, Vie de Frederic, vol. iii p. 284, &c.; he died at Berlin of a dropsy, 1771, the consequence of a cold, and was succeeded by Mr. Elliott, Lord Minto's brother. His ready and caustic answer to Frederic will not be forgotten. The king was mentioning to him our losses at Port Mahon, and said we had made a bad campaign. Mitchell answered, "Avec l'aide de Dieu nous en ferons une plus heureuse." "Avec l'aide de Dieu? Je ne vous connais pas cet allié la!" "C'est cependant, Sire, *celui qui nous coûte le moins.*" A selection from his Letters has been recently published.

me: my end is answered, and I am satisfied. One goes to school to the world some time before one learns precisely how long a visit ought to last. At this day I do not pretend to know it exactly, and very often find out (when it is too late) that I have stayed half an hour too long. I shall not wonder, therefore, if your friend should make a mistake of half a year, if your occasions did not call you to town sooner. When you come I should hope you would stay the winter, but can advise nothing in a point where my own interest is so much concerned. Pray let me know of your arrival immediately, that I may cut short my visitation here, or at least (if you are taken up always at Syon,* or Kensington) may meet you at Hounslow,† or at Billy Robinson's,‡ or some-

* Syon, or Sion Hill, near Brentford, then the residence of Lord Holdernesse, since pulled down; *Kensington*, where Mason resided during the period of residence as chaplain to the king. See Walpole's Misc. Letters, iv. pp. 68, 150.

† He may mean Mr. Walpole's residence, for in one of his letters Walpole says, "I live within two miles of Hounslow;" vol. v. 135. And in another letter he says, "I expect Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason to pass the day with me." Long after this time there was only a *ferry-boat* between Twickenham and Richmond, and Walpole's usual road to London must have been through Isleworth and Brentford, by the Hounslow road.

‡ Billy Robinson was his friend the Rev. William Robinson, of Denton in Kent. See account of him from the communi-

where. My only employment and amusement in town (where I have continued all the summer, till Michaelmas) has been the Museum; but I have been rather historically than poetically given; with a little of your encouragement, perhaps, I may return to my old Lydgate and Occleve,* whose works are there in abundance. I can write you no news from hence; yet I have lately heard ill news, which I shall not write. Adieu, dear Mason, and believe me most faithfully yours.

At the Lady Viscountess Cobham's,† at Stoke House, near Windsor, Bucks.

cation to me by Sir Egerton Brydges, in Appendix V. to Life of Gray, p. cii. I possess a list by Gray of the wild plants native to this district, made when on one of his two visits at Denton. On Gray's visit to him at Denton, see Miss Carter's Letters to Mrs. Montague, vol. i. p 384. An account of him may be seen also in Gent. Mag. 1803, and in Annual Register, 1803, p. 560; Censura Literaria, iii. p. 136. See his marriage, p. 212. He was the third surviving brother of Mrs. Montagu, and was of Westminster School, and St. John's College, Cambridge; Rector of Burfield, Bucks, where he died, aged 75, Dec. 1803.

* See Gray's Observations on Lydgate's Poems, in Mathias's edition, p. 55 to p. 80; and in Ed. Ald. pp. 292—321.

† Ann, widow of Field Marshal Richard Temple, Viscount Cobham, who died in 1749, daughter of Edmund Halsey, Esq. of Southwark; she lived at the *Old House* at Stoke Park. Miss Speed resided with her, who afterwards became Countess of Virey. Lady Cobham died in 1760.

Your friend Dr. Plumptre * has lately sat for his picture to Wilson. The motto, in large letters (the measure of which he himself prescribed) is "Non magna loquimur, sed vivimus:" *i.e.* "We don't say much, but we hold good livings."

LETTER XLIX.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, 1759.

You will receive to-morrow "Caractacus," piping hot, I hope, before anybody else has it. Observe, it is I that send it, for Mason makes no presents to any one whatever; and, moreover, you are desired to lend it to nobody, that we may sell the more of them; for money, not fame, is the declared purpose of all we do. I believe you will think it (as I do) greatly improved. The last chorus, and the lines that introduce it, are to me one of the best things I ever read, and

* In 1760 Dr. Robert Plumptre was President of Queen's College, and from 1760 to 1788 Professor of Casuistry; died in October, 1788. His "*good livings*" were Wimpole and Whadden, in Cambridgeshire; he was afterward Prebendary of Norwich.

surely superior to anything he ever wrote. He has had infinite fits of affectation as the hour approached, and is now gone into the country for a week, like a new-married couple.

I am glad to find you are so lapt in music at Cambridge, and that Mingotti* is to crown the whole; I heard her within this fortnight, and think her voice (which always had a roughness) is considerably harsher than it was; but yet she is a noble singer. I shall not partake of these delights, nor, I fear, be able to see Cambridge for some time yet; but in a week I shall know better. Dr. Wharton, who desires his love to you, will, I believe, set out for Durham in about three weeks to settle at Old Park; at present his least girl is ill of the small pox, joined with a scarlet fever, but likely to get over it. Yesterday I and M. dined with Mr. Bonfoy, he told me that the old lady was eloped from Ripon, just at a time when he

* Catarina Mingotti, born at Naples 1726, married Mingotti, a Venetian, Manager of the Opera at Dresden. Sang with great applause at the theatres in Italy, Germany, and Spain. She came to London in 1754, and made her first appearance in *Ipermnestra* in 1758. She quitted England in 1772, having still preserved her voice. The date of her death is not known. See Dr. Burney's History of Music, vol. iv. pp. 464-467; and see note, Letter XII. of this volume

seemed to want her there, and was, I thought, a little ruffled at it; but I (in my heart) commended her, and think her very well revenged upon him. Pray, make her my best compliments. Old Turner* is very declining, and I was sounded by Dr. ——— about my designs (so I understood it). I assured him I should not *ask* for it, not choosing to be refused. He told me two people had applied already. N.B. All this is a secret.

Adieu, dear Sir,

Believe me ever sincerely yours,

T. G.

P.S.—The parcel will come by one of the flics. There is a copy for old Pa, who is outrageous about it. I rejoice in Jack's good fortune.† Lord Strathmore is much out of order, but goes abroad.

* Shallet Turner, D.C.L. of Peterhouse, Professor of Modern History, from 1735 to 1762.

† Old Pa. is Rev. Mr. Palgrave.

LETTER L.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Dec. 1, 1759.

I am extremely obliged to you for the kind attention you bestow on me and my affairs. I have not been a sufferer by this calamity; it was on the other side of the street, and did not reach so far as the houses opposite to mine; but there was an attorney, who had writings belonging to me in his hands, that had his house burnt down among the first, yet he has had the good fortune to save all his papers. The fire is said to have begun in the chamber of that poor glass-organist who lodged at a coffee-house in Swithin's Alley, and perished in the flames. Two other persons were destroyed (in the charitable office of assisting their friends) by the fall of some buildings. Last night there was another fire in Lincoln's Inn Fields, that burnt the Sardinian Ambassador's chapel and stables, with some adjacent houses. 'Tis strange that we all of us (here in town) lay ourselves down every night on our funereal pile, ready made, and compose ourselves to rest, while every drunken footman and drowsy old woman has a candle ready to light it before the morning.

You will have heard of Hawke's victory before this can reach you; perhaps by an express. * . . . Monsieur de Conflans' † own ship of . . . . . 74, were driven on shore, and . . . . . two sunk (capital ships), with . . . . r it blew a storm during the whole . . . . could be saved out of them. Eight . . . ng over their cannon were able to run . . . mouth of a shallow river (where, if the wind will permit, it is probable they may be set on fire), and eight ran away, and are supposed to have got into Rochefort; two of Hawke's fleet (of seventy and sixty guns) out of eagerness ran aground, and are lost, but most of the men preserved and brought off. There is an end of the invasion, unless you are afraid of Thurot, who is hovering off Scotland. It is an odd contemplation that somebody should have lived long enough to grow a great and glorious monarch. As to the nation, I fear it will not know how to behave itself, being just in the circumstances of a chambermaid that has got the 20,000*l.* prize in the lottery.

You mistake me. I was always a friend to

* Torn off.

† On the battle between Conflans and Hawke, see Smollett's History of England, vol. iv. p. 459; Lacretelle, Hist. de France, vol. iii. p. 365.

employment, and no foe to money; but they are no friends to each other. Promise me to be always busy, and I will allow you to be rich.

I am, dear Mason, in all situations truly

Yours.

At Mr. Jauncey's, in Southampton Row.

I received your letter Nov. 29, the day on which it is dated; a wonderful instance of expedition in the post.

LETTER LI.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, April, 1760.

I received the little letter, and the inclosed, which was a summons from the insurance office. On Tuesday last came a dispatch from Lisbon. It is probable you have had one from my lord;* but lest you should not I will

* Lord Kinnoul. See Gray's letter to Dr. Wharton, Jan. 23, 1760, Works, vol. iii. p. 233. "Mr. Pitt, not the great, but the little one, my acquaintance, is set out on his travels. He goes with my Lord Kinnoul to Lisbon, &c" See also Walpole's Letters to Horace Mann, vol. iv. p. 24. Thomas, only

tell you the chief contents of mine. Mr. Pitt says they were both dreadfully sick all the time they were beating about the Channel, but when they came to Plymouth (I find) my lord was so well, however, that he opened a ball in the dock-yard with the Master-attendant's daughter. They set sail from thence on the 28th, and crossed the bay with a very smooth sea, came in sight of Cape Finisterre in three days' time, and before night saw the rugged mountains of Galicia with great delight, and came near the coast of Portugal, opposite to Oporto; but (the wind changing in the night) they drove off to

son of Thomas Pitt of Boconnock, Cornwall, eldest brother of William Pitt, afterwards Lord Camelford. A copy of Mr. Pitt's MS. Diary of his Travels in Spain and Portugal is in existence. Walpole's letter contains a highly favourable character of Mr. Pitt, in which Mr. Walpole introduces him to the favour of our ambassador at Florence. See Letter xxv. p. 104. Mr. Gough tells a friend "that he just had the perusal of a most delicious Tour which Thomas Pitt and Lord Strathmore made through Spain and Portugal in 1760, with most accurate descriptions," &c.—See Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. viii. p. 588. Lord Strathmore had joined the party.—See Gray's Letter, xciv. p. 234. Lord Kinnoul in 1759 was appointed ambassador at the court of Portugal, a mission rendered memorable by the line—

"Kinnoul's lewd cargo and Tyrawly's crew."

See Rockingham Memoirs, vol. i. p. 146. Lord Camelford died in 1787, aged 77.

the west, and were in a way to visit the Brazils. However, on the 7th of this month they entered the Tagus. He describes the rock of Lisbon as a most romantic and beautiful scene, and all the north bank of the river up to the city has (he says) every charm but verdure. The city itself too in that view is very noble, and shows but little of the earthquake. This is all as yet. My lord is to write next packet.

Lord G. S.* proceeds in his defence. People wonder at (and some there are that celebrate) his dexterity, his easy elocution, and unembarrassed manner. He told General Cholmondeley, one of his judges, who was asking a witness some question, that it was such a question as no gentleman, no man of honour, would put, and it was one of his misfortunes to have him among his judges; upon which some persons behind him gave a loud clap; but I do not find the court either committed or reprimanded them. Lord Albemarle only contented himself with saying he was sure that those men could be neither gentlemen nor men of honour. In the midst of this I do not hear any one point made out in his favour; and . . . . whose evidence bore the hardest upon

* See on Lord George Sackville's trial, Gent. Mag. 1760, vol. xxx. p. 137, &c.

him, and whom he had reflected upon with great warmth and very opprobrious terms, has offered the court (if they had any doubt of his veracity) to procure sixteen more witnesses who will say the same thing. To be sure nothing in the field of Minden could be half so dreadful as this daily baiting he now is exposed to; so (supposing him a coward) he has chosen very ill.

I am not very sorry your Venetians have abandoned you; no more I believe are you. Mason is very well, sitting as usual for his picture, and while that is doing will not think of Yorkshire. We heard Delaval the other night play upon the water-glasses, and I was astonished. No instrument that I know has so celestial a tone. I thought it was a cherubim in a box.

Adieu, dear sir: remember me to such as remember me; particularly (whether she does or not) to Mrs. Bonfoy.*

I suppose you know Dr. Ross† has got the living of Frome from Lord Weymouth.

* "Poor Mrs. Bonfoy," Gray writes to Dr. Wharton, "*who taught me to pray*, is dead; she struggled near a week, I fear in great torture, &c." See Works, vol. iv. p. 11.

† Of St. John's College, Cambridge, D.D. in 1756; editor of Cicero's Epistolæ Familiares, 2 vols. He was Chaplain to the

LETTER LII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, London, June 7, 1760.

First and foremost pray take notice of the paper on which I am writing to you; it is the first that ever was made of silk rags upon the encouragement given by your Society of Arts; and (if this were all the fruits) I think you need not regret your two guineas a-year. The colour and texture you see; and besides I am told it will not burn (at least will not flame) like ordinary paper, so that it may be of great

King, and Preacher at the Rolls. He became Vicar of Frome, as mentioned, and made Bishop of Exeter in 1778, where he died, 1792. He was also author of a tract against Markland's Observations on Cicero's Epistles to Brutus, &c., and a friend of Conyers Middleton. Lord Hailes, in his Translation of Lactantius de Morb. Persecutorum, calls Dr. Ross "an excellent critic, to whom another age will do full credit," p. 156, 12mo. In my copy of Markland's Work, which belonged to Gray, he has written: "This book is answered in an ingenious way, but the irony not quite transparent." Ross's tract is entitled, "A Dissertation, in which the Defence of P. Sulla ascribed to M. T. Cicero is *clearly proved to be spurious, after the manner of Mr. Markland;* with some remarks on the writings of the Ancients never before suspected." *Gray* is said to have given some assistance to Dr. Ross in this Answer.

use for hanging rooms; it is uncommonly tough, and, though very thin, you observe, is not transparent. Here is another sort of it, intended for the uses of drawing.

You have lately had a visit where you are that I am sure bodes no good, especially just at the time that the Dean of Canterbury* and Mr. Blacowe died; we attribute it to a miff about the garter, and some other humps and grumps that he has received. Alas! I fear it will never do. The Condé de Fuentes was much at a loss, and had like to have made a quarrel of it, that he had nobody but the D. of N.† to introduce him; but Miss Chudleigh‡ has appeased him with a ball.

I have sent Musæus to Mr. Fraser, scratched here and there; and with it I desired him to inclose a bloody satire,§ written against no less

* Dr. Lynch, Dean of Canterbury from 1734 to May 25, 1760, when he died; succeeded, June 14, by Dr. William Friend, son of the third master of Westminster School. The Rev. Richard Blacowe, Canon of Windsor, F.R.S. died on 13 May, 1760.

† Duke of Newcastle.

‡ Miss Chudleigh, afterwards the celebrated Duchess of Kingston. Walpole says, Miss Chudleigh was received by all the Royal Family as Duchess, after having been publicly kept by the Duke as his mistress. See Mem. of George III. i. 354.

§ Alluding to two odes, to Obscurity and Oblivion, written by G. Colman and R. Lloyd, which appeared in ridicule of

persons than you and me by name. I concluded at first it was Mr. Pottinger, because he is your friend and my humble servant; but then I thought he knew the world too well to call us the favourite minions of taste and of fashion, especially as to Odes, for to them his abuse is confined. So it is not Secretary Pottinger,* but Mr. Colman, nephew to my Lady Bath, author of "The Connoisseur," a member of some of the inns of court, and a particular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick's. What have you done to him? for I never heard his name before. He makes very tolerable fun with me, where I understand him, which is not everywhere, but seems more angry with you. Lest people should not understand the humour of the thing (which indeed to do they must have our lyricisms at their fingers' ends), he writes letters in Lloyd's Evening Post to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and

him and Mason. The Ode to *Obscurity* was chiefly directed against Gray, that to Oblivion against Mason. See Lloyd's Poems, vol. i. p. 120. Warburton, in a letter to Hurd (Let. CXLI.), calls them "two miserable buffoon odes," and not without reason. Dr. J. Warton says, "The Odes of Gray were burlesqued by two men of wit and genius, who, however, once said to me that they repented of the attempt." They are reviewed in the Monthly Review, vol. xxiii. p. 57.

* Mr. Richard Pottinger, Under-Secretary of State in 1754.

says that it is like to produce a great *combustion* in the literary world; so if you have any mind to *combustle* about it well and good; for me, I am neither so literary nor so *combustible.*

I am going into Oxfordshire for a fortnight to a place near Henley,* and then to Cambridge, if that owl Fobus† does not hinder me, who talks of going to fizzle there at the commencement.

What do you say to Lord Lyttelton, your old patron, and Mrs. Montagu, with their second-hand Dialogues of the Dead? And then there

* Park Place, near Henley, at that time the seat of General Conway and Lady Ailesbury. See Gray's Letters, vol. iv. pp. 221, 247. Horace Walpole to Lady Ossory, ii. p. 338, and to Horace Mann, vol. iv. pp 221, 247. "My Lady Ailesbury has been much diverted, and so will you too Gray is in this neighbourhood. Lady Carlisle says, 'He is extremely like me in his manner.' They went as a party to dine on a cold loaf, and passed the day. Lady A. protests he never opened his lips but once, and then only said, "Yes, my lady, I believe so."—See Walpole's Letter to G Montagu, p. 199.

† Lord Holland in a few words drew the character of the Duke of Newcastle (*the owl Fobus*) a little before the latter's death, and not long before his own. "His Grace had no friends, and deserved none. He had no rancour, no ill nature, which I think much to his honour; but, though a very good quality, it is only a negative one, and he had absolutely no one portion good, either of his heart or head." See Selwyn Correspondence, ii. 269.

is your friend the little black man;* he has

* This *supplemental* dialogue, as Gray calls it, is "An additional Dialogue of the Dead between Pericles and Aristides, being a sequel to the Dialogue between Pericles and Cicero." Who the "little black man" is who wrote it, is not mentioned in Mr. Phillimore's Life of Lord Lyttelton. See vol. ii. 352. And Shenstone says in a letter (July 7, 1760), "Lord Lyttelton is allowedly the author of these dialogues—*whose the very last is, I do not know.*" The author, however, thus alluded to was Doctor *J. Brown*, the author of The Estimate, which I first learned from the following passage in the Critical Review, vol. ix. p. 465: "The masterly dialogues could not have been continued with more propriety *than by a writer whose works have been purchased with astonishing avidity, for their elegance of diction and sprightliness of sentiment.* When such a *triumvirate* club their wits for the public entertainment, the endeavour cannot fail," &c. (*i. e.* Lord Lyttelton, Mrs. Montagu, and Dr. Brown). Again the reviewer says,—"Pericles and Aristides are not only diversified in thought and sentiment, but a *third person is seen peeping* behind the scene, namely, the all-sufficient and all-approving *Estimator*," &c. The Monthly Reviewer also, vol. xxiii. p 22, identifies the author, as "one who has somehow stolen into such reputation in the literary world, that inconsiderate readers are inclined to give him credit for his *matter*, on account of his elegant *manner* of expression. We therefore thought ourselves obliged to enter into particulars in order to vindicate our judgment of this fantastical composition." Horace Walpole, however, mentions the author's name in a letter to Sir D. Dalrymple. "Dr. Brown has written a dull dialogue called Pericles and Aristides, which will have a different effect from that yours would have." See Misc. Letters, iv. p. 64.

written one supplemental dialogue, but I did not read it.*

Do tell me of your health, your doings, your designs, and your golden dreams, and try to love me a little better in Yorkshire than you did in Middlesex,

For I am ever yours, T. G.

LETTER LIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR OLD SOUL, London, June 27, 1760.

I cannot figure to myself what you should mean by my old papers. I sent none; all I can make out is this—when I sent the Musæus and the Satire home to Mr. Fraser, my boy carried back the Conway Papers† to a house in your street,‡ as I remember they were divided into three parcels, on the least of which I had written the word "nothing," or "of no consequence." It did not consist of above twenty letters at

* See Preface to Dialogues.

† See Gray's Letter to Dr. Wharton, Sept. 18, 1759, vol. iii. p. 223. "When I come home I have a great heap of the Conway Papers (which is a secret) to read and make out." See Walpole's Letters, vol. iii. p. 401; Gray's Works, vol. iii. p. 587, "I am still in the height of my impatience for the chest of old papers from Ragley, Lord Hertford's seat;" and to the Rev. H. Zouch, vol. iii. p. 401, with note c.

‡ To Horace Walpole's house in Arlington Street.

most; and if you find anything about Mr. Bourne's affairs, or stewards' and servants' letters and bills, it is certainly so. This was carried to Mr. Fraser by mistake, and sent to Aston; and if this is the case, they may as well be burnt; but if there is a good number, and about affairs of State (which you may smell out), then it is one of the other parcels, and I am distressed, and must find some method of getting it up again. I think I had inscribed the two packets that signified anything, one, "Papers of Queen Elizabeth or earlier," the other, which was a great bundle, "Papers of King James and Charles the First." Pray Heaven it is neither of these; therefore do not be precipitate in burning.

I do not like your improvements at Aston, it looks so like settling;* if I come I will set

* Mason pulled down the old rectory and built another very commodious house, changing the site, so as from his windows to command a beautiful and extensive prospect, bounded by the Derbyshire hills. He also much enlarged and improved the garden, planting a small group of tulip-trees at the further end, near the summer-house dedicated to Gray. In another site, opposite the front door, and seen between some clumps, is a terminus, with the head of Milton: on the landing of the staircase, a copy of the Bocca Padugli eagle from Strawberry Hill. Since Mason's time the country round Aston has been much more exposed by the woods being cut down, and the beauty of the views from his place in that respect injured.

fire to it. Your policy and your gratitude I approve, and your determination never to quarrel and ever to pray; but I, that believe it want of power, am certainly civiller to a certain person than you, that call it want of exertion. I will never believe they are dead, though I smelt them; that sort of people always live to a good old age. I dare swear they are only gone to Ireland, and we shall soon hear they are bishops.

The bells are ringing, the squibs bouncing, the siege of Quebec is raised.* Swanton got up the river when they were bombarding the town. Murray made a sally and routed them, and took all their baggage. This is the sum and substance in the vulgar tongue, for I cannot get the Gazette till midnight. Perhaps you have had an *estafette*, since I find their cannon are all taken; and that two days after a French fleet, going to their assistance, was intercepted and sunk or burnt.

To-morrow I go into Oxfordshire, and a fortnight hence, when old Fobus's owl's nest† is a little aired, I go into it.

Adieu; am ever and ever, T. G.

* See Smollett's History of England, vol. v. p. 214. Rock. iii. cxxviii. 1760.

† When the University, after the Commemoration has passed,

LETTER LIV.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, July, 1760.

I guess what the packet is, and desire you would keep it, for I am come back hither, and hope to be with you on Tuesday night. I shall trouble you to have my bed aired, and to speak about a lodging for my servant; though (if it be not contrary to the etiquette of the college) I should rather hope there might be some garret vacant this summer time, and that he might lie within your walls; but this I leave to your consideration.

This very night Billy Robinson* consummates his good fortune; she has 10,000*l.* in her pocket, and a brother unmarried with at least as much more. He is infirm, and the first convoy that sails they all three set out together for Naples to pass a year or two. I insist upon it he owes all this to Mr. Talbot in the first place, and in the second to me, and have insisted on a couple of thousand pounds between us—the least penny—or he is a shabby fellow.

is again quiet, which Gray calls the "*nest*" of the Chancellor the Duke of Newcastle.

* See p. 193.

I ask pardon about Madame de Fuentes* and her twelve ladies. I heard it in good company, when first she arrived, piping hot; and I suppose it was rather what people apprehended than what they experienced. She surely brought them over, but I do not find she has carried them about; on the contrary, she calls on my Lady Hervey† in a morning

* The wife of the Spanish Ambassador. See account of her in Belsham's History, vol. v. p. 54; Glover's Memoirs, p. 164; Adolphus's History, i. p. 56; Rockingham Papers, i. p. 58; Horace Walpole to Mann, vol. i. pp. 59, 187; History of George III. vol. i. p. 127; iii. 253. Walpole, in a letter to the Earl of Strafford, gives *portraits* of her, her husband, and family. See Misc. Lett. iv. p. 60. "Mons. de Fuentes is a halfpenny print of my Lord Huntingdon. His wife homely, but good-natured and civil. The son does not degenerate from such high-born ugliness; the daughter-in-law was sick, and they say is not ugly, and has as good a set of teeth as one can have when one has but two, and those black. They seem to have no curiosity, sit where they are placed, and ask no questions. She speaks bad French, danced a bad minuet, and went away, though there was a miraculous draft of fishes for the supper, as it was a feast," &c.

† The Mary Lepell of Pope, and to whom Voltaire addressed some English verses; born 1700; married John Lord Hervey 1720; died in 1768, aged 67; lived on terms of friendship with Horace Walpole, who, in his Memoirs of George III. vol. ii. p. 108, calls her letters an excellent authority. Archdeacon Nares speaks of her as "that very superior woman, Lady Hervey." See on her Gibbon's Misc. Works, i. p. 81, and

in an undress, and desires to be without ceremony; and the whole tribe, except Madame de Mora (the young countess), were at Miss Chudleigh's* ball and many other places: but of late Dr. Alren† (whom nobody ever liked) has advised them to be disagreeable, and they accept of no invitations.

Adieu, dear sir; I hope so soon to be with you, that I may spare you the trouble of reading any more. I am ever yours,

T. G.

I hear there was a quarrel at the Commons, between Dr. Barnard‡ and Dr. Ogden—mackerel or turbot.

Mémoires sur Rousseau, vol. i. p. 122; and Selwyn Correspondence, vol. ii. pp. 212, 332—336. There is an original portrait of her at Lord Bristol's, at Ickworth, and I possess a beautiful pencil drawing of her by Richardson. An edition of her Letters to Mr. Morris was published by Mr. Croker in 1821.

* On Miss Chudleigh, Maid of Honour to the Princess Dowager of Wales, afterwards Duchess of Kingston, see Walpole's Misc. Letters, iv. pp. 37 and 473. She was supposed to have been previously married to Augustus Earl of Bristol; and in vol. v. pp. 214, 229, and 447, where all the acts of the historic drama are contained. There is an engraving of her from a picture by Reynolds in the third volume of Walpole's Letters to Mann. See also Jesse's George Selwyn, vol. iv. p. 89.

† Probably the Catholic priest attending on the family.

‡ Edward Barnard, D.D. the well-known learned and ac-

LETTER LV.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Saturday, August, 1760.

This is to inform you that I hope to see you on Monday night at Cambridge. If Fobus will come, I cannot help it. I must go and see somebody during that week—no matter where. Pray let Bleek make an universal rummage of cobwebs, and massacre all spiders, old and young, that live behind window-shutters and books. As to airing, I hear Dick Forrester has done it. Mason is at Prior Park, so I can say nothing of him. The stocks fell, I believe, in consequence of your prayers, for there was no other reason. Adieu.

I am ever yours, T. G.

complished Master of Eton, and afterwards Provost, Canon of Windsor on Richard Blacowe's decease. See Gent. Mag. 1760, p. 298, and an account of him in Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. v. p. 445; also a very interesting memorial of him is given by his friend Jacob Bryant in the eighth volume of Nichols's Anecdotes, pp. 543—549. His Latin epitaph, in Eton College Chapel, was written by Mr. Bryant. He is mentioned in the Walpole and Mason Correspondence, vol. i. p. 128, as not approving publishing the fragment left by Gray, and printed by Mason under the name of "Ode to Vicissitude;" and see Johnsoniana, p. 195, for his well-known lines, "I lately thought no man alive," &c.; also pp. 8, 43.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Aug. 7, 1760, Pembroke Hall.

Your packet, being directed to me here, lay some days in expectation of my arrival (for I did not come till about ten days since); so, if the letter inclosed to Dr. Zachary Howlet* were not delivered so soon as it ought to have been, you must not lay the fault to my charge.

It is a great misfortune that I dare not present your new seal to the senate in congregation assembled, as I long to do. Not only the likeness, but the character of the fowl is so strongly marked, that I should wish it were executed in marble, by way of bas-relief, on the pedestal of George the Second, which his Grace proposes soon to erect in the Theatre. Mr. Brown and I think we discover beauties which perhaps the designer never intended. There is a brave little mitred Madge already on the wing, who is flying, as it were, in the face of his parent; this, we say, is Bishop K.:† then there is a second, with ingratitude in its face,

* Dr. Zachary Grey is meant.

† Bishops Edmund Keene and Philip Yonge are meant. On the former see Grenville Papers, vol ii. p. 534; Walpole's Misc. Letters, ii. pp. 362, 459; vol. iv. p. 58; v. 294; vi. p. 5;

though not in its attitude, that will do the same as soon as it is fledged and has the courage; this is Bishop Y.: a third, that looks mighty modest, and has two little ears sprouting, but no mitre yet, we take for Dean G.:* the rest are embryos that have nothing distinguishing, and only sit and pull for a bit of mouse; they won't be prebends these five days, grace of God, and if the nest is not taken first.

Your friend Dr. Ch.† died of a looseness: about a week before, he eat five large mackerel, full of roe, to his own share; but what gave the finishing stroke was a turbot, on Trinity Sunday, of which he left but very little for the company. Of the mackerel I have eyewitnesses, so the turbot may well find credit. He has left, I am told, 15,000*l.* behind him.

and Gray's Letters, vol. iv. p. 49; and Notes to Gray and Nicholls Correspondence, p. 185. See also Nichols's Anecdotes, ii. p. 66; iv. 332, 351, 721; viii. p. 141; also Illustr. iii. 529. Bishop Newton, in his Autobiography, gives a more favourable picture of Dr. Keene (see p. 114); particularly for taste and magnificence; but Walpole calls him "that *interested hog*, the Bishop of Chester;" and in his Letters to Mason, vol. i. p. 61, "Did not Mansfield and Stone beget the Bishop of Chester?"

* I presume Dr. John Greene, Dean of Lincoln.

† Dr. Chapman. See Gray's letter to Dr. Clarke. Works, vol. iii. p. 253.

The Erse Fragments* have been published five weeks ago in Scotland, though I had them not (by a mistake) till last week. As you tell me new things do not soon reach you at Aston, I inclose what I can; the rest shall follow when you tell me whether you have not got it already. I send the two which I had before, for Mr. Wood, because he has not the affectation of not admiring. I continue to think them genuine, though my reasons for believing the contrary are rather stronger than ever: but I will have them antique, for I never knew a Scotchman of my own time that could read, much less write, poetry; and such poetry too! I have one (from Mr. Macpherson) which he has not printed: it is mere description, but excellent, too, in its kind. If you are good, and will learn to admire, I will transcribe it. Pray send to Sheffield for the last Monthly Review: there is a deal of stuff about us and

* See Annual Register, 1760, where they are reviewed, and Monthly Review, vol xxiii. p. 205. Walpole's Misc. Letters, iv. p. 38. "*Mr. Gray*, who is an enthusiast about these poems, begs me to put the following queries to you," &c. "He, Mr. Mason, Lord Lyttelton, and one or two more whose taste the world allows, are in love with your Erse Elegies. I cannot say in general that they are so much admired, but Mr. Gray alone is worth satisfying." To Sir D. Dalrymple. See also Gray's Letter to Dr. Wharton, Works, vol. iii. pp. 249, 257.

Mr. Colman.* It says one of us, at least, has always borne his faculties meekly. I leave you to guess which that is: I think I know. You oaf, you must be meek, must you? and see what you get by it!

I thank you for your care of the old papers: they were entirely insignificant, as you suspected.

Billy Robinson has been married near a fortnight to a Miss Richardson (of his own age, he says, and not handsome), with 10,000*l.* in her pocket; she lived with an (unmarried) infirm brother, who (the first convoy that sails) sets out with the bride and bridegroom in his company for Naples; you see it is better to be curate of Kensington than rector of Aston.

Lord J. C.† called upon me here the other day; young Ponsonby,‡ his nephew, is to come

* See Monthly Review, July, 1760, p. 57 to p. 63, art. Two Odes, 4to. 1*s.* Payne. It is not without some surprise that I read in Hawkins's Life of Johnson, the latter asserting—"Colman never produced a luckier thing than his first ode in imitation of Gray; a considerable part of it may be numbered among those felicities which no man has twice attained." See Gray's Letter to Dr. Wharton on these odes, Works, vol. iii. p. 250.

† Lord John Cavendish.

‡ One of the four sons of William second Lord Ponsonby and Earl of Besborough, who all died young. He married

this year to the University; and, as his Lordship (very justly) thinks that almost everything depends on the choice of a private tutor, he desires me to look out for such a thing, but without engaging him to anything. Now I am extremely unacquainted with the younger part of Cambridge, and consequently can only inquire of other people, and (what is worse) have nobody now here whose judgment I could much rely on. In my own conscience I know no one I should sooner recommend than Onley, and besides (I own) should wish to bring him to this college; yet I have scruples, first because I am afraid Onley should not answer my lord's expectations (for what he is by way of a scholar I cannot tell), and next because the young man (who is high-spirited and unruly) may chance to be more than a match for Mr. B.,* with whom the authority must be lodged. I have said I would inquire, and mean (if I could) to do so without partiality to any college: but believe, after all, I shall find no better. Now I perceive you have said something to Lord J.† already to the same purpose, therefore tell me what I shall do in this case. If you chance to

Lady Caroline Cavendish 1739, eldest daughter of William Duke of Devonshire, who died this year, 1760.

* Mr. Brown. † Lord John Cavendish.

see his lordship you need not mention it, unless he tell you himself what has passed between us.

Adieu, dear Mason, I am ever yours.

A Note.—Having made many inquiries about the authenticity of these Fragments,* I have got a letter from Mr. David Hume, the historian, which is more satisfactory than anything I have yet met with on that subject: he says,—

"Certain it is that these poems are in every body's mouth in the Highlands—have been handed down from father to son—and are of an age beyond all memory and tradition. Adam Smith, the celebrated Professor in Glasgow, told me that the piper of the Argyleshire militia repeated to him all those which Mr. Macpherson has translated, and many more of equal beauty. Major Mackay (Lord Rae's brother) told me that he remembers them perfectly well; as likewise did the Laird of Macfarline (the greatest antiquarian we have in this country), and who insists strongly on the historical truth, as well as the poetical beauty, of

* See Gray's Works, ed. Ald. vol. iii. pp. 244, 249, 256. Hume's letter is printed entire in European Magazine, vol. v. p. 327, March 1784; and see Mason's note on the subject; and Walpole's Misc. Letters, vol. iv. pp. 22, 37, 55.

these productions. I could add the Laird and Lady Macleod, with many more that live in different parts of the Highlands, very remote from each other, and could only be acquainted with what had become (in a manner) national works. There is a country-surgeon in Lochaber, who has by heart the entire epic poem mentioned by Mr. Macpherson in his Preface, and, as he is old, is perhaps the only person living that knows it all, and has never committed it to writing. We are in the more haste to recover a monument which will certainly be regarded as a curiosity in the republic of letters. We have therefore set about a subscription of a guinea or two guineas a-piece in order to enable Mr. Macpherson to undertake a mission into the Highlands to recover this poem and other fragments of antiquity."

I forgot to mention to you that the names of Fingal, Ossian, Oscar, &c., are still given in the Highlands to large mastiffs, as we give to ours the names of Cæsar, Pompey, Hector, &c.*

* Sir Egerton Brydes says, "Gray was cold and fastidious; but, when his enthusiasm could indulge itself with confidence, he delighted to nurse those visionary propensities; witness the ardour with which he encouraged himself in the belief of *Ossian*," &c.—See Gnomica, p. 225.

LETTER LVII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, South^n. Row, Oct. 23, 1760.

I am obliged to you for your letter, and the bills inclosed, which I shall take the first opportunity I have to satisfy.

I imagine by this then Lord John is or has been with you to settle matters. Mr. Onley* (from whom I have twice heard) consents, though with great diffidence of himself, to undertake this task; but cannot well be there himself till about the 13th of November. I would gladly hear what your first impressions are of the young man, for (I must tell you plainly) our Mason, who had seen him at Chatsworth, was not greatly edified; but he hopes the best. To-morrow Dr. Gisborne† and I go

* Charles Onley, elected a fellow of Pembroke College in 1756, and vacated in 1763. He took the degree of Twelfth Wrangler in 1755.

† *Dr. Thomas Gisborne*, in 1759, was elected a Fellow and Censor of the College of Physicians; he is also designated Med. Reg. ad Familiam. In 1791 he was President of the College, again in 1794, in 1796, and every succeeding year till 1803, inclusive: his name does not appear after 1805. He had been Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Dr. Gisborne was known to the present learned President of the College of Physicians, who remembers having met him at the dinner table of Sir Isaac Pennington, at Cambridge. He was rather short and corpulent. When the Government of the

to dine with that reverend gentleman (Mason) at Kensington during his waiting. He makes many kind inquiries after you, but I see very little of him, he is so taken up with the beaux-arts. He has lately etched my head with his own hand; and his friend Mr. Sandby,* the landscape painter, is doing a great picture with a view of M. Snowdon, the Bard, Edward the First, &c. Now all this I take for a bribe, a sort of hush-money to me, who caught him last year sitting for his own picture, and know that at this time there is another painter doing one of the scenes in Elfrida.

day agreed to purchase John Hunter's Museum, the offer of being the Conservator of the Collection was made to the College of Physicians, *through Dr. Gisborne*, then President of the College. He put the letter in his pocket, forgot it, and the offer was never brought before the consideration of the College. The Government subsequently made an offer of it to the College of Surgeons, and it now forms the chief part of their valuable Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was said that the College of Physicians declined to receive this collection, and this has been constantly repeated. For this curious anecdote, I am indebted to the kindness of the present learned President, Dr. Ayrton Paris. Dr. Gisborne was called in to attend Gray in his last illness. He died Feb. 24, 1806. See Gent. Mag. 1806, p. 287.

* Mr. Sandby, the father of the unrivalled English school of water-colours. Many of the finest and earliest specimens of his pencil which exist, and which I have seen, are still in the possession of his family.

In my way to town I met with the first news of the expedition from Sir William Williams, who makes a part of it, and perhaps may lay his fine Vandyck head in the dust.* They talk, some of Rochefort, some of Brest, and others of Calais. It is sure the preparations are great, but the wind blows violently.

Here is a second edition of the Fragments, with a new and fine one added to them. You will perhaps soon see a very serious Elegy (but this is a secret) on the death of my Lady Coventry.† Watch for it.

If I had been aware Mr. Mapletoft‡ was in town I should have returned him the two guineas I have of his. Neither Osborn nor Bathurst know when the book will come out. I will therefore pay it to any one he pleases.

Adieu, dear sir, I am ever yours, T. G.

* Sir William Peers Williams, C.B. a Captain in Burgoyne's Dragoons. See account of him in Gray's Works, ed. Ald. vol. i. p. 93, and note at Letter LXIX. "Sir W. Williams, a young man much talked of for his exceeding ambition, enterprising spirit, and some parts in Parliament, is already fallen there; and even he was too great a prize for such a paltry island."—Walpole's Letter to H. Mann, i. p. 29.

† See Mason's Works, vol. i. p. 107.

‡ Probably John Mapletoft, of Pembroke College, A.M. 1764, took a Wrangler's degree in 1752; one below that of (Bishop) Porteus.

I did not mean to carry away your paper of the two pictures at Were Park;* but I find I have got it here.

LETTER LVIII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Oct. 25, 1760.

You will wonder at another letter so soon; it is only to tell you what you will probably hear before this letter reaches you.

The King is dead.† He rose this morning about six (his usual early hour) in perfect health, and had his chocolate between seven and eight. An unaccountable noise was heard in his chamber; they ran in, and found him lying on the floor. He was directly bled, and a few drops came from him, but he instantly expired.

This event happens at an unlucky time, but (I should think) will make little alteration in public measures.

I am rather glad of the alteration with re-

* Ware Park, near Hertford.

† On the death of George the Second, see Smollett's History, vol. v. c. xiv. p. 287. Belsham's History, vol. iv. p. 442.

gard to Chambers, for a reason which you will guess at.

My service to Pa.* I will write to him soon, and long to see his manuscripts, and blue books, and precipices. Adieu.

I am yours,

T. G.

LETTER LIX.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, London, Nov. 8, 1760.

You will excuse me if I write you a little news in this busy time, though I have nothing else to write. The ladies are rejoiced to hear they may probably have a marriage before the coronation, which will restore to that pomp all the beauties it would otherwise have lost. I hear (but this is *sub sigillo*) no very extraordinary account of the Princess of Saxe Gotha. Mason walks in the same procession, and, as you possibly may see him the next day, he will give you the best account of it. You have

* Rev. William Palgrave; in allusion to the manuscript Diaries kept during his Travels. He died in 1799. Gent. Mag. 1799, pp. 1003, 1085. See Letter XXXVII. p. 158.

heard, I suppose, that there are two wills (not duplicates). He had given to the Duke of Cumberland all his jewels, but at the last going to Hanover had taken with him all the best of them, and made them crown jewels, so that they come to the successor. He had also given the Duke three millions of rix-dollars in money; but in the last will (made since the affair at *Closter Seven*), after an apology to him, as the best son that ever lived, and one that has never offended him, declares that the expenses of the war have consumed all this money. He gives him (and had before done so by a deed of gift) all his mortgages in Germany, valued at 170,000*l.*; but the French are in possession of part of these lands, and the rest are devoured by the war. He gives to Princesses Emily and Mary about 37,000*l.* between them, the survivor to take the whole. I have heard that the Duke was to have a third of this, but has given up his share to his sisters. To Lady Yarmouth a box, which is said to have in it 10,000*l.* in notes. The K. is residuary legatee; what that amounts to no one will know, and consequently it must remain a doubt whether he died rich or poor. I incline to believe rather the latter; I mean in comparison of what was expected.

The Bishop* is the most assiduous of courtiers, standing for ever upright in the midst of a thousand ladies. The other day he trod on the toes of the Duke, who turned to him (for he made no sort of excuse), and said aloud, "If your Grace is so eager to make your court, that is the way" (pointing towards the king); and then to the Count de Fuentes, "You see priests are the same in this country as in yours."

Mr. E. Finch (your representative) has got the place that Sir H. E. (my friend) had—surveyor, I think, of the roads, which is about 600*l.* a-year.† What then (you will ask) has

* The name of the bishop is erased in the MS., but *Secker* is meant. See Walpole's History of George III., vol. i. p. 19. "Secker, the archbishop, who for the first days of the reign flattered himself with the idea of being First Minister in a court that hoisted the standard of religion. He was unwearied in attendance at St. James's, and in presenting bodies of clergy; and his assiduity was so bustling and assuring, that, having *pushed aside the Duke of Cumberland to get at the king*, his royal highness reprimanded him with a bitter taunt." See, however, a more just and candid account of Secker in the Editor's note to these Memoirs, vol iii. p. 233. Walpole's notices of Secker in MS., which I have, are still more flagrantly unjust, and untrue.

† Mr. Henry Finch was Member for Cambridge, and his predecessor as surveyor of the king's roads was *Sir Henry Erskine*. It was Sir Henry Erskine who made the unsuccessful application to Lord Bute for the place of Professor of Modern Languages in favour of Gray, in 1762. See Letters,

become of my friend? Oh, he is a vast favourite, is restored to his regiment, and made Groom of the Bedchamber. I have not been to see him yet, and am half afraid, for I hear he has a levee. Pray don't tell.

Lord J. C. is fixed to come at his time in spite of the world. I hear within the year you may expect a visit from his Majesty in person.

* * * * *

When the Duke of Devonshire introduced my lord mayor, he desired his grace would be so kind to tell him which was my Lord *Boot*. This must not be told at all, nor anything else as from me. Adieu.

LETTER LX.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, Aston, Nov. 28, '60.

I send you the Elegy; you will find I have altered all the things you marked, and some

vol. iii. p. 301, and Mason's note. Sir H. E. was M.P. for Trail, and Lieut.-Col. in the army. See a letter from him to Mr. Grenville in Grenville Papers, i. p. 189. He is called by Walpole "a creature of the favorite (Bute)." See Memoirs of George III., i. p. 139. In 1760 (the date of the letter) he was Major-General, and Colonel of the 67th Regt. vice Lord Frederick Campbell.

perhaps I have improved. Mr. Wood thinks the conclusion equal enough to the rest, therefore I have ventured to send a copy to Lord Holdernesse; but I hope to have your scratches upon that part also soon. I wish you would let your servant take a copy and send it to Mr. Brown, to whom I talked about it. When I was at Cambridge I saw a great deal of Onley, and am very sanguine in my hopes that his pupilage will not turn out ill. Dr. Acton* came down when I was there, and entertained us much with his beaver and camblet surtout. Do write to me soon, and promise yourself that I will be as regular a correspondent for the future as I have always been.

Your sincere friend,

W. MASON.

* Nathaniel Acton was admitted a Fellow Commoner of Pembroke in 1743; he might be revisiting his old College; and a Thomas Acton was elected Fellow in 1756, who vacated in 1763.

LETTER LXI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

London, at Mr. Jauncey's, not Jenour's,
Dec. 10, 1760.

DEAR MASON,

It is not good to give copies of a thing before you have given it the last hand.* If you would send it to Lord H.† you might have spared that to Lady M. C.‡; they have both showed it to particular friends, and so it is half published before it is finished. I begin again from the beginning:—

"Ah, mark," is rather languid; I would read "Heard ye."

V. 3. I read, "and now with rising knell," to avoid two "the's."

* The Elegy on Lady Coventry.

† Lord Holdernesse.

‡ Lady Mary Coke, fourth daughter of John Duke of Argyll, married Edward Viscount Coke, 1747, heir apparent of Thomas Earl of Leicester, who died in his father's lifetime. Walpole writes, "I have regard and esteem for her good qualities, which are many, but I doubt her genius will never suffer her to be quite happy," &c. She lived at Notting Hill, and died at a great age in 1811. A fuller character of her is given in a letter to Horace Mann, ii. p. 257. See his verses on her in Misc. Letters, iv. 199; and v. p. 353. Add Selwyn Corres. vol. i. p. 326.

V. 10. I read, "since now that bloom," &c.

V. 11, 12, are altered for the better, and so are the following; but for "liquid lightning," Lord J. Cavendish says, there is a dram which goes by that name; and T. G. adds, that the words are stolen from a sonnet of the late Prince of Wales.* What if we read "liquid radiance," and change the word "radiant" soon after.

V. 18. Read, "that o'er her form," &c.

V. 23. "Cease, cease, luxuriant muse." Though mended, it is still weakly. I do not much care for any muse at all here.

* Gray alludes to the song written by Frederick Prince of Wales, called "The Charms of Sylvia," of which I give the two commencing stanzas. The expression alluded to is in the first line:—

"'Tis not the *liquid brightness* of those eyes,
That swim with pleasure and delight;
Nor those heavenly arches which arise
O'er each of them to shade the light.

"'Tis not that hair which plays with every wind,
And loves to wanton round thy face;
Now straying round thy forehead, now behind,
Rocking with unresisting grace."

The whole may be seen in Mr. Jesse's Memoirs of the Court of England, vol. iii. p. 151.

V. 26. "Mould'ring" is better than "clay-cold;" somewhat else might be better perhaps than either.

V. 35. "Whirl you in her wild career." This image does not come in so well here between two real happinesses. The word "lead" before it, as there is no epithet left to "purple," is a little faint.

"Of her choicest stores an ampler share," seems to me prosaic.

"Zenith-height" is harsh to the ear and too scientific.

I take it the interrogation point comes after "fresh delight;" and there the sense ends. If so, the question is too long in asking, and leaves a sort of obscurity.

V. 46. I understand, but cannot read, this line. Does "tho' soon" belong to "lead her hence," or to "the steps were slow?" I take it to the latter; and if so, it is hardly grammar; if to the former, the end of the line appears very naked without it.

V. 55. "Rouse, then—his voice pursue." I do not like this broken line.

V. 74. "Firm as the sons," that is, "as firmly as." The adjective used for the adverb here gives it some obscurity, and has the appearance of a contradiction.

V. 76. A less metaphorical line would become this place better.

V. 80. This, though a good line, would be better too if it were more simple, for the same figure is amplified in the following stanza, and there is no occasion for anticipating it here.

V. 85. "And why?" I do not understand. You mean, I imagine, that the warrior must not expect to establish his fame as a hero while he is yet alive; but how does "living fame" signify this? The construction, too, is not good; if you mean, with regard to Fame, while he yet lives, Fate denies him that. The next line is a bold expression of Shakespeare. The third, "ere from her trump—heaven breathed," is not good.

V. 89. "Is it the grasp?" You will call me a coxcomb if I remind you, that this stanza in the turn of it is too like a stanza of "another body's."*

* Is it the grasp of empire to extend,
To curb the fury of insulting foes?
Ambition cease; the idle contest end,
'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.

Which stanza (perhaps now altered in consequence of the remark) Gray considers like one in the Elegy in a Country Churchyard; perhaps the one beginning—

The applause of listening senates to command, &c.

V. 98. "Truth ne'er can sanctify," is an indifferent line. Both Mr. Brown and I have some doubt about the justness of this sentiment. A kingdom is purchased, we think, too dear with the life of any man; and this no less if there "be a life hereafter" than if there be none.

V. 102. We say the juice of the grape "mantles," but not the grape.

V. 107. "By earth's poor pittance" will not do; the end is very well, but the whole is rather too long, and I would wish it reduced a little in the latter part.

I am sorry you went so soon out of town, because you lost your share in his Majesty's reproof to his chaplains: "I desire those gentlemen may be told that I come here to praise God, and not to hear my own praises." Kitt Wilson* was, I think, the person that had been

* Dr. Christopher Wilson, of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, M.A. 1740, Rector of Fulham and of Halsted, Essex, Canon of St. Paul's, Bishop of Bristol in 1783, died April 1792, aged 77. "He died extremely rich, having, as Prebendary of Finsbury, made a most fortunate and lucrative contract for a lease with the City of London;" for when he came in possession of it, it brought in only a life-interest of 39*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; and from it he received 50,000*l.* in his lifetime, and charged his estate with 50,000*l.* more in his will. See a full account of him and his contract in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, ix. p. 519-524.

preaching. This and another thing I have been told give me great hopes of the young man. Fobus was asking him what sum it was his pleasure should be laid out on the next election ?* "Nothing, my lord." The duke stared, and said, "Sir!" "Nothing, I say, my lord; I desire to be tried by my country."

There has been as great confusion this week as if the French were landed. You see the heads of the Tories are invited into the bedchamber;† and Mr. P. avows it to be his advice, not as to the particular men, but the measure. Fobus knew nothing of it till it was done; and has talked loudly for two days of resigning. Lord Hardwick and his people say they will support the Whig interest, as if all was going to ruin, and they hoped to raise a party. What will come of it is doubtful, but I fancy they

* Compare Walpole's Memoirs of George III. vol. i. p. 209, "The profusion exercised on this occasion, and which reduced the Court to stop even the payments of the King's Bedchamber, made men recall severely to mind the King's declaration on the choice of the Parliament, 'that he would not permit anything to be spent on elections.'"

† The commencement of the present reign was also distinguished by a grand creation of Peers, and far more offensively by the nomination of twelve *additional Lords of the Bedchamber*, &c. See Belsham's History, vol v. p. 9; also Walpole's Memoirs of George III. vol. i. App. i. ii.

will acquiesce and stay in as long as they can. Great confusion in the army, too, about Lord Fitzmaurice,* who is put over the head of Lord

* William Viscount Fitzmaurice, promoted to the rank of Colonel Dec. 4, 1760. He became a Major-General July 10, 1762; Lieut.-General May 25, 1772; General Feb. 19, 1783; and died senior of that rank in May, 1805. *He never commanded a regiment.* Created Marquess of Lansdowne Nov. 30, 1784. He attained the courtesy-title of Viscount Fitzmaurice June 26, 1753, on his father being created Earl of Shelburne. Walpole alludes to the discontent, and says, "Lord Fitzmaurice made Aide-de-Camp to the King has disgusted the army," Misc. Corr. iv. 116.—Lord Lennox was Lord George Henry Lennox, second son of the 2d Duke of Richmond, junior Captain in 25th Regt. March 23, 1756; married in 1759 Louisa, fourth daughter of William Ker, fourth Marquis of Lothian; promoted to the rank of Colonel in 1762; General, Oct. 12, 1793. Died in March, 1805, being the Governor of Plymouth.—Mr. Fitzroy was Charles, second son of Lord Augustus Fitzroy, who was second son of the second Duke of Grafton; created Lord Southampton in 1780; Lieut.-General in the army, and Colonel of 3rd Regt. of Dragoons. Died March 21, 1797. He was at this time Lieut.-Colonel of the 1st Foot Guards.—"Considering," says a friend, "that Mr. Fitzroy entered the service in 1752, and became Lieut.-Colonel in 1758, and that Lord G. Lennox was a Captain in March, 1756, and Lieut.-Colonel (probably) in 1758, the promotion of Viscount Fitzmaurice must indeed have been rapid, when two officers of so short a standing in the army felt themselves aggrieved thereby. Viscount Fitzmaurice was born in 1736; Lord Southampton in 1737; Lord G. H. Lennox in 1737; consequently Lord Fitzmaurice became

Lennox, Mr. Fitzroy, and also of almost all the American officers.

I have seen Mr. Southwell,* and approve him much. He has many new tastes and knowledges, and is no more a coxcomb than when he went from hence. I am glad to hear you bode so well of Ponsonby and his tutor. Here is a

colonel when twenty-four years old; Lord Southampton attained the same rank when twenty-five; and Lord G. H. Lennox when little more than twenty-three years old. The two last-named became Major-Generals at thirty-five years of age,—a rank now scarcely attainable under the age of sixty." Lord Viscount Fitzmaurice was on the 10th May, 1761, made Aide-de-Camp to his Majesty. See Gent. Mag. May 1760. See also Rockingham Papers, vol. i. p. 38. "Early in this reign *Lord Fitzmaurice*, being at the time in high favour with Lord Bute, was made Equerry to the King *over the head of his superior officer, Lord Lennox*. The Duke of Richmond, irritated by this slight to his relative, carried a memorial to his Majesty, and commented on the appointment in a manner that was neither 'forgiven nor forgotten,' by a Prince equally remarkable for his keen resentments and his retentive memory." Walpole says, "Lord Fitzmaurice, a favourite of Lord Bute, was made Equerry to the King, though inferior in military rank to Lord George Lennox and Charles Fitzroy, brothers of the Dukes of Richmond and Grafton. The Duke of Grafton made a direct representation to the King on the wrong done to his brother, and desired rank for him," &c. See Memoir of George III. vol. i. p. 26, 27.

* Mr. Henry Southwell was A.B. 1752, of Magdalen College; A.M. 1755; LL.D. 1763.

delightful new woman* in the burlettas; the rest is all Bartholomew and his fair. Elisi† has been ill ever since he came, and has not sung yet. Adieu.

I am truly yours.

LETTER LXII.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, Jan. 8, 1761.

I thank you much for your criticisms, but at present shall not take notice of them. They will stand me in good stead whenever I put the Elegy in my first volume, and till then let them pass.

I thank you also very much for your Georgiana: if they be genuine, I thank you as an Englishman, and prefer them before everything

* This was Signora Paganini, the wife of Paganini, a coarse man; she appeared in 1760. See Burney's History of Music, iv. 474, for a remarkable instance of her attraction.

† A man of great reputation and abilities; performed at the Opera in London 1760 and 1761; a great singer and eminent actor. See Burney's History of Music, iv. 473-4; Walpole's Letter to Mann, i. p. 8; Misc. Letters, vol. iv. pp. 27, 326, 428.

that ever ended in ana. But you are mistaken in your preacher; it was Dr. Thomas Wilson,* of Westminster, who they say is a rogue; the other is only a coxcomb, but a sort of coxcomb that I hate almost as much as a rogue. If the Nouvelle Heloise be Rousseau's, pity me, because I live at Aston, and have not seen it, and be sure send me some account of it, and that with speed. I find there is a new report that Lord H.† is to go to Ireland. This has induced poor Frederic Hervey‡ (glad of such an opportunity of renewing our correspondence) to write to me, and to tell me that his friends have hopes of making him First Chaplain, but that he begs first to know whether it will interfere with me, and whether it might not be made compatible with my interest. All this was so jellied over with friendship, that he thought, I fancy, I should scarce know the dish he presented me with. The letter I shall

* Chaplain to the King. See Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica and Nichols's Lit. Anecdotes, vol. viii. p. 457.

† The Earl of Halifax was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland October, 1761.

‡ On "poor Frederic Hervey," see Collins's Peerage, iv. 160. Born 1730; chaplain to the King; in 1767 promoted to the bishoprick of Cloyne; and in 1768 to that of Derry. Subsequently well known abroad and at home.

tie up in a bundle with one of Archbishop Hutton's,* and some others which I keep as curiosities in their way. I have, however, in pity to his wife and family of small children, sent him an answer not so tart as he deserved, and given him full liberty of using all his interest in this matter. However, keep this a secret, because I promised to do it, and because, also, I should not have broken my promise could I have thought of anything better to write at present.

I am glad at heart to find this annihilation of Toryism which you give me an account of. Fobus, besides lying, had only one other ministerial art in his profession, which, too, was a species of lying, and this he exerted in making every man who was not a friend to the ministry a Tory. Was he asked to explain this, he had not skill enough in English history and the

* Matthew Hutton, Archbishop of York 1747, translated to Canterbury 1757. Connected by family with Mason. At the death of John Hutton, Esq. of Marshe, near Richmond, an estate in the East Riding came to Mason in reversion. See Walpole's Misc. Corr. iii. 347; Mem. of George II. vol. i. p. 148. He gave Mason the prebend of Holme, in the cathedral of York, in 1756. See Harris's Life of Lord Hardwicke, ii 345, on the difficulties in filling up the see of Canterbury: "I have offered it to Sherlock and Gibson, who refused it, and so did Herring; but was prevailed on to take it when Hutton went to York." There is an engraving of Archbishop Hutton.

constitution of his country to do it, and therefore he explained himself by saying, a Tory was a Jacobite, and a Jacobite a Tory. This you may remember: one of his tools who could not cleverly make you either Tory or Jacobite, said you was worse—you was a Republican. May God send this measure a happy ending, and may the next generation be only distinguished by the style and title of friends to their country.

You have by this time heard Elisi. Pray give me an account of him or it as soon as possible, and send me also your receipt for *chevichi*, in plain terms. Have you made up your mind about Gothic architecture, and, consequently, given over your genealogical studies,* which, it seems, are so intimately connected with that science. For my part, I am metamorphosing some good old homilies into new-fashioned sermons, and consequently spoiling every period of them. But what better can

* Many instances of Gray's laborious inquiries into genealogy appeared when his library was made public. None more striking, than in a copy of Dugdale's Origines, folio, in which Gray had gone through, page by page, the whole volume, filling up in the margin *the arms of all the families* mentioned, with full descriptions of them. This volume is now in the British Museum.

I do, living as I here do in almost absolute solitude, and in that state of life which my old friend Jeremy Taylor so well describes in his sermon aptly entitled the Marriage Ring. "Celibate life," says he, "like the flie in the heart of an apple, dwells in a perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined, and dies in singularity. But marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house, gathers sweetness from every flower, labours, and unites into societys and republics," &c. If I survive you, and come to publish your works, I shall quote this passage, from whence you so evidently (without ever seeing it) took that thought, "Poor moralist, and what art thou," &c. But the plagiarism had been too glaring had you taken the heart of the apple, in which, however, the great beauty of the thought consists. After all, why will you not read Jeremy Taylor? Take my word and more for it, he is the Shakespeare of divines. Adieu, and believe me to be ever most entirely yours.

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, London, Jan. 22, 1761.

I am delighted with Frederic Hervey and letter, and envy you his friendship, for the foundation of it (I am persuaded) was pure friendship, as far as his idea of the thing extended; and if one could see his little heart one should find no vanity there for over-reaching you and artfully gilding so dirty a pile, but only a degree of self-applause for having done one of the genteelest and handsomest things in the world. I long to see the originals and (if you have any gratitude) you will publish them in your first volume. Alas! there was a time when he was my friend, and there was a time (he owned) when he had been my greatest enemy; why did I lose both one and the other of these advantages, when at present I could be so happy with either, I care not which? Tell him he may take his choice; it is not from interest I say this, though I know he will some time or other be Earl of Bristol,* but purely because I

* See the last mention of him by Gray, in a letter to Nicholls, 2nd May, 1771. "Sometimes, from vanity, he may do a right thing," &c.

have long been without a knave and fool of my own. Here is a bishopric (St. David's) vacant, can I anyhow serve him? I hear Dr. Ayscough* and Dean Squire† are his competitors. God knows who will go to Ireland; it ought to be somebody, for there is a prodigious to-do there; the cause I have been told, but, as I did not understand or attend to it, no wonder if I forgot it; it is somewhat about a money-till, perhaps you may know. The Lords Justices absolutely refuse to comply with what the Government here do insist upon, and even offer to resign their posts; in the mean time none of the pensions on that establishment are paid. Nevertheless two such pensions have been bestowed within this few weeks, one on your friend Mrs. Anne Pitt (of 500*l.* a-year),‡ which

* Francis Ayscough, chaplain and preceptor to the Prince of Wales, rector of North Church, Herts, Dean of Bristol, author of Sermons, &c. married the sister of Lord Lyttelton. See account of him in Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. viii. 433, ix. 531, 808.

† In 1761 Samuel Squire, Dean of Bristol, was appointed to the bishopric of St. David's.

‡ For account of Mrs. Anne Pitt, sister to the Earl of Chatham, and Privy Purse to the Princess of Wales, and for mention of the places she held, see Walpole's Miscell. Corres. vol. iv. pp. 382, 397, 469, 475; Letters to Mann, ii. pp. 226, 268, 275; iii. pp. 57, 80, 107, 150; the Grenville Papers, i p. 85;

she asked, and Lord B.* got it done immediately; she keeps her place with it: the other (of 400*l.*) to Lady Harry Beauclerk,† whose husband died suddenly, and left her with six or seven children very poorly provided for; the grant was sent her without being asked at all by herself, or any friend. I have done with my news, because I am told that there is an express just set out for Yorkshire, whom you are to meet on the road. I hope you will not fail to inform him who is to be his First Chaplain; perhaps you will think it a piece of treachery to

and Walpole's George III. vol. i. p. 85; where the passage is worth consulting. "She had excellent parts, and strong passions. It was Lord Bolingbroke that recommended her to the Prince; afterwards she obtained the patronage of Lord Bute, and got two large pensions. When she informed her brother of it, he answered, that he was sorry to see the name of *Pitt among the pensions*. When he accepted his, she copied his own letter and sent it to him." Walpole said of Lord Chatham and his sister, "that they resembled each other, *comme deux gouttes de feu*." She used to say that her brother never read any book except *Spenser*. See also Lord Mahon's History of England, vol. v. p. 225, and Selwyn Correspondence, i. p. 329. Lord Bolingbroke used to call Lord Chatham *Sublimity* Pitt, and his sister *Divinity* Pitt. In 1762 she had a *third* pension of 500*l.* a-year. She died 9th Feb. 1780.

* Earl of Bute.

† Lord Harry Beauclerk died July 8, 1761. See Collins's Peerage, i. 248.

do so, or perhaps you will leave the thing to itself, in order to make an experiment.

I* cannot pity you; *au contraire*, I wish I had been at Aston when I was foolish enough to go through the six volumes of the Nouvelle Heloise.† All that I can say for myself is, that I was confined at home for three weeks by a severe cold, and had nothing better to do. There is no one event in it that might not happen any day of the week (separately taken), in any private family: yet these events are so put together that the series of them are more absurd and more improbable than Amadis de Gaul. The *dramatis personæ* (as the author says) are all of them good characters; I am sorry to hear it, for had they been all hanged at the end of the third volume nobody (I believe) would have cared. In short, I went on

* Here Mason commences this Letter, omitting the preceding part. See Lett. CII. p. 267, vol. iii. ed. Ald.

† The original manuscript of the Nouvelle Heloise is in the Library of the Chamber of Deputies: the writing as legible as print, without one obliteration. The MS. was on beautiful small paper, with vignettes, and afterwards folded like letters. Rousseau used to read them in his walks. In Grimm's Correspondence may be seen Voltaire's sham prophetic review of the Heloise; and in Marmontel's Essai sur les Romans, an excellent notice of it, very powerfully written, which called forth the praise of Madame de Genlis. See her Memoirs, iv. p. 266.

and on in hopes of finding some wonderful *denouement* that would set all right, and bring something like nature and interest out of absurdity and insipidity; no such thing, it grows worse and worse, and (if it be Rousseau, which is not doubted) is the strongest instance I ever saw that a very extraordinary man may entirely mistake his own talents.* By the motto and preface it appears to be his own story, or something similar to it.

The Opera House is crowded this year like any ordinary theatre. Elisi† is finer than anything that has been here in your memory, yet, as I suspect, has been finer than he is. He appears to be near forty, a little pot-bellied and thick-shouldered, otherwise no bad figure; his action proper, and not ungraceful. We have heard nothing, since I remember operas, but eternal passages, divisions, and flights of exe-

* On this disparaging character of Rousseau's *great work*, see W. S. Landor, de Cultu Latini Sermonis, p. 197. "*Rossæo* nec in sententiis ipse suavior est (qui parum profecto præter suavitatem habet) Isocrates, nec in verbis uberior aut amplioris in dicendo dignitatis Plato, nec Sophronisci filius melior sophista. Nemo animi affectus profundius introspexit, delicatius tetigit, solertius explicavit. Odium vero hominum quos insinceros *Graius* aut pravos existimabat, aut religionis Christianorum inimicos, transversum egit et præceps judicium."

† See Gray's Works, vol. iii. p. 268.

cution; of these he has absolutely none, whether merely from judgment, or a little from age, I will not affirm. His point is expression, and to that all the graces and ornaments he inserts (which are few and short), are evidently directed. He goes higher (they say) than Farinelli, but then this celestial note you do not hear above once in a whole opera, and he falls from this altitude at once to the mellowest, softest, strongest tones (about the middle of his compass) that can be heard. The Mattei* (I assure you) is much improved by his example, and by her great success this winter. But then the Burlettas and the Paganina.† I have not been so pleased with anything these many years; she too is fat and about forty, yet handsome withal, and has a face that speaks the language of all nations. She has not the invention, the fire, and the variety of action, that the Spiletta had;‡ yet she is light, agile, ever in motion, and above all graceful; but then her voice, her ear, her taste in singing: Good God!—as Mr. Rich-

* Colomba Mattei, a charming singer and intelligent actress, and a very great favourite.

† See note to Letter LXI.

‡ The part of Spiletta in Gli Amante Gelosi: a burletta by Cocchi. See Burney, iv. 465.

ardson the painter says.* Pray ask my Lord, for I think I have seen him there once or twice, as much pleased as I was.

I have long thought of reading Jeremy Taylor, for I am persuaded that chopping logic in the pulpit, as our divines have done ever since the Revolution, is not the thing; but that imagination and warmth of expression are in their place there as much as on the stage, moderated however, and chastised a little by the purity and severity of religion.†

* This learned and ingenious painter and critic on art, is now better known by his writings than pencil. He generally painted and wrote in conjunction with his son, his inseparable companion and friend. The best account of him is in Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting and Noble's Continuation of Granger, iii. p. 382. He had a fine collection of the drawings of the old masters, which sold at his death for above 2,000*l.* At Strawberry Hill I saw a most interesting pencil drawing by him, in four compartments, containing portraits of Lord Bolingbroke, of Pope, of Pope's mother, and of Pope's father on his death-bed. His works are collected in 2 vols. 8vo. See Index to Monthly Review, vol. ii. p. 450, on Richardson's Works. His work on the Pictures, &c. in Italy, was translated into French in 1722. Dr. Johnson's commendation on the "Treatise on Painting" is mentioned by Mr. Northcote, in his Memoir of Reynolds. As a *critic* he has received the praise of *Fuseli.*

† Gray liked Sterne's Sermons. "He thought there was good writing and good sense in them. His principal merit

I send you my receipt for *caviche** (Heaven knows against my conscience). Pray, doctor, will the weakness of one's appetite justify the use of provocatives? In a few years (I suppose) you will desire my receipt for tincture of cantharides? I do this the more unwillingly, because I am sensible that any man is rich enough to be an epicure when he has nobody to entertain but himself. Adieu,

I am, *à jamais*, yours.

consisted in his pathetic powers, in which he never failed." See Works, v. 39.

* Gray's copy of Verral's Book of Cookery, 8vo. 1759, is in my possession, and is enriched by numerous notes in his writing, with his usual minute diligence, and remarks on culinary subjects, arranging the subjects of gastronomy in scientific order. 1st. List of *furniture* necessary for a kitchen, which he classes under twelve heads. 2ndly. List of such receipts as are primarily necessary in forming essential ingredients for *others*, all accurately indexed to their respective pages. 3rdly. Five pages of receipts for various dishes, with the names of the inventors. The one referred to in this letter is as follows: "CAVICHE. (From Lord D^e.) Take three cloves, four scruples of coriander-seeds bruised, ginger powdered, and saffron, of each half a scruple, three cloves of garlic; infuse them in a pint of good white wine vinegar, and place the bottle in a gentle heat, or in water, to warm gradually. It is to be used as catchup, &c. in small quantity, as a sauce for cold meats, &c. &c." Probably Gray thought with Donatus on Terentii Andria—"Coquina, *Medicinæ famulatrix est*," v. i. 1, 3; and that "Melior Medicinæ pars appellatur *διαιτητίκη*."

LETTER LXIV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Pemb. Coll. Feb. 5, 1761.

When the belly is full, the bones are at rest. You squat yourself down in the midst of your revenues, leave me to suppose that somebody has broke in upon the Dean before you, that Mr. Beedon has seized upon the precentorship, that you are laid up with a complication of distempers at York, that you are dead of an apoplexy at Aston, and all the disagreeable probabilities that use to befall us, when we think ourselves at the height of our wishes; and then away you are gone to town while I am daily expecting you here, and the first I know of it is from the Gazette. Why, if you were Bishop of Lincoln* you could not serve one worse.

* Dr. John Greene, Master of Ben'et College, first appointed Bishop of Lincoln in 1761, which he held till his death in 1779. See note Letter LVI. "A third, that looks mighty modest, and has two little horns sprouting, but no mitre yet, we take for Dean G." He wrote two pamphlets, "The Principles and Practice of the Methodists considered." Mr. Tyson has given a list of his writings, among which are a few sermons and some "Dialogues of the Dead," printed in Mr Weston's volume. The familiar name given him at the

I wrote to you the same day I received your letter, the 11th Jan. and then to Dr. Wharton, who sends you his congratulations to be delivered in your way to London; here, take them, you miserable precentor. I wish all your choir may mutiny, and sing you to death. Adieu, I am, ever yours, T. G.

Commend me kindly to Montagu.

LETTER LXV.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, London, Feb. 9, 1761.

If I have not sooner made answer to your kind inquiries, it has been owing to the uncertainty I was under as to my own motions. Now at last, I perceive, I must stay here till March and part of April are over, so I have accommodated myself to it; and perhaps it may be better to come when your codlin hedge is in bloom, than at this dull season. My cold, which Mr. Bickham told you of, kept me at home above three weeks, being at first accom-

University was "Gamwell;" which appellation he also bears in some of the letters of the time.

panied with a slight fever, but at present I am marvellous. Not a word of the gout yet; but do not say a word, if you do it will come. A fortnight ago I had two sheets from Mr. Pitt, dated Genoa, Dec. 23; he had been thirty days in going from Barcelona thither, a passage often made in four. He spends the winter with Sir Richard Lyttelton,* and hopes to pass the end of the carnival at Milan with Lord Strathmore, who has been ill at Turin, but is now quite recovered. He does not speak with transport of Andalusia (I mean of the country, for he describes

* Richard Lyttelton, K.B. He married the Lady Rachel Russell, sister of John Duke of Bedford, and widow of Scrope Egerton Duke of Bridgewater. He was first page of honour to Queen Caroline; then successively Captain of Marines, Aide-de-Camp to the Earl of Stair at the battle of Dettingen, and Deputy Quartermaster-General in South Britain, with the rank of Lieut.-Colonel and Lieut.-General, &c. He was fifth son of Sir Thomas, fourth baronet, and younger brother of George first Lord Lyttelton. See some letters by him in Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 173, &c. He was Governor of Minorca in 1764, and subsequently Governor of Guernsey. See Walpole's Misc. Letters, iv. pp. 363, 424. He died in 1770. His house in the Harley Street corner of Cavendish Square was bought by the Princess Emily, and was afterwards Mr. Hope's, and then Mr. Watson Taylor's. See Grenville Papers, i. pp. 49, 249; and ii. pp. 442, 449. When at Minorca he was involved in some dispute with Samuel Johnson, who held a situation under him. See reference to it in Walpole's Letters to Lord Hertford, Feb. 6, 1764.

only that in general, and refers for particulars to our meeting): it wants verdure and wood, and hands to cultivate it; but Valencia and Murcia (he says) are one continued garden—a shady scene of cultivated lands, interspersed with cottages of reed, and watered by a thousand artificial rills. A like spirit of industry appears in Catalonia. He has written to Pa. also; I suppose to the same purpose.

The only remarkable thing I have to tell you is old Wortley's will,* and that, perhaps, you know already; he died worth 600,000*l.* This is the least I have heard, and perhaps the truest; but Lord J. and Mr. Montagu tell me to-day it is above a million, and that he had near 800,000*l.* in mortgages only. He gives to his son (who is 50,000*l.* in debt) 1,000*l.* a-year for life only. To his wife Lady Mary, if she does not claim her dower, 1,200*l.* a-year, otherwise this to go to his son for life, and after him to Lady Bute his daughter. To all Lady Bute's children, which are eleven, 2,000*l.* a-piece. To Lady Bute, for her life, all the remainder (no notice of my Lord); and after her, to her second son, who takes the name of Wortley; and

* See Horace Walpole's Letter to Mann, i. p. 16; and Memoirs of George III. vol. i. p. 76, for account of "old Wortley and his wealth;" and see Letter to Dr. Wharton by Gray. See Works, vol. iii. p. 272.

so to all the sons, and, I believe, daughters too in their order; and if they all die without issue, to Lord Sandwich, to whom at present he gives some old manuscripts about the Montagu family.

And now I must tell you a little story about ———,* which I heard lately. Upon her travels (to save charges), she got a passage in the Mediterranean, on board a man-of-war; I think it was Commodore Barnet. When he had landed her safe, she told him she knew she was not to offer him money, but entreated him to accept of a ring in memory of her, which (as she pressed him) he accepted. It was

* Lady Mary Wortley Montague. See another version of this story in Gray's Letter to Dr. Wharton, Letter cii. vol. iii. p. 274. There is a story told by Mr. J. Pitt (Lord Camelford), which makes so good a *pendant* to the present one, that I may be excused for giving it. "I will find you a keepsake like that the Duchess of Kingston drew from the bottom of her capote for the Consul at Genoa, who had lodged her and clothed her I believe, and caressed her for anything I know. 'How do you like this diamond ring?' 'Very fine, my lady!' 'This ruby?' 'Beautiful!' 'This snuff-box?' 'Superb!' &c. &c. &c. 'Well, Mr. Consul, you see these spectacles (and here she sighed); these spectacles were worn twenty years by my dear Duke (here she opened the *etui*, and dropped a tear); take them, Mr. Consul, wear them for his sake and mine; I could not give you a stronger proof of my regard for you." Letter of Lord Camelford, Paris, 1789.

a very large emerald. Some time after, a friend of his, taking notice of its beauty, he told him how he came by it. The man smiled, and desired him to shew it to a jeweller. He did so; it was unset before him, and proved a paste worth 40 shillings.

And now I am telling stories, I will tell you another, nothing at all to the purpose, nor relating to anybody I have been talking of.

In the year 1688, my Lord Peterborough * had a great mind to be well with Lady Sandwich, Mrs. Bonfoy's old friend. There was a woman, who kept a great coffee-house in Pall Mall, and she had a miraculous canary-bird, that piped twenty tunes. Lady Sandwich was fond of such things, had heard of and seen the bird.

* In a Life of Lord Peterborough lately published, I observe with regret a mutilated and inaccurate version of this charming story so well told by Gray. This must have been taken by the writer from some publication of Mr. Edward Jesse, to whom I casually mentioned it in conversation, and who most unexpectedly inserted his *imperfect* recollection of it in his work, unmindful of the words used on a similar occasion by an old writer. "Il arriva à ses ecrits ce que Cujas a toujours apprehendé qu'il n'arrivent aux siens, que les choses qu'il dictait, et *que ses amis prenoient sans beaucoup y prendre garde, et qu'il ne faisait pas pour être imprimées*, furent faites public sans choix et peu correctment." *Vide* Teissier, Eloges des Hommes Sçavans.

Lord Peterborough came to the woman and offered her a large sum of money for it; but she was rich, and proud of it, and would not part with it for love or money. However, he watched the bird narrowly, observed all its marks and features, went and bought just such another, sauntered into the coffee-room, took his opportunity when no one was by, slipped the wrong bird into the cage, and the right into his pocket, and went off undiscovered to make my Lady Sandwich happy. This was just about the time of the Revolution, and, a good while after, going into the same coffee-house again, he saw his bird there, and said, "Well, I reckon you would give your ears now that you had taken my money." "Money!" says the woman, "no, nor ten times that money now; dear little creature; for, if your Lordship will believe me (as I am a Christian it is true), it has moped and moped, and never once opened its pretty lips since the day that the poor king went away!"

Adieu. Old Pa. (spite of his misfortunes) talks of coming to town this spring. Could not you come too? My service to Mr. Lyon.

LETTER LXVI.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, May 26, 1761.

I thank you for your kind inquiries and impatience about me. Had I not been so often disappointed before, when I thought myself sure, I should have informed you before this time of my motions. I thought I was just setting out for Cambridge, when the man on whom I have a mortgage gave me notice that he was ready to pay in his money; so that now I must necessarily stay to receive it, and it will be (to be sure) the middle of June before I can see Cambridge, where I have long wished to be. Montagu had thoughts of going thither with me, but I know not what his present intentions may be. He is in real affliction for the loss of Sir W. Williams, who has left him one of his executors, and (as I doubt his affairs were a good deal embarrassed) he possibly may be detained in town on that account. Mason too talked of staying part of the summer with me at Pembroke, but this may perhaps be only talk. My Lord* goes

* Lord Holdernesse. See Walpole's George II. i. pp. 198, 239, 289; George III. i. p. 42-48.

into Yorkshire this summer, so I suppose the parson must go with him. You will not see any advertisement till next winter at soonest. Southwell is going to Ireland for two months, much against his will. I have not seen my new Lady E.* but her husband I have; so (I'm afraid) I soon must have that honour. God send ——— † may lie in just about the commencement, or I go out of my wits, that is all. The news of the surrender of Belleisle ‡ is daily expected. They have not, nor (they say) pos-

* By Lady E—— I have no doubt that Gray meant the wife of his friend Sir Henry Erskine, who married this year. See Gent. Mag. 1761, p. 246.—"Married Sir H. Erskine, Colonel of the 25th Regt. to Miss Jenny Wadderborn." In Gent. Mag. Feb. 1762, "the lady of Sir Henry Erskine, of a son and heir." Sir H. Erskine died in 1765, being then Major-General, M.P. for Anstruther, Secretary of the Order of the Thistle, and Colonel of the 1st Regt. of Foot.

† This, however singularly expressed, no doubt refers to the Duke of Newcastle, whose presence at the Cambridge Commemoration Gray appears much to have disliked. See Letter xxxv. "The old fizzling Duke is coming again, but I hope to be gone first;" and LII. "I am going to Cambridge, if that owl Fobus does not hinder me, who talks of going to fizzle there at the Commemoration."

‡ This place surrendered June 13, 1761. See Grenville Papers, i. 364; Walpole's History of George III. i. pp. 57, 135; vol. ii. pp. 13, 223; Belsham's History, vol. v. p. 29; Adolphus, i. p. 32.

sibly can, throw in either men or provisions; so it is looked upon as ours. I know it will be so next week, because I am then to buy into the Stocks. God bless you. I am ever yours,

T. G.

LETTER LXVII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, 1761.

I hope to send you the first intelligence of the Church preferments, though such is your eagerness there for this sort of news, that perhaps mine may be stale before it can reach you. Drummond* is Archbishop of York, Hayter Bishop of London, Young of Norwich, Newton of Bristol, with the residentiaryship of St. Paul's; Thomas goes to Salisbury; Greene, of

* On these promotions of the Bishops, see Walpole's Memoirs of George III. vol. i. p. 73, and the Editor's note on Dr, Hayter, who was advanced on Lord Talbot's interest. Dr. Yonge obtained the mitre of Norwich through the Duke of Newcastle. Dr. James Yorke was translated in 1774 from the deanery of Lincoln to the bishoprick of St. David's, and in 1779 to Ely. It was this advancement of Hayter to London that so much annoyed and disappointed Warburton. See Gray's Works, vol. iv. p. 49, ed. Ald.

Ben'et, to Lincoln; James Yorke succeeds to his deanery.

As to the Queen,* why you have all seen her. What need I tell you that she is thin, and not tall, fine, clear, light brown hair (not very light neither), very white teeth, mouth ——, nose straight and well-formed, turned up a little at the end, and nostril rather wide; complexion little inclining to yellow, but little colour; dark and not large eyes, hand and arm not perfect, very genteel motions, great spirits, and much conversation. She speaks French very currently. This is all I know, but do not cite me for it.

Mason is come, but I have not seen him; he walks at the Coronation. I shall see the show, but whether in the Hall, or only the Procession, I do not know yet. It is believed places will be cheap. Adieu.

* See description of the Queen's person in Walpole's Letters, Sept. 9, vol. iv. p. 169; Memoirs of George III. vol. i. p. 71.

LETTER LXVIII.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, Aston, July 20th, 1761.

The old man was really dying when I wrote to you from Stilton; but, in spite of all his old complaints, in spite of an added fever and fistula, he still holds out, has had strength to undergo two operations, and is in hopes of a perfect recovery. However, if he ever does die, I am now sure of succeeding him, and I find the object of much more importance than I at first thought, for, one year with another, by fines, &c., the preferment is good 230*l.* per annum.

The Coronation, &c. prevents Lady Holdernesse from coming into the North; but I am to meet his lordship at Doncaster the day after to-morrow, and proceed with him to Aske and Hornby.* He will stay in the country only three weeks, and I shall follow him to town

* Hornby Castle, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, situated north-west of Ripon. It was an ancient seat of the Conyers family; from whom it descended to the Darcies, and from them to the Osbornes. The late Duke of Leeds lived more at Hornby than at any other seat of his. It must not be confounded with *another Hornby Castle*, at no great distance from it, in Lancashire.

three weeks after, as my waiting falls in the Coronation month.' I wish you would write me an epithalamic sermon. It could not fail but get me a mitre, next in goodness to Squire's.

This letter is merely to tell you my motions, and so beg you will write to me, under his lordship's cover, to Aske,* near Richmond. I was at Chatsworth last week, and had the pleasure to find Lord John† perfectly recovered. My love to Mr. Brown.

Believe me, dear Mr. Gray,
Most cordially yours,
W. MASON.

* Aske, in Richmondshire, now the seat of the Earl of Zetland: it is a hamlet in the parish of Easby. It was the seat of Sir Conyers Darcy, K.B., who died there in Dec. 1758. Sir Conyers was Lord-Lieutenant of the North Riding, and in Parliament for Richmond and for Yorkshire; beside holding offices about the Court. He was guardian to the last Earl of Holdernesse during his long minority, when he resided much at Aske, and was in the house at Aston when the great fire occurred in a night devoted to Christmas festivities. Sir Conyers had no children, and Aske would pass to the Earl his nephew, and was probably sold by the Darcies or Osbornes to the Dundas family.

† Lord John Cavendish: see Lord Mahon's Hist. iii. 287, and v. 90.

LETTER LXIX.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.*

DEAR MASON, August, 1761.

Be assured your York canon never will die,† so the better the thing is in value the worse for you. The true way to immortality is to get you nominated one's successor. Age and diseases vanish at your name, fevers turn to radical heat, and fistulas to issues. It is a judgment that waits on your insatiable avarice. You ould not let the poor old man die at his ease when he was about it; and all his family, I suppose, are cursing you for it.

I should think your motions, if you are not perverse, might be so contrived as to bring you hither for a week or two in your way to the Coronation, and then we may go together to town, where I must be early in September. Do, and then I will help you to write a * * * sermon on this happy occasion. Our friend Jeremy Bickham‡ is going off to a living (better

* Compare with this Letter the one printed by Mason, No. cvii., vol. iii. p. 286, ed. Ald.

† Mason MS.

‡ Jeremy Bickham, Fellow of Emanuel College, B.A. 1740, M.A. 1744, B.D. 1751; mentioned in a previous note.

than 400*l.* a-year) somewhere in the neighbourhood of Mr. Hurd; and his old flame, that he has nursed so many years, goes with him. I tell you this to make you pine.

I wrote to Lord John on his recovery, and he answers me very cheerfully, as if his illness had been but slight, and the pleurisy were no more than a hole in one's stocking. He got it, he says, not by scampering, and racketing, and heating his blood, as I had supposed, but by going with ladies to Vauxhall. He is the picture (and pray so tell him if you see him) of an old alderman that I knew, who, after living forty years on the fat of the land (not milk and honey, but arrack-punch and venison), and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last that he owed it to two grapes which he eat one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his stomach the minute they were down.

Mr. Montagu (as I guess at your instigation) has earnestly desired me to write some lines to be put on a monument, which he means to erect at Belleisle.* It is a task I do not love, knowing Sir W. Williams so slightly as I did;

* See Grenville Papers, i. 364; Walpole's George III. pp. 57, 135; vol. ii. pp. 13, 223; Belsham's Hist. v. p. 29 (7 June, 1761); Adolphus's Hist. i. p. 32.

but he is so friendly a person, and his affliction seemed to me so real, that I could not refuse him. I have sent him the following verses, which I neither like myself, nor will he, I doubt: however, I have showed him that I wished to oblige him. Tell me your real opinion:—

Here foremost in the dang'rous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
His mind each muse, each grace adorn'd his frame,
Nor envy dared to view him with a frown.
At Aix uncall'd his maiden sword he drew,
There first in blood his infant glory seal'd;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,
And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.
With eyes of flame and cool intrepid breast,
Victor he stood on Belleisle's rocky steeps;
Ah gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
Where melancholy friendship bends and weeps.*

Three words below to say who set up the monument.

* For this epitaph, see Gray's Works, ed. Ald. vol. i. p. 93, with a few variations: as ver. 5, "At Aix his *voluntary sword* he drew;" ver. 6, "infant *honour*;" ver. 9, "cool *undaunted* breast." See Walpole's Misc. Letters, vol. iv. p. 140; Mem. of George III. vol. i. p. 57. "There fell Sir W. Williams, a gallant and ambitious young man, who had devoted himself to war and politics." Also George II. vol. iii. p 231-233; Selwyn Correspondence, vol. i. p. 305. Walpole writes to G. Mostyn, "You know Sir W. Williams has made Fred. Montagu heir to his debts." p. 144.

LETTER LXX.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, London, Sept. 24, 1761.

I set out at half an hour past four in the morning for the Coronation,* and (in the midst of perils and dangers) arrived very safe at my Lord Chamberlain's box in Westminster Hall. It was on the left hand of the throne, over that appropriated to the foreign ministers. Opposite to us was the box of the Earl Marshal and other great officers; and below it that of the princess and younger part of the royal family.

* Compare Walpole's account of the Coronation in his Letters to Horace Mann, vol. i. pp. 41-44, and Misc. Letters, iv. 171; Adolphus's History, vol. i. p. 35; also Walpole's George III. vol. i. p. 73; Letters to Conway, XLIV. XLV. The following description of the Queen was written by a lady of high rank in Germany to one in England, 27 July, 1761, and is among the MSS. of the British Museum:—"Voulez vous le portrait de votre future reine tel qu'il m'a eté faite par une amie actuellement a Strelitz avec elle? Cette princesse est de menue taille, plutot grande que petite. La taille fine, la demarche aisée, la gorge jolie, les mains aussi, le visage rond, les yeux bleux et douce, la *bouche grande* mais bien bordée, d'un fort bel incarnat, et les plus belles dents du monde, que l'ouvrit toutes des qu'elle parle ou rit, extremement blanche, dansant tres bien, l'air extremement gracieux et accueillant, un grand air de jeunesse, et, sans flatterie, elle peut passer pour une très jolie personne. Son caractère est excellent, doux, bon, compatissant, sans la moindre fierté."

Next them was the royal sideboard. Then below the steps of the *haut pas* were the tables of the nobility, on each side quite to the door; behind them boxes for the sideboards; over these other galleries for the peers' tickets; and still higher the boxes of the Auditor, the Board of Green Cloth, &c. All these thronged with people head above head, all dressed; and the women with their jewels on. In front of the throne was a *triomphe* of foliage and flowers resembling nature, placed on the royal table, and rising as high as the canopy itself. The several bodies that were to form the procession issued from behind the throne gradually and in order, and, proceeding down the steps, were ranged on either side of hall. All the privy councillors that are commoners (I think) were there, except Mr. Pitt, mightily dressed in rich stuffs of gold and colours, with long flowing wigs, some of them comical figures enough. The Knights of the Bath, with their high plumage, were very ornamental. Of the Scotch peers or peeresses that you see in the list very few walked, and of the English dowagers as few, though many of them were in town, and among the spectators. The noblest and most graceful figures among the ladies were the Marchioness of Kildare (as Viscountess Lein-

ster), Viscountess Spencer, Countesses of Harrington, Pembroke, and Strafford, and the Duchess of Richmond. Of the older sort (for there is a grace that belongs to age too), the Countess of Westmoreland, Countess of Albemarle, and Duchess of Queensberry. I should mention too the odd and extraordinary appearances. They were the Viscountess Say and Sele, Countesses of Portsmouth and another that I do not name, because she is said to be an extraordinary good woman, Countess of Harcourt, and Duchess of St. Alban's. Of the men doubtless the noblest and most striking figure was the Earl of Errol, and after him the Dukes of Ancaster, Richmond, Marlborough, Kingston, Earl of Northampton, Pomfret, Viscount Weymouth, &c. The men were—the Earl Talbot (most in sight of anybody), Earls of Delaware and Macclesfield, Lords Montford and Melcombe; all these I beheld at great leisure. Then the princess and royal family entered their box. The Queen and then the King took their places in their chairs of state, glittering with jewels, for the hire of which, beside all his own, he paid 9,000*l.*; and the dean and chapter (who had been waiting without doors a full hour and half) brought up the regalia, which the Duke of Ancaster received

and placed on the table. Here ensued great confusion in the delivering them out to the lords who were appointed to bear them; the heralds were stupid; the great officers knew nothing of what they were doing. The Bishop of Rochester*

* Zachary Pearce, translated from Bangor. He resigned the deanery of Westminster in 1788, and wanted to resign his bishopric, but was not permitted by law. He was a very good scholar, as his editions of Cicero and Longinus show; a learned divine, and an excellent man, of a modest and unambitious temper. In 1739 he was appointed to the deanery of Westminster by Sir Robert Walpole, at the request of Lord Hardwicke. In 1747 he accepted the offer of the bishopric of Bangor with reluctance, though he promised "to do it with a good grace." In 1768 he consulted Lord Mansfield and Lord Northampton on the legality of resigning his dignities. On the objections raised to his relinquishing the see of Rochester, see Lord Dover's note in Walpole's Misc. Corresp. iv. 49, who says, "The bishopric, *as a peerage*, is inalienable;" but Walpole, in another letter, says, "The Bishops are eager against Dr. Pearce's divorce from his see, not as illegal, but improper, and of bad example, have determined the King, who left it to them, not to consent to it." p. 403. Lord Bath offered his interest to get him translated to London, which he declined. See Life of Lord Hardwicke, iii. p. 351. See Warburton's Works, vol. xi. p. 355; and Welsby's Lives of Eminent Judges p. 237, for Dr. Pearce's rise; and his dedication of Cicero de Oratore to Lord Macclesfield. Dr. Johnson wrote the celebrated dedication to Pearce's learned Commentary on the Gospels, published in 1777, in 2 vols. 4to. by his chaplain and executor, Rev. J. Derby.

would have dropped the crown if it had not been pinned to the cushion, and the king was often obliged to call out, and set matters right; but the sword of state had been entirely forgot, so Lord Huntingdon was forced to carry the lord mayor's great two-handed sword instead of it. This made it later than ordinary before they got under their canopies and set forward. I should have told you that the old Bishop of Lincoln,* with his stick, went doddling by the side of the Queen, and the Bishop of Chester had the pleasure of bearing the gold paten. When they were gone, we went down to dinner, for there were three rooms below, where the Duke of Devonshire was so good as to feed us with great cold sirloins of beef, legs of mutton, fillets of veal, and other substantial viands and liquors, which we devoured all higgledy-piggledy, like porters; after which every one scrambled up again, and seated themselves. The tables were now spread, the cold viands eat, and on the king's table and sideboard a great show of gold plate, and a dessert representing Parnassus, with abundance of figures of Muses, Arts, &c., designed by Lord Talbot. This was so high that those at the end of the

* Dr. John Thomas, who was this year translated to Salisbury, and died 1776; succeeded at Lincoln by John Greene.

hall could see neither king nor queen at supper. When they returned it was so dark that the people without doors scarce saw anything of the procession, and as the hall had then no other light than two long ranges of candles at each of the peers' tables, we saw almost as little as they, only one perceived the lords and ladies sidling in and taking their places to dine; but the instant the queen's canopy entered, fire was given to all the lustres at once by trains of prepared flax, that reached from one to the other. To me it seemed an interval of not half a minute before the whole was in a blaze of splendour. It is true that for that half minute it rained fire upon the heads of all the spectators (the flax falling in large flakes); and the ladies, Queen and all, were in no small terror, but no mischief ensued. It was out as soon as it fell, and the most magnificent spectacle I ever beheld remained. The King (bowing to the lords as he passed) with his crown on his head, and the sceptre and orb in his hands, took his place with great majesty and grace. So did the Queen, with her crown, sceptre, and rod. Then supper was served in gold plate. The Earl Talbot, Duke of Bedford, and Earl of Effingham,* in their robes, all three on horse-

* Thomas Harcourt, succeeded 1743; born 1719, died

back, prancing and curveting* like the hobby-horses in the Rehearsal, ushered in the courses to the foot of the haut-pas. Between the courses the Champion performed his part with applause. The Earl of Denbigh† carved for the King, the Earl of Holdernesse for the Queen. They both eat like farmers. At the board's end, on the right, supped the Dukes of York and Cumberland; on the left Lady Augusta; all of them very rich in jewels. The maple cups, the

1763; he was Deputy Earl Marshal and Lieutenant-General. "A man of considerable talent, but much eccentricity of deportment." See account of him in Rockingham Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 406.

* It was "this prancing and curveting" that led to the duel between his Lordship and Wilkes. See a good account of it in the note to Walpole's Misc. Corr. iv. p. 311, signed C. Elizabeth Pitt, sister of Lord Chatham, it is said, lived openly with him as his mistress!! See Rockingham Memoirs, vol. i. p. 272.

† Basil Fielding, sixth Earl, succeeded 1755, died 1800. He was a Lord of the Bedchamber, and Colonel of the Warwickshire Militia. See account of him in Rockingham Memoirs, vol. i. p. 261.; and Walpole's George the Third, iv. 229. He married Mary, daughter of Sir John Bruce Cotton, who was a co-heiress. Lord Gower asked him how long the *honeymoon* would last? he answered, "Don't tell me of *honeymoon*, it is *harvest-moon* with me." He had lived abroad nine years with Lord Bolingbroke, and appeared in the Rolliad as helping to throw out Fox's India Bill.

wafers, the faulcons, &c. were brought up and presented in form; three persons were knighted; and before ten the King and Queen retired. Then I got a scrap of supper, and at one o'clock I walked home. So much for the spectacle, which in magnificence surpassed every thing I have seen. Next I must tell you that the Barons of the Cinque Ports, who by ancient right should dine at a table on the haut-pas, at the right hand of the throne, found that no provision at all had been made for them, and, representing their case to Earl Talbot, he told them, "Gentlemen, if you speak to me as High Steward, I must tell you there was no room for you; if as Lord Talbot, I am ready to give you satisfaction in any way you think fit." They are several of them gentlemen of the best families; so this has bred ill blood. In the next place, the City of London found they had no table neither; but Beckford* bullied

* The well-known Alderman Beckford, Member for the City, and twice Mayor of London, father of a more illustrious son. He died during his mayoralty in 1770. "Alderman Beckford stood up for the immemorial privileges of his order to fare sumptuously, and intimated to the Lord Steward that it was hard if the citizens should have no dinner when they must give the King one, which would cost them ten thousand pounds; the menace prevailed, and the municipal board was at last desirably furnished." See Rockingham Memoirs, i. p. 279.

my Lord High-Steward till he was forced to give them that intended for the Knights of the Bath, and instead of it they dined at the entertainment prepared for the great officers. Thirdly. Bussy was not at the ceremony.* He is just setting out for France. Spain has supplied them with money, and is picking a quarrel with us about the fishery and the log-wood.† Mr. Pitt says so much the better, and was for recalling Lord Bristol directly;‡ however, a flat denial has been *returned* to their pretensions. When you have read this send it to Pa.

* "*Bussy* is personally indisposed to this country. This I have long thought, and I am now convinced of it." Jenkinson to Mr. Grenville, i. 367, June 16, 1761. Bussy went to Court (Aug. 1761); he appeared as a stranger. Ibid. p. 373.

† "The *fisheries* are to be left to France, but not Cape Breton." Ibid. pp. 372, 379, 387.

‡ "It is humbly submitted to his Majesty's wisdom that orders be forthwith sent to the *Earl of Bristol* to deliver a declaration signed by his Excellency, and to *return immediately to England without taking leave;*" the celebrated advice in writing given to the King, previous to the resignation of Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple. See Grenville Papers, i. p. 386. See high praise of him in Rockingham Memoirs, vol. i. p. 56. Lord Bristol died in 1775.

LETTER LXXI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, London, Oct. ... 1761.

Perhaps you have not yet hanged yourself; when you do (as doubtless you must be thinking of it), be so good as to give me a day or two's notice that I may be a little prepared. Yet who knows, possibly your education at St. John's, in conjunction with the Bishop of Gloucester,* may suggest to you that the naked Indian that found Pitt's diamond† made no bad bargain when he sold it for three oyster-shells and a pompon of glass beads to stick in his wife's hair; if so, you may live and read on..

Last week I had an application from a broken tradesman (whose wife I knew) to desire my

* William Warburton.

† Allusion to Pope's lines,—

> Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
> An honest factor stole a gem away.
>
> Moral Essays, Epist. iii.

Mad. de Genlis, in her "Abrégé de l'Histoire de la Regence," says, "Le diamant le plus gros et le plus parfait de l'Europe on le nomme '*le Regent*,' et quelquefois '*le Pitt*,' du nom de vendeur, *Secretaire d'Etat en Angleterre*. On en demandoit quatre millions, mais on le donna pour deux. Il pese six cent grains. *Pitt* l'avoit acquis d'un ouvrier des mines du Mogul;"—with as many mistakes as words.

interest with the Duke of Newcastle for a tide-waiter's place; and he adds, "Sir, your speedy compliance with this will greatly oblige all our family." This morning before I was up, Dr. Morton, of the Museum,* called here and left the inclosed note. He is a mighty civil man; for the rest you know him full as well as I do; and I insist that you return me a civil answer. I do not insist that you should get him the mastership; on the contrary, I desire (as any body would in such a case) that you will get it for yourself; as I intend, when I hear it is vacant, to have the tide-waiter's place, if I miss of the Privy Seal and Cofferership.

Yours, T. G.

LETTER LXXII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Nov. Sat. 1761.

Your letter has rejoiced me, as you will easily believe, and agreeably disappointed me.

* Dr. Charles Morton, of the British Museum, is mentioned by Lord Chesterfield in his Letters, vol. i. p. 38. He was Keeper of the MSS. and Medals, and, after the death of Dr. Maty, principal librarian. He died Feb. 10, 1799. See Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. i. p 619.

I congratulate you in the first place; and am very glad to see the college have had the spirit and the sense to do a thing so much to their own credit, and to do it in a handsome manner. My best service to Mr. Lyon;* and tell him it will be a great disobligation if my lady takes him away to pass the Christmas with her, just when I am proposing to visit him in his new capacity. I hope to be with you in about a week, but will write again before I come. Do persuade Mr. Delaval to stay; tell him I will say anything he pleases of . . . . .

Have you read the negociations? I speak not to Mr. Delaval, but to you. The French have certainly done Mr. Pitt service in publishing them. The spirit and contempt he has shown in his treatment of Bussy's proposals,† whether right or wrong, will go near to restore him to his popularity, and almost make up for

* Thomas Lyon, Fellow of Pembroke College 1761, third son of Thomas Lord Strathmore; admitted Fellow Commoner 1756, elected Fellow November 1761, and vacated his Fellowship in 1767; his *new capacity* must mean as *Fellow*. James Philip Lyon, the second son of Lord Strathmore, was admitted Fellow Commoner in 1756, the same year as Gray.

† See Adolphus's History, vol. i. p. 39-41; Walpole's Misc. Letters, i. p. 250; Walpole's History of George III. vol. i. pp. 58, 133; Grenville Papers, vol. i. p. 379; ii. p. 220. In the Rockingham Papers, i p. 22, his character is sketched.

the disgrace of the pension.* My Lord Temple is outrageous; he makes no scruple of declaring that the Duke of N.† and Lord Bute were the persons whose frequent opposition in council were the principal cause of this resignation. He has (as far as he could) disinherited his brother G. Grenville,‡ that is of about 4000*l.*

* The title and pension given to Mr. Pitt which occasioned so much animadversion, and is supposed to have deprived the great Commoner, for a short time, of much of his popularity. See on this subject the Grenville Papers, vol. i. p. 418; ii. p. 519; when, in a conversation with the Duke of York, Mr. Grenville said on the subject of this pension, "he thought it the highest and most honourable testimony which the King could bestow, or a subject receive, at the moment of quitting the King's service, upon differing with his whole administration." See also Life of Lord Hardwicke by Mr. Harris on this subject, vol. iii. p. 256. It appears that Lord Chatham would not have his pension on the *Civil List*, but it was placed on a duty of 4½ per cent. See also on this interesting subject Walpole's George III. vol. i. pp. 82, 86 note; Adolphus's History, vol. i. p. 47; Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 146-153 and 158, for the explanatory Letter written by Lord Chatham to the Lord Mayor. See Walpole's Misc. Corr. iv. 131.

† Newcastle. See Grenville Papers, vol. i. p. 388, and vol. ii. p. 402.

‡ See Grenville Papers, vol. ii. pp. 404, 408, on Lord Temple's gift of 5000*l.* to his brother George Grenville's sons; and see for a judicious survey of Lord Temple's character Quarterly Review, No. clxxx. p. 576, art. ix.

a-year, his father's estate; and yesterday he made a very strange speech in the House that surprised every body. The particulars I cannot yet hear with certainty; but the Duke of Bedford replied to it. Did you observe a very bold letter in the Gazette of Thursday last about Carr Earl of Somerset?* How do you like the King's speech?† It is Lord Hardwicke's. How do you like Hogarth's perriwigs? I suppose you have discovered the last face‡ in the

* This allusion is, of course, to the growing favour of Lord *Bute*. At this time great irritation was felt at the resignation of Mr. Pitt and the increasing favouritism and influence of Lord Bute, and very *strong* letters were written in the papers; but I have not found the letter to which Gray alludes. The London Gazette was only an official paper. In Lloyd's Evening Post of that period and month are several letters on the subject: to what particular paper Gray alluded it seems difficult to say. There were, besides the two papers mentioned above, "Reed's Weekly Journal" and the London Chronicle, which may be found in the Catalogue of the British Museum. Two Letters to the Earl of Bute are advertised this month, Nov. 1761, in Lloyd's paper.

† Belsham says, "The Session was opened by a well-composed speech from the throne," vol. i. p. 58; and Adolphus, Hist. i. p. 14; and the note on that part said to have been written by the King's own hand. See Grenville Papers, vol. i. p. 416. (Earl of Bute to Mr. Grenville.)

‡ Gray alludes to QUEEN Charlotte. She is without a coronet, the last in rank, and the first on the left hand of the picture.

rank of peeresses to be a very great personage; extremely like, though you never saw her. Good night.

I am ever yours, T. G.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Pemb. Hall, Decr. 8, 1761.

Of all loves come to Cambridge out of hand, for here is Mr. Delaval and a charming set of glasses that sing like nightingales;* and we have concerts every other night, and shall stay here this month or two; and a vast deal of good company, and a whale in pickle just come from Ipswich; and the man will not die, and Mr. Wood is gone to Chatsworth; and there is nobody but you and Tom and the curled dog;

* See Walpole's Misc. Letters, vol. ii. p. 111. "Gluck, a German. He is to have a benefit, at which he is to play on a set of drinking-glasses, which he modulates with water. I think I have heard you speak of having seen some such thing." They were much in fashion about this time. In the St James's Chronicle, Dec. 3rd, 1761, is an advertisement: "At Mr. Sheridan's lecture on Elocution, Miss Lloyd succeeds Miss Ford in performing on the *musical glasses for the amusement of genteel company.*"

and do not talk of the charge, for we will make a subscription; besides, we know you always come when you have a mind. T. G.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Cambridge, Jan. 11, 1762.

It is a mercy that old men are mortal, and that dignified clergymen know how to keep their word. I heartily rejoice with you in your establishment, and with myself that I have lived to see it—to see your insatiable mouth stopped, and your anxious perriwig at rest and slumbering in a stall. The Bishop of London,* you see, is dead; there is a fine opening. Is there nothing farther to tempt you? Feel your own pulse, and answer me seriously. It rains precentorships; you have only to hold up your skirt and catch them.

* Thomas Hayter succeeded Bishop Sherlock, translated from Norwich 1761; died the following year; succeeded by Thomas Osbaldeston, 1762. See Grenville Papers, ii. p. 384. "The great point now in town is, whether Thomas of Lincoln, or Hayter of Norwich, is to be Bishop of London"—Lord Egremont to Mr. Grenville.

I long to embrace you in your way to court. I am still here, so are the Glasses and their master. The first still delight me; I wish I could say as much for the second. Come, however, and see us, such as we are. Mr. Brown is overjoyed at the news, yet he is not at all well. I am (which is no wonder, being undignified and much at leisure,) entirely yours,

T. G.

LETTER LXXV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR DOCTOR, Cambridge, March 17, 1762.

I send your reverence the lesson, which is pure good-nature on my part, knowing already, as I do, that you do not like it. No sooner do people feel their income increase than they want amusement. Why, what need have you of any other than to sit like a Japanese divinity with your hands folded on your fat belly, wrapped and, as it were, annihilated in the contemplation of your own *copuses* and revenues? The pentagrapher is gone to town, so you have nothing to do but to go and multiply in your own vulgar way; only don't fall to work and forget to say grace.

The laureate has honoured me (as a friend of yours, for I know no other reason,) with his new play and his Charge to the Poets:* the first very middling; the second I am pleased with, chiefly with the sense, and sometimes with the verse and expression; and yet the best thing he ever wrote was that Elegy against Friendship you once showed me, where the sense was detestable;† so that you see it is not at all necessary a poet should be a good sort of man—no, not even in his writings.

* The new play of Mr. Whitehead was "The School for Lovers," acted at Drury Lane 1762. His poem was "Address to youthful Poets, a poetic Charge." "This," says Mr. Coleridge, "is perhaps the best and certainly the most interesting of his works." See Biograph. Lit. i. p. 222. This Charge brought on him the vindictive resentment of *Churchill*, who attacked the Laureate with a very reprehensible severity. See Anderson's Life of Whitehead, p. 897, and Mason's Life of Whitehead, p. 106. The portrait of Whitehead, from which the print before his works is taken, has been kindly presented to me from Aston.

† See Whitehead's Works, vol. ii. p. 129. On the subject of this poem, see a passage in Life of Whitehead, by Mason, p. 40, in which it appears that *Gray* gave very high commendation to it in point of poetry, but much disapproved the general sentiment it conveyed; saying that it ought to be entitled "a Satire on Friendship," and much more to the same purpose, &c. Mason suspects that the loss of Mr. Charles Townshend's friendship led Whitehead to write this poem.

Bob Lloyd has published his works in a just quarto volume, containing, among other things, a Latin translation of my Elegy; an epistle, in which is a very serious compliment to me by name,* particularly on my Pindaric accomplishments; and the very two odes you saw before, in which we were abused, and a note to say they were written in concert with his friend Mr. Colman;* so little value have poets for themselves, especially when they would make

* Anderson says that Lloyd collected his poems in a 4to. volume, 1762, for which he obtained a very liberal subscription. They were reprinted in 2 vols. 8vo. 1774, with an account of his life by Dr. Kenrick. His praise of Gray occurs in his Epistle to Churchill:—

"What muse like Gray's shall pleasing, pensive, flow,
Attempered sweetly to the rustic woe;
Or who like him shall sweep the Theban lyre,
And, as his master, pour forth thoughts of fire?"

The Latin translation by him of Gray's Elegy is not to be praised for propriety or elegance of classical expression, in which Vincent Bourne stands unrivalled; but that this poem was not a good subject to select, has been proved by the unsuccessful attempts of others to transfer its beauties into the ancient languages. How are these lines to be translated into the words of those who had neither long-drawn aisles nor pealing anthems?

"When through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise."

up a just volume. Mr. Delap is here, and has brought his cub to Trinity. He has picked up again purely since his misfortune, and is fat and well, all but a few bowels. He says Mrs. Pritchard spoilt his Hecuba* with sobbing so much, and that she was really so moved that she fell in fits behind the scenes. I much like Dr. Lowth's Grammar;† it is concise, clear, and elegant. He has selected his solecisms from all the best writers of our tongue. I hear Mr. Hurd is seriously writing against Fingal, by the instigation of the devil and the bishop.‡ Can it be true? I have exhausted all my literary news, and I have no other. Adieu.

I am truly yours,

T. G.

Mr. Brown has got a cap, and hopes for a suitable hood. You must write a line to tell him how to send them. I go to town on Monday, but direct to me here.

* The Hecuba of Dr. Delap was acted in 1762, and met with very indifferent success. Baker, in his Biog. Dramatica, professes entire ignorance of the author, except his name.

† The first edition of Bishop Lowth's Grammar was in 1762. See on its merits, Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley, vol. ii. p. 90, and Mitford's Harmony of Language, p. 377.

‡ Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester.

LETTER LXXVI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Monday, Pemb. Hall, 1762.

If you still are residing and precenting at York, I feel a great propensity to visit you there in my way northwards. Do not be frightened; for I do not mean to be invited to your house. I can bring many reasons against it, but will content myself with referring you to Mr. Whitehead's Satire on Friendship, the sentiment of which you thought as natural as I did the verses. I therefore desire of you to procure me a lodging by the week (the cheaper the better), where there is a parlour, and bedchamber, and some closet (or other place near it) for a servant's bed. Perhaps I may stay a fortnight, and should like, when I have a mind, to have any little thing dressed at home; probably I may arrive next week, but you shall have exacter notice of my motions when they are settled.

Dr. Delap (your friend) is here, and we celebrate very cordially your good qualities in spite of all your bad ones. We are rather sorry that you, who have so just a sense of the dignity of your function, should write letters of wit and

humour to Lord D.* and his sweet daughter in the Royal (I think it is) or Lady's Magazine; but you are very rightly served for your vivacity and reflection upon poor K. Hunter.† Adieu.

I am truly yours,

T. G.

Pray write a line directly to say if you are at York.

* There is no Lady's Magazine of that date in the British Museum. There is the "*Royal or Gentleman's Magazine:*" through the volumes of 1761 and 1762 I have looked, but no letters to Lord D. and his daughter appear in them.

† See Walpole's Misc. Corr. iv. 211-214. "In all your reading, true or false, have you heard of a young Earl, married to the most beautiful woman in the world, Lord of the Bedchamber, a general officer, and with a great estate, quitting everything,—his young wife, world, property, for life, in a pacquet-boat with a *Miss!* I fear your connexion will but too readily lead you to the name of the peer; it's Henry Earl of Pembroke, the nymph Kitty Hunter. The town and Lady Pembroke were first witnesses to the intrigue, last Wednesday, at a great ball given at Lord Middleton's; on Thursday they decamped." The peer was Henry, tenth Earl of Pembroke, who married in March, 1756, Lady Elizabeth Spencer, second daughter of the third Duke of Marlborough. They lived for some time separated, but he afterwards *ran away with her!!* They were reconciled and lived together. See Walpole to G. Montagnie, March 29, 1763, for some additional anecdotes on this subject.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Old Park, July 19, 1762.

After my fortnight's residence at York, I am arrived here. The Precentor is very hopefully improved in dignity; his scarf sets the fullest about his ears; his surplice has the most the air of lawn-sleeves you can imagine in so short a time; he begins to complain of qualms and indigestions from repose and repletion: in short *il tranche du Prelat.** We went twice a-day to church with our vergers and all our pomp. Here the scene is totally altered: we breakfast at six in the morning, and go to bed at ten. The house rings all day with carpenters and upholsterers, and without doors we swarm with labourers and builders. The books are not yet unpacked, and there is but one pen

* Mason was a Residentiary of York Cathedral, Precentor, Prebendary of Duffield, and Rector of Aston. "Mason," Gray writes to Dr. Wharton, "is Residentiary of York, which is worth near 200*l.* a-year. He owes it to our friend, Fr. Montagu, who is brother-in-law to Dean Fontayne. The precentorship, worth as much more, being vacant at the same time, Lord Holdernesse has obtained that for him. He may now, I think, wait for the exit with patience, and shut his insatiable repining mouth." See Works, iii. p. 263. Mason

and ink in the house. Jetty and Fadge (two favourite sows) are always coming into the entry, and there is a concert of poultry under every window: we take in no newspaper or magazine, but the cream and butter is beyond compare. You are wished for every day, and you may imagine how acceptable a correspondent you must be. Pray write soon, and believe me ever sincerely yours,

T. G.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Cambridge, Dec. 21, 1762.

As to my pardon, for which you supplicate, you know too well how easily it is obtained without any reason at all; but now I have a very good one, as I have read the third book of the Ghost,* where Churchill has so mumbled

much disliked his residences at York. It was there that he became acquainted with Sterne, who held some preferment in the cathedral.

* See Walpole's Memoirs of George III. vol. iii. p. 149. The editor says, "Churchill mentions the Ghost, only as a peg to hang the satire upon. It has much vigour; but a *key* is wanted, and probably no one can supply one to the allusions, or even the regularly drawn characters of the greater part. Johnson,

Mr. Whitehead, to whom you owe all your principles (see the unpublished elegy de Amicitia), that it would be base in me to demand any farther satisfaction. This only I shall add, that I would rather steal the Laureate's verses than his sentiments.

I am sorry for the disageeable event you mention, which I learnt by mere accident from Mr. Curtall in a coffee-house. I do not doubt

Warburton, Mansfield, and one or two more, appear in it." Mason, in his Life of Whitehead, alludes to these attacks, and particularly to the Ghost (p. 109); and he found among Whitehead's papers some unprinted fragments of a *counter-scuffle* which the Laureate was preparing, beginning—

" So from his common place, when Churchill strings
Into some motley form his *damned* good things," &c.

It was Wilkes's design to give an edition of Churchill's Poems, in which much interesting information would have been afforded, and much obscurity removed. Lloyd allows that in this poem Churchill threw his dirt about with more than his usual abandonment.

" Whose muse, now queen, and now a slattern,
Tricked out in Rosciad, rules the roast,
Turns trapes and trollop in the Ghost."

It is unfortunate for our present purpose that Gray's manuscript notes on Churchill's poems which I possess, and which are copious on the Rosciad and some other of Churchill's poems, are entirely wanting in the *Ghost;* for in Gray's copy of Churchill's Poems, collected as they appeared, and bound up by him in one volume, the *Ghost* is omitted.

it must have taken up a good deal of your thoughts and time, and should wish to know whether there are any hopes of the poor fellow's recovery.

We have received your poetical packet and delivered them to the several parties. The sentiments we do not remark, as we can find nothing within ourselves congenial to them: for the expression, we hint (but in a low, timid voice) that there is a want of strength and spirit; in short, they are nothing like the choruses in Elfrida, only the lines that relate to Lady C——'s beauty have made a deep impression upon us; we get them by heart and apply them to our sempstresses and bed-makers. This is (I think) the sum and substance of our reflections here; only Mrs. Rutherford observes that there is great delicacy and tenderness in the manner of treating so frail a character* as that of Lady C——, and that you have found a way to reconcile contempt

* Probably the stanza—

"Each look, each motion, worked a new-born grace,
That o'er her form its transient glory cast," &c.

The praises of Lady Coventry's beauty in Walpole's and Selwyn's Letters are too well known to be repeated here. I will therefore give an account by the Duchess of Somerset, which has not been quoted. "I saw Lady Coventry there, who certainly is very handsome, but appears rather too tall

and compassion: these might not be her words, but this was the sense of them; I don't believe she had it from the doctor.

I rejoice (in a weakly way you may be sure, as I have not seen him some years, and am in so different a way of life), but I rejoice to hear of any accession to Mr. Hurd's fortune,* as I do not believe he will be anything the worse for it. Forrester (whom I perceive you can still remember) is removed from Easton† to a better living by his patron Lord Maynard, on purpose to get rid of him; for Easton is his own parish, and he was sick to death of his company. He is now seated just by his brother Pulter,‡ and they are mortal foes.

to be genteel, and her face rather smaller than one could wish, considering the height it is placed, and her dress appeared more in the style of an opera-dancer than an English lady of quality. Lady Di. Egerton and Mrs. Selwyn, granddaughter to Miss Townshend, appeared either of them fully as pretty in my eyes, with the addition of great modesty." The expression "*so frail a character*" alludes to the general rumour at the time, that *Lord Bolingbroke* had been too much in the good graces of the Countess.

* Mr. Hurd had the sinecure Rectory of Folkton, near Bridlington, Yorkshire, given him by the Lord Chancellor (Earl of Northington), on the recommendation of Mr. Allen, of Prior Park, Nov. 2, 1762.

† Near Dunmow, Essex, the seat of Lord Maynard.

‡ His brother, "*Poulter* Forrester."

Mr. Brockett has got old Turner's professorship, and Delaval has lost it.* When we meet I have something to tell you on this subject. I hope to continue here till March; if not, I shall inform you. How does the peace agree with you? Adieu.

I am ever yours.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Aston, Jan. 15th, 1763.

I send you with this a drawing of the ruin you were so much pleased with when you saw it at York.† I take it certainly to have been

* In a manuscript pocket-book of Gray's, at Aston, of the year 1762, I read the following entry:—"Nov. 4. Prof. asked of D. of N. by Lord P. and Sir F. B. D. (*i.e. Sir Francis Blake Delaval*).—Saturday, Nov. 1762. Heard for certain that the professorship is given away, and not to D——l." On Delaval, a Fellow of Pembroke College, see Gray's Works, vol. iii. p. 27; iv. p. 222; and Nicholls' and Gray's Correspondence, p. 76, "Delaval is an honest gentleman." Sir Henry Erskine applied to Lord Bute for Gray; "Next to myself," Gray writes, "I wished for it for him," (Delaval). See Works, iii. p. 301.

† A small Gothic chapel near the north-west end of York Cathedral, with which Mr. Gray was much struck by the beautiful proportion of the windows. See Gray's Works, iii.

the chapel of St. Sepulchre, founded by Archbishop Roger, of which Dugdale has given us the original *charta fundationis;* but, as this opinion seems to contradict the opinion of Torre, and of Drake too, who follows him, it is necessary to produce authentic authority in proof of my assertion. These two learned antiquaries suppose that the chapel in question joined to the minster. Thus Torre: "Roger (Archbishop) having built against the great church a chapel." And Drake: "Roger was buried in the cathedral, near the door of St. Sepulchre's chapel, which he himself had founded."* —Vide Drake's Ebor., p. 478, p. 421. From these accounts we should be led to conclude that this chapel was as much and as close an appendage to the minster as the chapter-house is; but the original records, on which they found this opinion, may I think be construed very differently.

Archbishop Roger himself, in his *charta fundationis,* describes its situation thus:—

p. 303. See cut of it in Drake's and Burton's Histories of York. The history and date of it has, I understand, been a subject of much controversy.

* "The present tomb of Archbishop Roger is even of a later date than *Melton.* I suspect the body to have been removed, and the tomb to have been erected about Henry VIII.'s time." MS. note of Dr. Whitaker.

"capellam quam juxta majorem ecclesiam extruximus." "Juxta" is surely "near" only, not "adjoining;" and this ruin is near enough. In the extract of this archbishop's life, from an ancient MS. which Dugdale also gives us, we find these words, "Condidit etiam Capellam Sancti Sepulchri ad januam ipsius Palatii ex parte boreali juxta eccl'am S. Petri." The ruin in question might very probably be connected with the palace gate by a cloister, of which on one side there are a string of arches remaining; and on the outside of the minster, over the little gate next the tomb, there are also vestiges of the roof of a cloister, which I imagine went aside the palace gateway, and connected the three buildings; vide plan. But between this little gate and the palace gate (which still remains) it is very evident there was no room for anything but a cloister, for I do not think they are twenty yards asunder.

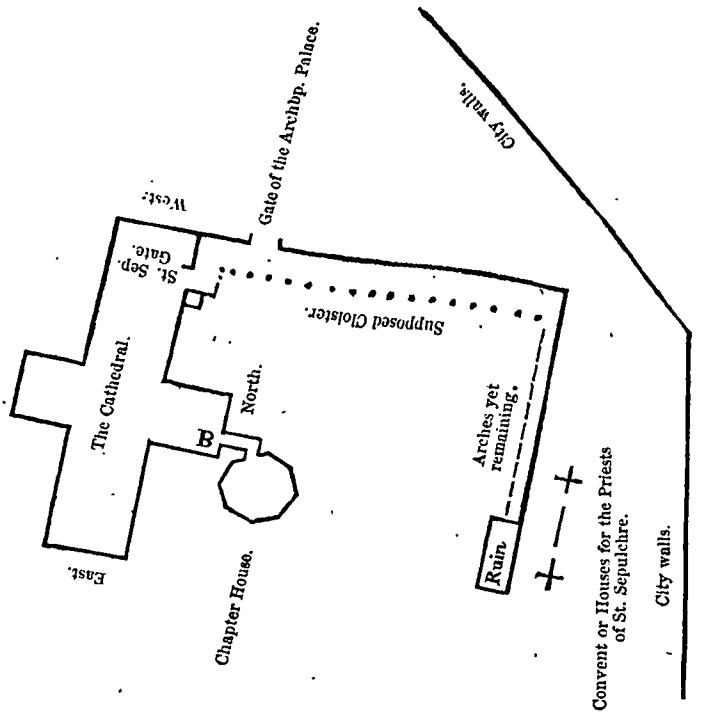
The last and only further account I can find of the situation is from the same Life, where it is said the canons of St. Peter, "graviter murmurabant super situ dictæ capellæ eo quod nimis adhæsit matrici ecclesiæ."

This I think need not be translated literally; the word "nimis" leads one to a metaphorical sense. The priests of St. Sepulchre were too near neighbours to St. Peter's canons, and

were troublesome to them; accordingly we find the archbishop, to quiet matters, ordered that the saint of his chapel should make them a recompense, which is in this extract stated.

To these arguments I would add, that Archbishop Roger's donation was very great (as we find in Drake) to this chapel; and, from the number of persons maintained in its service, I question not but there was a large convent built round it, of which there are plainly the foundations still to be seen; and what puts the matter out of all doubt that this building was separate and entire, though indeed near to the minster, is the following fact, viz. that the tithes of the chapel and chapel itself were sold to one Webster, anno 42 Elizabeth: "Capella vocat. St. Sepulcre's Chapell prope Eccles. Cath. Ebor. cum decimis ejusdem. W. Webster. Ap. 4, anno 4 Eliz."—Rolls. Chap. Thus you see the "juxta" and "prope" are clearly on my side; the "nimis adhæsit" is equivocal. I conclude with a rude draught of the platform according to my idea, but without any mensuration, and merely to explain what has been said. I am with the greatest respect and deference to your sagacity, Yours, &c. &c. &c.

P.S. I ought to mention to you, that in the transept (I think you call it) of the church,



namely, at B, there is at the top over the large pillars, a range of stonework like the windows in the ruin, viz. three pointed arches under a circular one, but of a clumsy proportion. This part I think you said was the oldest in the minster. Johnny Ludlam * found this out.

*. There were two persons well known in literature and science, the Rev. William and the Rev. Thomas Ludlam, both Fellows of St. John's College. William was M.A. 1742, and died 1788; Thomas was M.A. 1752, and died 1811. They were both highly esteemed by Dr. Balguy and Dr. Ogden; and Bishop Hurd was so pleased with the merits of the Essays on

Perhaps it contradicts all I have been saying, and proves the building much older than Archbishop Roger.

LETTER LXXX.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DOCTISSIME DOMINE, Feb. 8, 1763.

Anne tibi arrident complimenta?* If so, I hope your vanity is tickled with the *verghe d'oro* of Count Algarotti, and the intended translation of Signor Agostino Paradisi. For my part I am ravished (for I too have my share), and moreover astonished to find myself the particular friend of a person so celebrated for his *politezza e dottrina* as my cousin Taylor Howe.† Are you upon the road to see all these

Theological Subjects as to contribute to the expense of the publication. My friend Mr. Nichols agrees with me in thinking that one of these brothers was alluded to: the familiar name *Johnny* being given to him from his residence at St. John's College.

* A foreign scholar dining at Pembroke College, when the conversation was carried on in Latin, one of the Fellows addressed him in these words: "Domine, anne tibi arrident herbæ?"—(Sir, do you choose any greens?) MS. Note of Dr. Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne. See Gray's Works, ed. Ald. iii. p. 303.

† William Taylor Howe, Esq. of Standon Place, near Ongar, Essex, an honorary Fellow of Pembroke College, "now on his

wonders, and snuff up the incense of Pisa, or has Mr. Brown abated your ardour by sending you the originals? I am waiting with impatience for you and Mr. Hurd, though (as the Bishop of Gloucester has broke his arm*) I cannot expect him to stay here, whatever you may do.

I am obliged to you for your drawing, and very learned dissertation annexed. You have made out your point with a great degree of probability (for, though the "nimis adhæsit"

travels in Italy, where he made acquaintance with Count Algarotti, and had recommended to him Gray's Poems and Mason's Dramas. After their perusal he received a letter from the Count, written in that style of superlative panegyric peculiar to Italians. The Count also addressed Signor Paradisi, a Tuscan poet, advising him to translate Mason's Dramas, particularly Caractacus."—Mason. Lord Chesterfield says, "Count Algarotti is a young Fontenelle." See his Letters, vol. iv. p. 384. See also Gray's Works, vol. iv. Lett. CXII. CXX. CXXI. CXXIII. CXLIV. on Count Algarotti and his Works. When the Count was in England, I have heard that he lived much with Lord Hervey and Lady Mary W. Montagu. They both wrote commendatory verses on his works.

* Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, broke his arm, 1763, while walking in the garden at Prior Park. See his Letter to Dr. Hurd, p. 340, in Hurd and Warburton's Correspondence; and his Letter to Dr. Stukeley, 6 August, 1763, on the consequences of it, by the Bishop, in Nichols's Lit. Illust. ii. 56. A pleasing *domestic picture* of the Bishop and his wife may be found in the same volume, p. 839, written by Dr. Cuming

might startle one, yet the sale of the tithes and chapel to Webster seems to set all right again), and I do believe the building in question was the chapel of St. Sepulchre; but then that the ruin now standing was the individual chapel, as erected by Archbishop Roger, I can by no means think. I found myself merely on the style and taste of architecture. The vaults under the choir are still in being, and were undoubtedly built by this very archbishop. They are truly Saxon, only that the arches are pointed, though very obtusely. It is the south transept (not the north) that is the oldest part of the minster now above ground. It is said to have been begun by Geoffrey Plantagenet, who died about thirty years after Roger, and left it unfinished. His successor, Walter Grey, completed it; so we do not exactly know to which of these two prelates we are to ascribe any certain part of it. Grey lived a long time, and was archbishop from 1216 to 1255 (39mo Hen. III.); and in this reign it was that the beauty of the Gothic architecture began to appear. The chapter-house is in all probability his work, and (I should suppose) built in his latter days, whereas what he did of the south transept might be performed soon after his accession. It is in the second order of this

building that the round arches appear, including a row of pointed ones (which you mention, and which I also observed), similar to those in St. Sepulchre's Chapel, though far inferior in the proportions and neatness of workmanship. The same thing is repeated in the north transept, but this is only an imitation of the other, done for the sake of regularity, for this part of the building is no older than Archbishop Romaine, who came to the see in 1285, and died 1296.

All the buildings of Henry the Second's time (under whom Roger lived, and died, 1181) are of a clumsy and heavy proportion, with a few rude and awkward ornaments; and this style continues to the beginning of Henry the Third's reign, though with a little improvement, as in the nave of Fountains Abbey, &c. Then all at once come in the tall piqued arches, the light clustered columns, the capital of curling foliage, the fretted tabernacles and vaultings, and a profusion of statues, &c., that constitute the good Gothic style, together with decreasing and flying buttresses and pinnacles on the outside. Nor must you conclude any thing from Roger's own tomb, which has, I remember, a wide surbased arch with scalloped ornaments, &c.; for this can be no older than

the nave itself, which was built by Archbishop Melton after the year 1315, one hundred and thirty years after our Roger's death.

* * * * *

Pray come and tell me your mind, though I know you will be as weary of me as a dog, because I cannot play upon the glasses, nor work joiner's work, nor draw my own picture. Adieu, I am ever

Yours.

Why did not you send me the capital in the corner of the choir?

I have compared Helvetius* and Elfrida, as you desired me, and find thirteen parallel passages, five of which at least are so direct and close as to leave no shadow of a doubt, and therefore confirm all the rest. It is a phenomenon that you will be in the right to inform

* See in Gray's Works, vol. iii. pp. 306–311, a very long note of nearly six pages, by Mason, on the subject of this plagiarism by Helvetius; but Dr. Bennet, the Bishop of Cloyne, in a MS. note of his copy of Mason and Gray, which I had, writes, "This is a very pettish remark of Mason, especially as there seems no doubt that Helvetius was imposed upon." The curious part of the matter also is, that in the MS. this part of the letter beginning "I have compared Helvetius," &c. to the end, is not in Gray's but in Mason's writing, added to Gray's letter.

yourself about, and which I long to understand. Another phenomenon is, that I read it without finding it out; all I remember is that I thought it not at all English, and did not much like it; and the reason is plain, for the lyric flights and choral flowers suited not in the least with the circumstances or character of the speaker as he had contrived it.

LETTER LXXXI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, March 6, 1763.

I should be glad to know at what time you think of returning into the North, because I am obliged to be in town the end of this month, or the beginning of next, and hope somewhere or other to coincide with you, if the waters are not too much out. I shall trouble you, in case you have any call into the city (or if not your servant may do it), to pay the insurance of a house for me at the London Assurance Office in Birchin Lane. You will show them the receipt, which I here inclose. Pay twelve shillings, and take another such receipt stamped, which must be to 25th March, 1764.

You may remember that I subscribed long since to Stuart's book of Attica;* so long since, that I have either lost or mislaid his receipt (which I find is the case of many more people). Now he doubtless has a list of names, and knows this to be true; if, therefore, he be an honest man, he will take two guineas of you, and let me have my copy (and you will choose a good impression); if not, so much the worse for him. By way of douceur, you may, if you please (provided the subscription is still open at its first price), take another for Pembroke Hall, and send them down together; but not unless he will let me have mine, and so the worshipful society authorise me to say. All these disbursements the college and I will repay you with many thanks.

Where is your *just* volume, and when will you have done correcting it? Remember me to Stonhewer and Dr. Gisborne, and believe me,

Ever yours,

T. G.

* The Antiquities of Athens Measured and Delineated, by James Stuart, folio. See Walpole's Mis. Cor. iv. 190, for an anecdote of Hogarth's caricature of him as *Athenian* Stuart. A house in St. James's Square, Mrs. Montagu's in Portman Square, with a few others, remain as specimens of his architecture, and the Chapel of Greenwich Hospital. See life of him in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. ix. pp. 146, 147.

LETTER LXXXII.

REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, York, June 28th, 1763.

Stonhewer tells me that you are returned to Cambridge; therefore I trust you are at leisure to read and to answer my letter, and to tell me what is to be done about the count and his *Coserella*. One cannot thank him for them, I think, till one has read them; and for my part I can only thank him in plain English whenever I do it. Pray write me your mind as to this matter.

You cannot think what a favourite I am of Mr. Bedingfield's. I might have had an agate and gold snuff-box from him the other day, and why think you? only because I gave him an etching of Mr. Gray. "Lord, Sir," says I, "would you repay me with a thing of this value for a thing not worth three halfpence?" "What," says he, "a portrait of Mr. Gray done by Mr. Mason of no value!" &c. &c. In short he pressed me to accept it till there was hardly any such thing as refusing; however, I refused to the last, which you will own to be miraculous when you consider my avarice, my fondness for trinkets, and when I tell you the box was wonderfully handsome, and withal had a French

hinge. This said gentleman is shortly going to leave York entirely, without having resolved in what other place to reside. To say the truth, I am not displeased at this; for of all the admirers I have had in my time, I think he would tire me the most was I to have much of him. He goes from hence to Norfolk first with his family, and that some time this next month, and intends you a visit in his way. Get your arm-chair new stuffed;—no, the old stuffing will have more inspiration in it. I send you on the other page a Sonnet intended to prefix to my first volume (Gray willing). It has, I assure you, cost me much pains, and yet it is not yet what it should be; however I will do no more at it till you have seen it, and send me your opinion of it.

I have got about ten subscribers to Smart, and do not know how to transmit him the money. Stonehewer advises me to keep it, as he hears he is in somebody's hands who may cheat him. I have seen his Song to David,* and

* The Song to David, published in 1763, written during the poet's confinement, when he was denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, and was obliged to indent his lines with the end of a key on the wainscot. See Anderson's Life of Smart, p. 122. Only a fragment of this song is given in Anderson's edition; but the entire poem, which is there supposed to be lost, has since been recovered and printed.

from thence conclude him as mad as ever. But this I mention only that one should endeavour to assist him as effectually as possible, which one cannot do without the mediation of a third person. If you know anybody now in London (for Stonhewer has left it) whom I can write to on this subject, pray tell me. It is said in the papers he is prosecuting the people who confined him; if so, assisting him at present is only throwing one's money to the lawyers. Give my love to Mr. Brown and service to the college.

Yours most sincerely,

W. MASON.

SONNET.*

D'Arcy, to thee, whate'er of happier vein,
Smit with the love of song my youth essay'd,
This verse devotes; from that sequester'd shade†
Where letter'd ease, thy gift, endears the scene,
Here as the light-wing'd moments glide serene;
I arch‡ the bower, or, through the tufted glade,§
In careless flow the simple pathway lead,
And strew with many a rose the shaven green.

* This Sonnet to the Earl of Holdernesse, the patron of Mason, is prefixed to the first volume of Mason's Works, in 4 vols. 8vo.

† Aston's secret shade.—Var.

‡ Weave.—Var.

§ Around the tufted mead.—Var.

So, to deceive my solitary days,
Pleas'd may I toil till life's vain vision end,
Nor own a wish beyond yon woodbine sprays;
Inglorious, not obscure, if D'Arcy lend
His wonted smile to these selected lays;
The Muse's patron, but the Poet's friend.*

W. M.

Aston, May, 1763.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, 1763.

As I have no more received my little thing than you have yours, though they were sent by the Beverley, Captain Allen, I have returned no answer yet; but I must soon, and that in plain English, and so should you too. In the meantime I borrowed and read them. That on the Opera is a good clever dissertation, dedicated to Guglielmo Pitt; the other (Il Congresso di Citera),† in poetical prose,

* With rural toils ingenuous arts I blend,
Secure from envy, negligent of praise,
Yet not unknown to fame, if D'Arcy lend
His wonted smile to dignify my lays.—Var.

† Algarotti born 1726, died 1764. He was intimate with Voltaire, and Frederic of Prussia conferred on him the title of Count. His monument (which I have seen) was erected by

describes the negociation of three ambassadresses sent by England, France, and Italy to the Court of Cupid, to lay before him the state of his empire in the three nations; and, is not contemptible neither in its kind; so pray be civil to the count and Signor Howe.

I think it may be time enough to send poor Smart the money you have been so kind to collect for him when he has dropped his lawsuit, which I do not doubt must go against him if he pursues it. Gordon (who lives here) knows and interests himself about him; from him I shall probably know if he can be persuaded to drop his design. There is a Mr. Anguish in town (with whom I fancy you were once acquainted); he probably can best inform you of his condition and motions, for I hear he continues to be very friendly to him.

this King in the Campo Santo at Pisa, with the inscription "Algarotto, Ovidii æmulo, Newtoni discipulo, Fredericus Magnus." His works were published at Venice in 17 vols. 8vo. 1791-1794. Mrs. Carter translated his Newtoniasmo. Il Congresso has been translated into French, with others of his works. Tessaldo, in his Biographia, has given a list of the writers who have treated of the life of Algarotti, vol. vi. p. 175. It is said that he contributed to reform and improve the Italian Opera. Gray writes to Mr. Hurd, "The Congress of Cithera I had seen and liked before; the Giudicio d'Amore is an addition rather inferior to it." See Works, iv. p. 100.

When you speak of Mr. Bedingfield, you have always a dash of gall that shows your unforgiving temper, only because it was to my great chair he made the first visit. For this cause you refused the snuff-box (which to punish you I shall accept myself), and for this cause you obstinately adhere to the Church of England.

I like your Sonnet* better than most dedications; it is simple and natural. The best line in it is:—

"So, to deceive my solitary days," &c.

There are an expression or two that *break the repose of* it by looking common and overworn: "sequestered shade," "woodbine sprays," "selected lays;" I dare not mention "lettered ease." "Life's vain vision" does not pronounce well. Bating these, it looks in earnest, and as if you could live at Aston, which is not true; but that is not my affair.

I have got a mass of Pergolesi,† which is all

* See for this Sonnet Letter LXXXII.

† It was Mr. Walpole's opinion that Gray first brought the compositions of *Pergolesi* into England, though he does not mention *Pergolesi* in his Letters. Mason and Walpole had heard from him that he regarded the vocal compositions of this master as models of perfection; but the Salve Regina was performed in England at the Haymarket, in 1740, so that it could not have been brought into this country by Gray, who did not arrive in England from Italy till the August of the

divinity; but it was lent me, or you should have it by all means. Send for six lessons for the pianoforte or harpsichord of Carlo Bach, not the Opera Bach, but his brother. To my fancy they are charming, and in the best Italian style. Mr. Neville and the old musicians here do not like them, but to me they speak not only music, but passion. I cannot play them, though they are not hard; yet I make a smattering that serves "to deceive my solitary days;" and I figure to myself that I hear you touch them triumphantly. Adieu! I should like to hear from you.

The Petit Bon* sends his love to you. All

same year.—Burney's Hist. of Music, iv. 535. "In Mr. Gray's interesting library I found several volumes (*six?*) of MS. music, which Mr. Gray had selected when in Italy. At that time very little music was printed in Italy, and none but the best was made an article of traffic. I turned them over without finding anything of value that had not since been printed. The Dutch, without having the least pretension to musical knowledge, printed many of the first authors, and as an article of trade sold the Italian compositions all over Europe." See Gardiner on Music and Friends, ii. 722.

* The affectionate and friendly title given by Gray to his friend Dr. James Brown, Fellow and subsequently Master of Pembroke Hall, having succeeded Dr. Long in 1770, and retained the headship till 1784. He was appointed joint executor with Mason to Gray's will, and he accompanied Gray's remains to his grave in the churchyard of Stoke. See

the rest (but Dr. May* and the master) are dead or married.

LETTER LXXXIV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MR. MASON, Cambridge, Thursday, 1764.

As you are alone and not quite well, I do feel a little sort of (I am almost ashamed to speak it) tenderness for you; but then I comfort myself with the thought that it does not proceed from any remnant of old inclination or kindness that I have for you. That, you must allow, would be folly, as our places of abode are so distant, and our occupations and pursuits so different. But the true cause is, that I am pretty lonely too, and besides have a complaint in my eyes that possibly may end in blindness. It consists in not being able to read at all with one eye, and having very often

on him Chatham Correspondence, iv. p. 311; Walpole's Misc. Corresp. v. p. 118; vi. 94.

* Samuel May, elected a Fellow of Pembroke 1740, died in 1787. Mentioned by Gray in his Letters (see Works, vol. iii. pp. 24, 149), but not in a very flattering manner.

the *muscæ volitantes* before the other. I may be allowed therefore to think a little of you and Delaval, without any disparagement to my knowledge of mankind and of human nature.

The match you talk of is no more consummated than your own, and Kitty* is still a maid for the Doctor, so that he wants the requisite thing, and yet, I'll be sworn, his happiness is very little impaired. I take broiled salmon to be a dish much more necessary at your table than his. I had heard in town (as you have) that they were married; and longed to go to Spilsby and make them a visit; but here I learn it is not true yet, whatever it may be. I read and liked the Epigram† as it

* Kitty Hunter and Dr. Delap. See a letter from Right Hon. T. Townshend to G. Selwyn. "Another important event is the marriage of Miss *Hunter to a Dr. Delap*, with whose sister she boarded. It is said that her father has added two hundred a year to her *other settlement*." Nov. 11, 1764. See Selwyn Correspondence, vol. i. p. 319; and Letter LXXVI. of this Correspondence. Her *other settlement* was that made on her by the Earl of Pembroke. See Walpole's Misc Letters, vol. iv. p. 256. So ends the history of the Rev. Dr. Delap.

† I possess several of Mason's political and personal epigrams, which Walpole used to insert for him in the "Evening Post;" but do not recognise the one here alluded to. Those against the king are written in the bitterest feeling of personal animosity. See one of Mason's *squibs* alluded to, in Rockingham Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 312; and see Letter XCVI. of this selection.

was printed, and do insist it is better without the last lines, not that the thought is amiss, but because the same rhyme is repeated, and the sting is not in the epigrammatic style; I mean, not easy and familiar. In a satire it might do very well. Mr. Churchill is dead indeed,* drowned in a butt of claret, which was tapped on the meeting of the Friends at Boulogne. He made an excellent end, as his executor Humphrey Cotes† testifies. I did not

* See on his death Walpole's Letters to Mason, i. p. 207; Memoirs of George III., vol. i. p. 181, ii. p. 35; The Grenville Papers, vol. ii. p. 459, in a letter from Mr. Almon to Earl Temple. "Although (he writes) Churchill was very much out of humour with the Minority, and intended very soon to have attacked them upon their moderation, in a poem to have been called *Moderatus*, inscribed to Mr. Pitt, yet his death will be felt as a real loss, for the public admired his writings; and, whatever he might have said of the Minority, he would certainly have said much worse of the *Ministry*."

† A friend of Churchill (brother of Admiral Cotes) and a wine-merchant and political character. He is mentioned in Churchill's Poem, "Independence:"—

> "Hail, Independence!—never may my lot
> Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot.
> Thither, oh thither! oftentimes repair,
> *Cotes*, whom thou lovest too, shall meet thee there."

Churchill and Humphrey Cotes had gone to Boulogne on a visit to Wilkes. Churchill was suddenly attacked with a fever, and died. See a letter from Wilkes to Earl Temple, Nov. 1,

write any of the elegies; being busy in writing the Temple of Tragedy. Send for it forthwith, for you are highly interested in it. If I had not owned the thing, perhaps you might have gone and taken it for the Reverend Mr. Langhorne's. It is divine. I have not read the Philosophic Dictionary. I can stay with great patience for anything that comes from Voltaire. They tell me it is frippery, and blasphemy, and wit. I could have forgiven myself if I had not read Rousseau's Letters. Always excepting the Contract Social, it is the dullest performance he ever published. It is a weak attempt to separate the miracles from the morality of the Gospel. The latter he would have you think he believes was sent from God, and the former he very explicitly takes for an imposture. This is in order to prove the cruelty and injustice of the State of Geneva in burning his Emile.* The latter part of his book is to shew the abuses that have

1764, written while his two friends were staying with him. See Grenville Papers, ii. p. 454.

* "Gray thought the *Emile* a work of great genius, though mixed with much absurdity; and that it might be productive of good, if read with judgment, but impracticable and ridiculous as a system of education. To adopt it as such, he said, "you must begin a new world." See Works, v. 46.

crept into the constitution of his country, which point (if you are concerned about it) he makes out very well, and his intention in this is plainly to raise a tumult in the city, and to be revenged on the *Petit Conseil*, who condemned his writings to the flames.

Cambridge itself is fruitful enough of events to furnish out many paragraphs in my Gazette. The most important is, that Frog Walker* is dead; his last words were (as the nurses sat by him and said, "Ah! poor gentleman, he is going!"); "Going, going! where am I going? I'm sure I know no more

* This is Doctor Richard Walker, Fellow and Vice-Master of Trinity College and Professor of Moral Theology from 1744 to 1764; founder of the Botanic Gardens at Cambridge. He is also the person quoted by Pope in the Dunciad (Book iv. 273) as the obsequious attendant on Bentley, "Walker, my hat!" There is an engraving of him by Lambourne very like him. See some account of him in Cumberland's Memoirs, p. 73, 4to. and Bishop Monk's Life of Bentley, vol. ii. pp. 26, 349, &c. He was called *Frog Walker* from his having served a curacy in the *fen*-country at Upwell, and so peculiarly distinguished from others of his contemporaries of the same name, "*a nickname*," *says Bishop Monk*, "*by which he is still designated.*" The same biographer observes, "His goodly disposition, his liberality and public spirit, and his almost chivalrous devotion to the fortunes of his master (Bentley), have procured him a celebrity in the University annals, to which his talents and acquirements do not seem to have entitled him."

than the man in the moon." Doctor Ridlington* has been given over with a dropsy these ten weeks. He refused all tapping and scarifying, but obeyed other directions, till, finding all was over, he prescribed to himself a boiled chicken entire, and five quarts of small beer. After this he brought up great quantities of blood, the swelling and suffocation, and all signs of water disappeared, his spirits returned, and, except extreme weakness, he is recovered. Every body has ceased to inquire after him, and, as he would not die when he should, they are resolved to proceed as if he were dead and buried. Dr. Newcome† is dead. For six weeks or more before his death he was distracted, not childish, but really raving. For the last three weeks he took no nourishment but by force. Miss Kirke and the younger Beadon‡ are executors and residuary legatees. I believe, he

* Professor of Civil Law. See Letter XCII.

† Dean of Rochester, elected Margaret Professor of Divinity in 1727, Master of St. John's in 1735, and was succeeded by Zachary Brooke as Margaret Professor, and as Master of St. John's by Dr. Powell. See account of him in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. i. p. 558, and viii. p. 379. He died 10th January, 1765, æt. 82. Buried in the Chapel of St. John's College.

‡ Richard Beadon, Fellow of St. John's, afterwards Public Orator, Master of Jesus, and Bishop of Gloucester and Bath.

left about 10,000*l.*, but there are many legacies. Had I a pen of adamant, I could not describe the business, the agitation, the tempest, the University is in about the Margaret Professorship.* Only D.D.'s and B.D.'s have votes, so that there are acts upon acts. The bell is eternally tolling, as in time of pestilence, and nobody knows whose turn it may be next. The candidates are Dr. Law and Z. Brooke and my Lord Sandwich. The day is Saturday next. But alas! what is this to the warm region of Saint John's? It is like Lisbon on the day of the earthquake; it is like the fire of London. I can hear and smell it hither. Here too appears the furious Zachary; but his forces are but three or four men. Here towers Doctor Rutherforth,† himself an host, and he has about three champions. There Skinner,‡ with his powerful oratory, and the decent Mr. Alvis,§

* In 1765 Zachary Brooke, of St. John's, was elected Margaret Professor, vacated by Dr. John Newcome's death. He was also Dean of Rochester, and was succeeded in 1788 by J. Mainwaring, D.D.

† *Dr. Rutherford,* Fellow of St. John's and Regius Professor of Divinity.

‡ John Skynner, Fellow of St. John's, Sub-Dean of York, and Public Orator from 1752 to 1762. He died May 25, 1805, aged 81. See Nichols's Anecdotes, ix. p. 487.

§ Andrew Alvis, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge,

with their several invisible squadrons: Ogden and Gunning* each fighting for himself, and disdaining the assistance of others. But see, where Frampton,† with his 17 votes, and on his buckler glitters the formidable name of Sandwich, at which fiends tremble. Last of all comes, with his mines and countermines, and old Newcastle at his back, the irresistible force of Powell.‡ 23 are a majority, and he has already $22\frac{1}{2}$. If it lapses to the Seniors he has it; if it lapses to the Visitor he has it. In short, as we all believe, he has it every way. I know you are overjoyed, especially for that he has the Newcastle interest. I have had a

M.A. 1738. Rector of Great Snoring, Norfolk, 1763 or 1764. Died May 25, 1775. See a Letter from him to Mr. Gough in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, ix. p. 362.

* Probably Stuart Gunning, Fellow of St. John's College in 1745, whose successor, Thomas Doyly, was elected in March 1766.

† Thomas Frampton, Fellow of St. John's College, A.M. 1751, B.D. 1759.

‡ William Samuel Powell elected Master of St. John's College in 1764, which he held till 1775. His sermons have received the highest praise from the highest authorities. See Hey's Lectures on Divinity, vol. i. pp. 77, 91; ii. p 263, and the Index to the 4th volume, art. "Powell." See also Bishop Maltby's Illustrations of the Christian Religion, p. 261. He died January 19, 1775, aged 58. Cole has given a long account of him in Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. i. p. 564-584.

very civil visit of two hours from Archimage, busy as he is; for you know I inherit all your old acquaintance, as I do all Delaval's old distempers. I visited Dr. Balguy the other day at Winchester, and he me at Southampton. We are as great as two peas. The day of election at Saint John's is Friday sen'night.

Mr. Brown is well, and has forgot you. Mr. Nicholls* is profuse of his thanks to me for your civilities to him at York, of which, God knows, I knew no more than the man in the moon. Adieu.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Southampton, Oct. 13, 1764.

Since I have been here, I have received from you, and by your means, five letters. That from Pa. I could wish you had opened, as I know you, by your good will, would have done.

* The Rev. Norton Nicholls, of Blundeston, Suffolk. Mr. Mathias's friendly and elegant memoir of him is well-known, and is reprinted in Gray and Nicholls's Correspondence, ed. Ald. p. 3 to 28. See also on him Walpole's Letter to Mann, ii. pp. 210, 224. He is occasionally mentioned in the Correspondence between Walpole and Mason; and my revered friend Mr. Samuel Rogers informs me that he was well acquainted with him.

The sum of it is, that he is at Geneva, with the Rhone tumbling its blue and green tide directly under his window. That he has passed a fortnight in the Pays de Vaud, and the Cantons of Berne, Fribourg, and Soleure, and returned by the lake of Neufchâtel. That the whole country, and particularly the last-named, appeared to him astonishingly beautiful. He inquired much after Rousseau, but did not meet with him; his residence is at Moitier au Travers, about four leagues from Neufchâtel, where he lives in great plenty, the booksellers at the Hague being his bank, and ready to answer any sum he draws for. It is amazing what he got by his last two books. He is often flying about from village to village; generally wears a sort of Armenian dress, and passed for a kind of misanthrope, but is held in great veneration by the people.

He says, he saw all the matters that come in course in France, and was greatly disappointed. The only thing he mentions is the church at Amiens, which was really fine. They set out in a few days (his date is 19th Sept.,) and go by Chambery to Turin, from whence he will write to you. His letter, he says, is not worth the postage; but it is the abundance and not the want of matter that makes it so poor.

After this what shall I say to you of my Lilliputian travels? On Monday I think to see Salisbury, and to be sure Wilton, and Amesbury, and Stonehenge. This will take up three days, and then I come back hither, and think to be in London on Saturday or Monday after, for the weather grows untoward, and the sea (that is, the little miniature of it, Southampton River) rages horribly, and looks as if it would eat one, else I should have gone to Lymington and Christchurch, and called upon Mr. Mansfield in the New Forest, to see the bow that killed William Rufus, which he pretends to possess. Say not a word of Andover. My Lord Delawar has erected a little monument over the spot where, according to ancient tradition, that king was slain, and another in God's House Chapel, where the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, and Sir Thomas Grey, were interred by Henry V. after he had cut off their heads. It is in this town, and now the French Church. Here lives Dr. Saint André,* famous for the affair of the Rabbit-

* Nathaniel St. André, surgeon. See Musgrave's Memoirs, Gent. Mag. vol. li. p. 320, and Noble's Continuation of Granger, vol. iii. p. 477; and Biog. Anecdotes of Hogarth by Nichols. When Samuel Molyneux, Esq., Secretary to George Prince of Wales, died, St. André *immediately* married his

Woman, and for marrying Lady Betty Molyneux after they had disposèd of her first husband. She died not long since in the odour of sanctity. He is 80 years old, and is now building a palazzino here hard by, in a delightful spot called Bellevue, and has lately produced a natural son to inherit it. What do you say to poor Iwan,* and the last Russ manifesto? Will nobody kill me that dragoness? Must we wait till her son does it himself?

Mr. Stonhewer has been at Glamis. He tells me no news. He only confutes a piece of news I sent him, which I am glad to hear is a lie. I must tell you a small anecdote I just hear, that delights me. Sir F. Norton† has a mother

widow, Elizabeth, daughter of Algernon Capel, Earl of Essex. St André was one of the dupes of Mary Tofts, who asserted she was delivered of seventeen rabbits in 1726. Sir Thomas Clarges detected the fraud. Whiston wrote a paper on this rabbit conception, as the fulfilment of a prophecy in Esdras. St. André died in March 1776, aged 96.

* See Belsham's History, vol. v. p. 127. Walpole's George III. i. p. 185; ii. p. 34. Lord Chesterfield's Letters, vol. iv. p. 248. See Walpole's Misc. Letters, vol. iv. p. 443. "The murder of the young Czar Iwan has stirred again all my abhorrence of the Czarina. What a devil in a diadem!" &c.

† Sir Fletcher Norton, Attorney-General, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and in 1792 Lord Grantley. His father was Thomas Norton, of Grantley, near Ripon, who died 1719; and his mother was Elizabeth, daughter of William

living at a town in Yorkshire, in a very indifferent lodging. A good house was to be sold there the other day. He thought in decency he ought to appear willing to buy it for her. When the people to whom it belongs imagined that everything was agreed on, he insisted on having two pictures as fixtures, which they value at 60*l.*,so Mrs. Norton lives where she did.

I am sorry for the Duke of Devonshire.* The cause, I fear, is losing ground, and I know the person (where Mr. T.† has lately been) looked upon all as gone, if this event should happen. Adieu. When I get to town I shall pick up something to tell you.

I am ever yours.

I know nothing of Mason, but that he is well.

Southampton, at Mr. Vining's, plumber, in High Street.

Sergeantson, of Hanleth, in Craven. Died 1774; buried in Ripon Minster.

* William fourth Duke of Devonshire, died October 2nd, 1764, aged 44, at the German Spa; buried at Allhallows, Derby. Lord Temple wrote to Mr. Mitchell at Berlin in October, 1764. "Vous connoissez assez et vous sentirez de même tout le malheur de la perte que nous venons d'essayer dans la mort du Duc de Devonshire." See Grenville Papers, vol. ii. p. 452; and Rockingham Memoirs, vol. i. p. 134.

† Probably Mr. *Talbot*, Fellow of Pembroke.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Monday, 1764.?

I received your letter before I left London, and sit down to write to you, after the finest walk in the finest day that ever shone to Netley Abbey*—my old friend, with whom I longed to renew my acquaintance. My ferryman (for one passes over a little arm of the sea about half a mile) assured me he would not go near it in the night time for all the world, though he knew much money had been found there. The sun was "all too glaring and too full of gauds" for such a scene, which ought to be visited only in the dusk of the evening. It stands in a little quiet valley, which gradually rises behind the ruins into a half-circle crowned with thick wood. Before it, on a descent, is a thicket of oaks, that serves to veil it from the broad day and from profane eyes, only leaving a peep on both sides, where the sea appears glittering through the shade, and vessels, with their white sails, that glide across and are lost again. Concealed behind the

* Compare Gilpin's description of Netley Abbey, in his Tour in the Western Parts of England, p. 347.

thicket stands a little castle (also in ruins), immediately on the shore, that commands a view over an expanse of sea clear and smooth as glass (when I saw it), with Southampton and several villages three miles off to the right, Calshot Castle at seven miles' distance, and the high lands of the Isle of Wight to the left, and in front the deep shades of the New Forest distinctly seen, because the water is no more than three miles over.

The abbey was never very large. The shell of its church is almost entire, but the pillars of the aisles are gone, and the roof has tumbled in; yet some little of it is left in the transept, where the ivy has forced its way through, and hangs flaunting down among the fretted ornaments and escutcheons of the benefactors. Much of the lodgings and offices are also standing, but all is overgrown with trees and bushes, and mantled here and there with ivy, that mounts over the battlements.

In my way I saw Winchester Cathedral again with pleasure, and supped with Dr. Balguy, who, I perceive, means to govern the chapter. They give 200*l.* a-year to the poor of the city. His present scheme is to take away this, for it is only an encouragement to laziness. But what do they mean to do with

it? That, indeed, I omitted to inquire, because I thought I knew. I saw St. Cross, too, the almshouse of Noble Poverty (so it was called), founded by Henry de Blois and Cardinal Beaufort. It maintains nine decayed footmen, and a master (Chancellor Hoadly), who has 800*l.* a-year out of it.

This place is still full of bathers. I know not a soul, nor have once been at the rooms. The walks all round it are delicious, and so is the weather. Lodgings very dear, and fish very cheap. Here is no coffee-house, no bookseller, no pastrycook; but here is the Duke of Chandos.* I defer my politics. My service to Mr. Talbot, Gould,† &c., and to Mr. Howe, if with you. Adieu.

* Henry Brydges, second Duke of Chandos, succeeded 1744; died 1771.

† Mr. Theodore Vine Gould, Fellow of New Hall, A.M. 1760. Mr. Thomas Talbot, of Queen's College, A.M. 1764. William Taylor Howe, of Pembroke College, A.B. 1760.

LETTER LXXXVII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

Jermyn Street,
DEAR SIR, Thursday, October 25, 1764.

I am returned from Southampton, since Monday last; have been at Salisbury, Wilton, Stonehenge, and where not, and am not at all the worse for my expedition. Delly* has been here, and talks of going to Cambridge on Wednesday, if you want him; but, if you do not, would be glad to be prevented by a letter. His intention is only to stay there a day or two. He asked me for my rooms, but as I had (intentionally) promised them to Mr. Mapletoft, I answered as if I had actually been engaged on that head, and had already wrote to you to say so. If Mr. Mapletoft† does not come, they are at Mr. Delly's service.

The present news is that Lady Harriet Wentworth‡ (Lord Rockingham's sister), not a young or a beautiful maiden, has married her servant, an Irish footman.

Mr. Mason, who has been in Yorkshire, has seen the future bride. She has just such a

* Delaval, Fellow of Pembroke, mentioned before.

† John Mapletoft, of Pembroke College, A.M. 1764.

‡ See p. 335.

nose as Mason has himself; so you see it was made in heaven.

The rent-roll of the present Duke of Devonshire's estate is 44,000*l.* a-year. Lord Richard has better than 4,000*l.* a-year; Lady Dorothy 30,000*l.*; a legacy of 500*l.* to General Conway;* 500*l.* apiece to the three brothers, and they are appointed guardians, and, I think, executors—business enough, in conscience. To-day I hear the Cambridge affair is compromised, and Lord Hardwicke to come in quietly.† This I should

* Honourable Seymour Conway, only brother of the Earl of Hertford, Groom of the Bedchamber, dismissed 1764 (April) from Court, and his regiment taken away, on account of his opposition to Government on the question of General Warrants. He was considered an upright and respectable Minister, but had few opportunities of evincing military talent. Field-Marshal 1793; died 1795. He had been employed in the unsuccessful expedition against Rochfort. A comedy, said to have been written by him, called "False Appearances," afterwards taking the title of "Fashionable Friends," found among Lord Orford's Papers, was acted at Strawberry Hill. He is now best known through his intimacy with Horace Walpole.

† See Walpole's Miscellaneous Letters, vol. iv. pp. 325, 385, and 401, and Churchill's Candidate, p. 30.

> Are there not proctors faithful to thy will,
> One of full growth, others in embryo still,
> Who may, perhaps, in some ten years or more,
> Be ascertained that two and two make four? &c.

not give credit to had I not heard it before I came from thence. The Duke of Cumberland, they say, is in a very good way: it is strange to me if he recovers.

I will write soon again, and try to tell you more, for I shall stay in town about a fortnight longer. You will oblige me if you will send to inquire how Dolly Antrobus does. Adieu.

I am ever yours,

On which I find the following MS. note in Gray's copy of Churchill: "When Lord Sandwich stood for the High Stewardship of Cambridge, the proctors could not agree whether he or the *Earl of Hardwicke* had the majority of voices." See Gray's Letters, vol. iv. p. 47, to Dr. Wharton. "Your mother, the University, has succeeded in her great cause against the party of State; *Lord Hardwicke* is declared duly elected, by a majority of one voice," &c. And see Dr. King's Anecdotes of his own Time, p. 161, and Mr. Grenville's Diary, vol. ii. p. 236, Grenville Papers. "The King wished Lord Sandwich to give up the pursuit, dislikes his activity, and does not approve of the *factions of great lords making parties for themselves.* See p. 494. Mr. Nicholls tells us, that in the contest for the High Stewardship at Cambridge, between Lord Hardwicke and Lord Sandwich, Mr. Gray took a warm and eager part, for no other reason, I believe, than because he thought the licentious character of the latter candidate rendered him improper for a post of such dignity in the University. See Gray's Works, ed. Ald. vol. v. p. 37.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Monday, Oct. 29, 1764.

I was not able to answer your letter on Saturday, but Delly* will certainly be with you on Wednesday, good man.

The Duke of Devonshire† for the last fortnight of his life was in a state of infancy. On opening his head there were found two fleshy substances that pressed upon the brain—the source of his malady. He leaves Devonshire House, with the pictures, furniture, &c., to Lord Richard, his second son, which the present duke may redeem by paying down 20,000*l.*; in short, to Lord Richard and Lord George (for there are

* Delaval.

† On the Duke of Devonshire's death, Oct. 2, 1764, aged 44, at Spa, see the Grenville Papers, ii. pp. 22, 441. Walpole's Misc. Letters, iv. 238, 435. Selwyn Correspondence, i. pp. 286, 291. Walpole's History of George III. vol. i. pp. 71, 202; vol. ii. pp. 20, 100, 111. Rockingham Papers, i. 137. Belsham's History, iv. p. 305. This nobleman was much lamented. He was the son of him who was called "the good old Duke of Devonshire," who died in 1755. See his character in Collins's Peerage, i. 357. Lord Mahon's Hist. vol. v. p. 89, for his character. On his resignation Oct. 28, in 1762, see Lord Mahon's Hist. v. App. iii. from the Grafton MSS.

two) he gives about 4,000*l.* a-year apiece; the rest I think I told you before. The majority do not exult upon this death; they are modest and humble, being all together by the ears; so, indeed are the minority too. I hear nothing about the Cambridge affair, and you do not tell me whether my last news was true; I conclude not, for I am told the Yorkes are very fully and explicitly against the present measures—even their chief himself.

The present talk runs on Lady Harriet Wentworth* (that is her name since she married her Irish footman). Your friend the Marquis of Rockingham's sister is a sensible, well-educated woman; twenty-seven years old, indeed, and homely enough. O'Brien and his lady† (big with child) are embarked for America, to cultivate their 40,000 acres of woodland. Before

* Lord Rockingham's sister, Lady Henrietta Olivia Wentworth, married Mr. William Sturgeon. She was born 1737. See Walpole's Misc. Letters, iv. p. 460, and Selwyn Correspondence, vol. i. p. 312-315.

† "O'Brien and Lady Susan are to be transported to the Ohio and have a grant of 40,000 acres. The Duchess of Grafton says 60,000 was bestowed; but a friend of yours and a relation of Lady Susan nibbled away 20,000 from the captain." Walpole to Lord Hertford, iv. 404 and 440, and Lord Holland to Mr. Grenville, Oct. 14, 1764, on the same subject. See Grenville Papers, ii. p. 447.

they went, her uncle made him enter himself at Lincoln's Inn; I suppose to give him the idea of returning home again.*

I hope not to stay here above a fortnight, but in the meantime should be glad if you would inform me what is the sum total of my bill. Adieu.

I am ever yours,

———.

As I have room, I shall tell you that, on the news of the Duke of Cumberland's illness at

* Lady Susan Fox, Lord Ilchester's daughter, married O'Brien, the actor. Lord Holland, in a letter to Mr. Grenville, says, "Mr. O'Brien is gone with her to New York, and the keeping him there in credit is all that can be done, whilst we, if possible, forget them here." He then asks for a place of Comptroller of the Customs for him at New York, and says, "The King has shown much compassion on this unfortunate occasion." See Grenville Papers, vol. ii. 447. See also a letter from H. Walpole to Lord Hertford, in Misc. Corr. iv. p. 404, and Letters to Mann, i. p. 195. "A melancholy affair has happened to Lord Ilchester. His eldest daughter, Lady Susan, a very pleasing girl, though not handsome, married herself two days ago, at Covent Garden Church, to O'Brien, a handsome young actor. Lord Ilchester doted on her, and was the most indulgent of fathers. It was a cruel blow." See also J. Taylor's Records of his own Life, vol. i. p. 176, for some interesting account of the character and talents of Mr. O'Brien; and see Selwyn Correspondence, vol. i. 273.

Newmarket, Lord S. coming out of the closet met a great butcherly lord with a white staff,* and, with a countenance very decent and composed to sorrow, told him they had extreme bad news; that his Royal Highness the Duke was so ill it was doubtful whether he could live till next day.† The other replied, "Bad news, do you call it? By God, I am very glad of it, and shall be to hear the same of all that do not love the King."

My service to Mr. T.‡ I am glad to hear he is well.

LETTER LXXXIX.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Jermyn Street, May 23, [1765?]

In my way into the remote parts of the north, I mean to make you a visit at York; probably you will see me there on Wednesday next in the evening. It is your business to consider whether you have a house and a tea for me, for I shall stay there a week perhaps, if you con-

* Lord Talbot, Lord Steward. Lord S. is probably *Lord Sandwich*, the Secretary of State.

† He died in Upper Grosvenor Street, 31st October, 1765.

‡ Mr. Talbot.

tinue agreeable so long. I have been in town this month, every day teeming with prodigies. I suppose you receive expresses every three hours, and therefore I pass over the Regency Bill, the weavers' petition, the siege of Bedford House,* the riot on Ludgate Hill, the royal embassy to Hayes,† the *carte blanche* refused

* For an account of these riots in 1765 see Cavendish Debates, pp. 147, 310, and Notes of the Editor; Walpole's Memoir of George the Third, vol. ii. p. 155; Walpole's Miscellaneous Letters, vol. v. p. 35. See also the Rockingham Memoirs, vol. i. p. 207. "Bedford House was completely besieged by the rioters, who could only be repelled by a body of cavalry. The *cause* of the Duke of Bedford's being the principal object of the attack of the rioters, was owing to his being foremost in opposing the altering the duties on Italian silks, so as to obtain a total prohibition of them. The silk manufacture at that time in Spitalfields was at a low ebb, and it required near another century before the advantage of freedom of trade was understood and adopted."

† On this embassy to Lord Chatham, at his seat at Hayes, near Bromley, see Walpole's History of George the Third, vol. i. p. 288; Belsham's History, vol. v. p. 94; Adolphus's History, vol. i. p. 127; Lord Mahon's History, vol. v. pp. 55–59. See also Lord Hardwicke's Letter to Lord Royston, in his Life by Harris, vol. iii. p. 375–380. The grounds of this favourite seat of Lord Chatham, which he sold to a Mr. Walpole on his coming into possession of Burton Pynsent, and then anxiously repurchased, were laid out by him; the little lake and the Palladian bridge still remain. In this house he died, and in this house his second son, William Pitt, was born. Visited by me July, 1851.

with disdain, the subversion of the ministry, which fights to the last gasp, and afterwards like the man *che combattea e era morto*, and yet stands upon its legs and spits in its master's face to this day because nobody will deign to take its place; the House of Commons standing at gaze with its hands before it; the House of Lords bullying the justices of peace and fining the printers;* the king ——, &c. &c. The rest is left to oral tradition. Adieu!

LETTER XC.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

July 16, 1765.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE to MRS. ANNE, Regular Servant to the REV. MR. PRECENTOR, of York.

A moment's patience, gentle Mistris Anne:
(But stint your clack for sweet St. Charitie)
'Tis Willey begs, once a right proper man,
Though now a book, and interleav'd you see.
Much have I borne from canker'd critic's spite,
From fumbling baronets, and poets small,
Pert barristers, and parsons nothing bright:

* This alludes to the proceedings in the case of Wilkes. Almon was Wilkes's printer.

But what awaits me now is worst of all.
'Tis true, our master's temper natural
Was fashion'd fair in meek and dove-like guise;
But may not honey's self be turn'd to gall
By residence, by marriage, and sore eyes?
If then he wreak on me his wicked will,
Steal to his closet at the hour of prayer;
And (when thou hear'st the organ piping shrill)
Grease his best pen, and all he scribbles, tear.
Better to bottom tarts and cheesecakes nice,
Better the roast meat from the fire to save,
Better be twisted into caps for spice,
Than thus be patch'd and cobbled in one's grave.
So York shall taste what Clouet never knew,
So from our works sublimer fumes shall rise:
While Nancy earns the praise to Shakespeare due,
For glorious puddings, and immortal pies.

Tell me if you do not like this, and I will send you a worse. I rejoice to hear your eyes are better, as much as if they were my own; but the cure will never be lasting without a little sea. I have been for two days at Hartlepool to taste the waters, and do assure you nothing can be salter, and bitterer, and nastier, and better for you. They have a most anti-scorbutic flavour. I am delighted with the place. There are the finest walks, and rocks, and caverns, and dried fishes, and all manner of small inconveniences a man can wish. I am going again this week, so wait your commands.

Dr. Wharton would be quite happy to see you at Old Park. If you should have kindness and resignation enough to come, you must get to Darlington, then turn off the great road to Merrington, then inquire the way to Spennymoor House, where they will direct you hither. Adieu, I am ever yours,

T. G.

LETTER XCI.

REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, Aston, July 22nd, 1765.

As bad as your verses were they are yours, and, therefore, when I get back to York I will paste them carefully in the first page of my Shakespeare to enhance its value, for I intend it to be put in my marriage settlement as a provision for my younger daughters. My eldest boy is to be provided for out of Hutton's* nose, and I have just now writ to Stonhewer to get a reversionary grant of a commission of hawkers and pedlars for my second son. When this

* Gray writes, in 1768, "Mr. Hutton being dead, Mason has now a landed estate, the income of which, in a few years, will be considerable." Works, v. p. 74.

matter is settled I hope soon to be in possession of my gentle Argentile;* for really and sincerely I have seen her, got her consent, have written to her father, and letters now every post relative to her jointure. After all, I verily believe it will not do, and am at present much out of sorts about it; and, was it not that I love her more than ever, should wish I had been soused head and ears at Hartlepool before I had ventured to make my proposals. But no more of this; you will not pity me now, no more than you did when I was in residence and sore eyes.

I am here about the commission concerning my exchange of glebe, which I hope to finish next Wednesday; after which I shall go soon either to Hull or York, unless Lord Holdernesse stops me by coming here next week, which, though he talks of doing, I fancy he will not.

I know nothing of politics, except from a letter of Fraser's; that he is taken from Lord Northumberland by the Duke of Grafton, and is just where he was four years ago with Lord

* Mason, in calling his bride "gentle Argentile," alludes to his play of Argentile and Curan, a legendary drama, written about this time. Argentile was the daughter of king Adelbright. See his Works, vol. ii. p. 208.

Holdernesse. Poor fellow! I pity him; but I hope Stonhewer will be good to him, for he is a worthy creature. I have no belief, however, in the duration of this ministry, unless Mr. Pitt* adds himself to it, which I fancy he will hardly do.

You will be very cross I know at this letter, since it will tell you that I shall not come to Hartlepool; for I know you want somebody that you may frump and scold, and say sharp things to; and my dove-like temper would be nothing in the world for you after a gulp of sea water. However, my eyes are now perfectly well, that I laugh at the scurvy.

I direct this to Dr. Wharton's on supposition that you are tired of Hartlepool. Give my best compliments to the Dr.† and his lady, and believe me to be, as much as I can be any body's at present,

Yours most sincerely,

W. Mason.

* On the Administration in 1765, Lord Chesterfield says, "The keystone must and will be Mr. Pitt." See Letters, iv. pp. 260-1. Adolphus's History, vol. i. chap. ix. p. 232. Belsham's History, b. xiv. p. 103.

† Doctor Wharton.

LETTER XCII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Old Park, Thursday, Aug. 1765.

It is true I have been lately a very indifferent correspondent, but poverty knows no law, and must be my excuse. Since the fortnight I passed with Mason at York (who was then very bad with that troublesome defluxion in his eyes, and is since cured, and now stands on the brink of marriage), I have been always resident at Old Park, excursions excepted of a day or two at a time, and one lately of three weeks to Hartlepool. The rocks, the sea, and the weather there more than made up to me the want of bread and the want of water, two capital defects, but of which I learned from the inhabitants not to be sensible. They live on the refuse of their own fish-market, with a few potatoes, and a reasonable quantity of geneva, six days in the week, and I have nowhere seen a taller, more robust, or healthy race; every house full of ruddy broad-faced children; nobody dies but of drowning or old age; nobody poor but from drunkenness or mere laziness. I had long wished for a storm, and was treated

before I came away with such a one as July could produce; but the waves did not rise above twelve feet high, and there was no hurt done. On Monday (I believe) I go to Scotland with my lord,* and Tom and the Major. No ladies are of the party, they remain at Hetton;† yet I do not expect to see anything, for we go post till I come to Glamis.

I hear of Palgrave's safe arrival in England. Pray, congratulate him from me, and beg he would not give away all his pictures and gems till I come. I hope to see him in October. Is it true that young Tyrrell does not go into orders? Dr. Hallifax (who was here with Dr. Lowth) tells me, that Ridlington‡ is on his way to Nice. The last letter you sent me was from Mr. Ramsey, a tenant of mine in Cornhill, who wants to see me anent particular business. As I know not what it is I go with a little uneasi-

* Lord Strathmore and Thomas Lyon. Gray writes to Dr. Wharton: "Being just returned from an excursion which *I and the Major* have been making into the Highlands," &c. vol. iv. p. 51.

† See Letter c. A seat of Lord Strathmore's, in Durham, near Rainton.

‡ Dr. William Ridlington, of Trinity Hall, Professor of Civil Law, 1757; tutor of the College in 1766; died in 1770; succeeded in his Professorship by Dr. Halifax. See Gray and Nicholls Correspondence, p. 65; and note, p. 188.

ness on my mind farther north. But what can one do? I have told him my situation.

The Doctor and Mrs. Wharton wish for you often, though in vain; such is your perverseness. Adieu; I will write again from Scotland more at large.

I am, ever sincerely yours,

T. G.

Are you not glad for Stonhewer? I have heard twice from him, but it is *sub sigillo*.

LETTER XCIII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, London, Tuesday night, 1765.

I hope to be with you by Thursday or Friday se'nnight. You will hardly go before that time out of college; but if you do, the writings will be as safe in your drawers as in mine. You have heard so much news from the party that were going to Scotland, that it would be a vain thing for me to talk about it. I can only add, that you will shortly hear, I think, of a great change of affairs, which, whenever I come to town, always follows. To-day I met with a report that Mr. Pitt lies dangerously ill; but I

hope, and rather believe, it is not true. When he is gone all is gone, and England will be old England again, such as, before his administration, it always was ever since we were born.

I went to-day to Becket's to look at the last volume of SEBA.* It comes unbound to four guineas and a half, and contains all the insects of that collection (which are exceedingly numerous), and some plates of fossils. The graving, as usual, very unequal, and the descriptions as poor as ever. As you have the rest, I conclude you must have this, which completes the work, and contains the index.

Are you not glad of the Carlisle† history? Walking yesterday in the Windsor Park, I met the brother of the disgraced party, and walked

* Locupletissimi Rerum Naturalium Thesauri accurata Descriptio, &c., digessit, descripsit, depingendarum curavit Albertus Seba. 4 vols. fol. Amst. 1734—1765.

† This is an allusion to the well-known duel between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, in which the latter was killed. See on it Walpole's Misc. Letters, i. 45, iv. 492, v. 20; Letters to Mann, vol. i. pp. 195, 226; Selwyn Correspondence, i. 355, iii. 49; and Walpole's Mem. of George III., ii. p. 50. Isabelle, only sister of Lord Byron, was the wife of the 4th *Earl of Carlisle*. "I feel for both families," says Horace Walpole, "though I know none of either, but *poor Lady Carlisle*, whom I am sure you will pity." This was William, fifth Lord Byron, born 1722, died 1798.

two hours with him. I had a vast inclination to wish him joy, but did not dare. Adieu.

I am ever yours,

———.

LETTER XCIV.

TO THE REV. W. MASON.

DEAR MASON, 1765.

Res est sacra miser (says the poet), but I say it is the happy man that is the sacred thing, and therefore let the profane keep their distance. He is one of Lucretius' gods, supremely blessed in the contemplation of his own felicity, and what has he to do with worshippers? This, mind, is the first reason why I did not come to York: the second is, that I do not love confinement, and probably by next summer may be permitted to touch whom, and where, and with what I think fit, without giving you any offence: the third and last, and not the least perhaps, is, that the finances were at so low an ebb that I could not exactly do what I wished, but was obliged to come the shortest road to town and recruit them. I do not justly know what your taste in reasons may be, since you altered your condition, but there is the in-

genious, the petulant, and the dull; for you any one would have done, for in my conscience I do not believe you care a halfpenny for reasons at present; so God bless ye both, and give ye all ye wish, when ye are restored to the use of your wishes.

I am returned from Scotland* charmed with my expedition; it is of the Highlands I speak; the Lowlands are worth seeing once, but the mountains are ecstatic, and ought to be visited in pilgrimage once a year. None but those monstrous creatures of God know how to join so much beauty with so much horror. A fig for your poets, painters, gardeners, and clergymen, that have not been among them; their imagination can be made up of nothing but bowling-greens, flowering shrubs, horse-ponds, Fleet-ditches, shell-grottoes, and Chinese rails. Then I had so beautiful an autumn, Italy could hardly produce a nobler scene, and this so sweetly contrasted with that perfection of nastiness, and total want of accommodation, that Scotland only can supply. Oh, you would have blessed yourself. I shall certainly go again; what a pity it is I cannot draw, nor describe, nor ride on horseback.

* See a long and interesting letter from Gray to Dr. Wharton, describing his visit to Scotland, CXXXI., Works, vol. iv. p. 51.

Stonhewer is the busiest creature upon earth except Mr. Fraser; they stand pretty tight, for all his Royal Highness.* Have you read (oh no, I had forgot) Dr. Lowth's pamphlet† against

* This probably relates to the death of the Duke of Cumberland, who was understood to have formed the present administration, and to constitute great part of its strength. (MASON.)

† On this celebrated Letter of Dr. Lowth, among other books that may be referred to, are the Monthly Review, 1765, vol. ii. p. 369; Nichols's Illustrations of Literature, iii. 711–714; viii. 407; Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. i. p. 637, ii. 455, iv. 334; Dr. Parr's Warburtonian Tracts, p. 182. It was the cause of so many other letters from the friends and advocates of either party, that my copy of this little pamphlet has swelled by such additions into two octavo volumes. It is with pleasure that we know these two very eminent men were subsequently reconciled, though some little doubt is supposed to hang on the subject; on which point see Mr. Peter Hall's Memoir of Lowth, pp. 28, 29, who, I think, is justified in his conclusion concerning the incorrectness of the anecdote given in the *Parriana* by Mr. Barker. Surely Warburton, with all his coarseness of language, would not have ranked *Lowth* among "the scavengers of literature;" and the whole weight of the anecdote related, depends on *his glancing his eye on Lowth as he spoke in a public room.* Dr. Parr says, "Warburton's setting lustre was viewed with nobler feelings than those of mere forgiveness, by the amiable and venerable Dr. Lowth." "*Akenside,*" Dr. Warton informs his brother, "thought highly of *Lowth's letter*, but that he had been coarse in places. Lord Lyttelton seemed to admit that Lowth had gutted the letters and given the substance, but not

your uncle the Bishop? Oh, how he works him. I hear he will soon be on the same bench. To-day Mr. Hurd came to see me, but we had not a word of that matter; he is grown pure and plump, just of the proper breadth for a celebrated town-preacher. There was Dr. Balguy too: he says Mrs. Mason is very handsome, so you are his friend for ever. Lord Newnham, I hear, has ill-health of late: it is a nervous case, so have a care: how do your eyes do?

Adieu: my respects to the bride. I would kiss her, but you stand by and pretend it is not the fashion, though I know they do so at Hull.

I am, ever yours,

T. G.

LETTER XCV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON,* Pembroke Hall, Saturday, 1765.

I rejoice; but has she common sense? Is she a gentlewoman? Has she money? Has she a

the real correspondence." Garrick was furious about publishing them. See Wooll's Life of Dr. Warton, p. 312.

* Mason married on the 25th of September, 1765, the daughter of William Sherman, Esq., of Hull, who died at Bristol, March 27, 1767. "Ah! amantissima, optima, fœmina vale!" was a note written by Mason, which I found among his manuscripts.

nose? I know she sings a little, and twiddles on the harpsichord, hammers at sentiment, and puts herself in an attitude, admires a cast in the eye, and can say Elfrida by heart. But these are only the virtues of a maid. Do let her have some wifelike qualities, and a double portion of prudence, as she will have not only herself to govern, but you also, and that with an absolute sway. Your friends, I doubt not, will suffer for it. However, we are very happy, and have no other wish than to see you settled in the world. We beg you would not stand fiddling about it, but be married forthwith, and then take chaise, and come * * * * * all the way to Cambridge to be touched by Mr. Brown, and so to London, where, to be sure, she must pass the first winter. If good reasons (and not your own nor her coquetry) forbid this, yet come hither yourself, for our copuses and Welsh rabbits are impatient for you.

I sent your letter to Algarotti directly. My Coserella came a long while ago, from Mr. Holles, I suppose, who sent me, without a name, a set of his engravings, when I was last in town; which, I reckon, is what you mean by your fine presents. The *Congresso di Citera* was not one of the books. That was my mistake. I like his treatises very well.

I hope in God the dedicatorial sonnet has not staid for me. I object nothing to the second line, but like it the better for Milton, and with him too I would read *in penult.* (give me a shilling) "his ghastly smile,"* &c. But if you won't put it in, then read "wonted smile," and a little before "secure from envy." I see nothing to alter. What I said was the best line is the best line still. Do come hither, and I will read and criticise "your amorous ditties all a winter's day." Adieu, I am truly yours. I hope her hair is not red though. I have been abroad, or I had wrote sooner.

LETTER XCVI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON,

I rejoice to find you are both in health, and that one or other of you at least can have your teeming time: you are wise as a serpent, but the devil of a dove, in timing both your satire and your compliments. When a man stands

* A jocose allusion to what Gray, in another place, calls Lord Holdernesse's *ugly face.*

on the very verge of dissolution, with all his unblushing hònours thick upon him; when the gout has nipped him in the bud and blasted all his hopes at least for one winter, then come you buzzing about his nose, and strike your sting deep into the reddest, angriest part of his toe, which will surely mortify.* When another has been weak enough in the plenitude of power to disarm himself of his popularity, and to conciliate a court that naturally hates him, submits to be decked in their trappings and fondle their lap-dogs, then come you to lull him with your gentlest hum, recalling his good deeds, and hoping what I (with all my old partialities) scarce should dare to hope, if I had but any one else to put my trust in. Let you alone, where spite and interest are in view: ay, ay, Mrs. M. (I see) will be a bishopess.

Well, I transcribed your wickedness in a print hand, and sent it by last Sunday's post to Dr. Gisborne, with your orders about it, for I had heard St.† say that he hoped for a month's respite to go into the North, and did not know but he might be gone. G. was to send me word he had received it, but has not

* Lord Chatham; a few months seemed to restore him to all his popularity, as was evinced by the King's visit to the City.

† Mr. Stonhewer.

yet done so, and (Lord bless me) who knows but he may be gone into Derbyshire, and the Ode gone after him; if so, mind I am innocent, and meant for the best. I liked it vastly, and thought it very well turned and easy, especially the diabolical part of it. I fear it will not keep, and would have wished the public might have eat it fresh; but, if any untoward accident should delay it, it will be still better than most things that appear at their table.

I shall finish where you begun, with my apology. You say you have neglected me, and (to make it relish the better) with many others: for my part I have not neglected you, but I have always considered the happy, that is, new-married people, as too sacred or too profane a thing to be approached by me; when the year is over, I have no longer any respect or aversion for them.

Adieu: I am in no spirits, and perplexed besides with many little cares, but always

Sincerely yours,

T. G.

P.S.—My best respects to Madam in her grogram gown. I have long since heard that you were out of pain with regard to her health. Mr. Brown is gone to see his brother near Margate.

LETTER XCVII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Jermyn Street, 15 May, 1766.

To-morrow morning I set out for Canterbury. If any letter comes, I believe it will be better to direct to me as usual at Mr. Roberts's here, and he will take care to send it. I know not how long my stay in Kent may be: it depends on the agreeability of Mr. Robinson and his wife.

You expect to hear who is Secretary of State. I cannot tell.* It is sure this morning it was not determined; perhaps Lord Egmont; perhaps Lord Hardwicke (for I do not believe he has refused, as is said);† perhaps you may hear

* May 23rd, 1766, Charles Duke of Richmond appointed Secretary of State, *vice* the Duke of Grafton. Succeeded August 2, by the Earl of Shelburne. See Walpole's Memoirs of George III. vol. ii. p. 324, who says, "I resolved to try to make the Duke of Richmond Secretary of State; Lord Hardwicke (the second Lord) declined the offer." Walpole describes the latter as "a bookish man, conversant only with parsons, ignorant of the world and void of all breeding, was as poor a choice as could be made." See Adolphus's History, vol. i. p. 224. Walpole's Misc. Letters, v. p. 148.

† See Lord Hardwicke's letter to his brother, dated 14 May, on the offer of the seals made to him; and another, 15 May, declining the offer.

of three instead of two. Charles Townshend affirms he has rejected both that office and a peerage; doubtless from his firm adherence to Mr. Pitt—a name which the court, I mean Lord Tt., Lord Nd., and even Lord B.* himself, at present affect to celebrate, with what design you are to judge. You have doubtless heard of the honour done to your friend Mrs. Macaulay.† Mr. Pitt has made a panegyric of her History in the house.‡ It is very true Wilkes has arrived. The tumults in Spain spread wider and wider, while at Naples they are publicly thanking God

* Lord Talbot, Lord Northumberland, Lord Bute. On Lord Talbot, see Lord Mahon's History, v. p. 29; Rockingham Papers, i p. 172; Grenville Papers, i. 421. Lord Talbot was a Court favourite. See also Walpole's Letters to Mann, voi. i. p. 20-23; Walpole's Memoirs of George the Third, vol. i. pp. 74, 81. The Earl of Northumberland (Sir H. J. Percy) married Lord Bute's daughter. See Walpole's History of George III. vol. i p. 419; ii. p. 41. He was also a favourite.

† Professor Smyth, in his Lectures on Modern History, designates Mrs. Macaulay's History, "as very laborious and unfavourable to Charles I." vol. i. p. 15. "When any doubt is entertained of the conduct of Charles, Mrs. Macaulay may be referred to, and a charge against him, if it can possibly be made out, will assuredly be found, and supported with all the references that the most animated eloquence can supply." Ibid p. 407.

‡ No account of this panegyric appears in Thackeray's Life of Lord Chatham.

for their cessation; perhaps you may hear. All is not well in Ireland. It is very late at night. Adieu. Pa. went home to-day, and Mr. Weddell with him. J. Wheeler has returned from Lisbon. The great match will not be till after Christmas. Tom* is gone to Scotland. It is sure the lady did refuse both Lord Mountstuart and the Duke of Beaufort.† Good night.

I came away in debt to you for two post-chaises. Pray set it down.

* This is Lyon.

† "Lord Mountstuart going to be married to one of the Miss Windsors." See Walpole's George III. p. 87. See also Lord Chesterfield's Letters, iv. p. 276. "These two sisters are more sought for their money than for their beauty." The Duke of Beaufort married June 6th, 1766, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Admiral Boscawen. Francis Viscount Beauchamp (second Marquis of Hertford) married 1 February, 1768, Alicia, second daughter of Viscount Windsor. Horace Walpole, in a letter to George Montague, says, "Lord Beauchamp is going to marry the second Miss Windsor. It is odd that these two ugly girls should get the two best figures in England, him and Lord Mountstuart." See Misc. Letters, v. 175, and Selwyn Correspondence, ii. p. 92. "There is," says a moralist, "no better scale by which to judge of the low code of morality adopted by society than their indulgent view of mercenary marriages."

LETTER XCVIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, P. Hall, 5th Oct. 1766.

I was going to write to you when I received your letter, and on the same subject. The first news I had was from Stonhewer on the 23rd September, in these words: "This morning Dr. Brown dispatched himself. He had been for several days past very low-spirited, and within the last two or three talked of the necessity of dying, in such a manner as to alarm the people about him. They removed, as they thought, every thing that might serve his purpose; but he had contrived to get at a razor unknown to them, and took the advantage of a minute's absence of his servants to make use of it." I wrote to him again (I suspect he knows our secret, though not from me) to make farther inquiries, and he says, 27th September, "I have tried to find out whether there was any appearance or cause of discontent in Brown,* but can hear of none. A bodily complaint of the gouty kind, that fell upon the nerves and affected his spirits

* In addition to the former note on Letter xvii. see Walpole's Misc. Letters, iii. 90; Index to Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, under "Brown, Dr. John."

in a very great degree, is all that I can get any information of; and I am told besides, that he was some years ago in the same dejected way, and under the care of proper attendants." Mr. W.* too, in answer to a letter I had written to inquire after his health, after giving an account of himself while under the care of Pringle, adds, "He (Pringle) had another patient at the same time, who has ended very unhappily—that poor Dr. Brown. The unfortunate man apprehended himself going mad, and two nights after cut his throat in bed."† This is all I know at present of the matter. I have told it you literally, and I conceal nothing. As I go to town to-morrow, if I learn anything more you shall soon hear from me; in the mean time, I think we may fairly conclude that, if he had had any other cause added to his constitutional infirmity, it would

* Horace Walpole.

† Lady Hervey's Letters, p. 229; Lord Chesterfield's Letters, iv. 275; Hey's Lectures on Divinity, i. p. 454; Life of Lord Lyttelton, by Phillimore, p. 511. But the passage which throws most light on the somewhat mysterious circumstances attending Mr. Brown's death, is to be found in Nichols's Illustrations of Literature of the Eighteenth Century, vol. iii. p. 715-718, taken from a letter by Mr. Archdeacon Blackburne to the printer of the St. James's Chronicle, 1766, which, being too long for a note, is printed at the end of this Correspondence, in an Appendix, No. 1.

have been uppermost in his mind. He would have talked or raved about it, and the first thing we should have heard of would have been this, which, I do assure you, I have never heard from anybody. There is in this neighbourhood a Mr. Wall, who once was in the Russian trade, and married a woman of that country. He always maintained that Dr. Brown would never go thither, whatever he might pretend, and that, though fond of the glory of being invited thither, he would certainly find or make a pretence for staying at home; very possibly, therefore, he might have engaged himself so far that he knew not how to draw back with honour, or might have received rough words from the Russian minister, offended with his prevarication. This supposition is at least as likely as yours, added to what I have said before; much more so, if it be necessary to suppose any other cause than the lunatic disposition of the man; and yet I will not disguise to you that I felt as you do on the first news of this sad accident, and had the same uneasy ideas about it.

I am sorry the cause you mention should be the occasion of your coming to London, though, perhaps, change of air may do more than medicine. In this length of time I should think you must be fully apprised whether her looks,

or strength, or embonpoint have suffered by this cough; if not, surely there is no real danger; yet I do not wonder she should wish to get rid of so troublesome a companion.

When I can meet with the book I will transcribe what you mention from Mallet. I shall write again soon. Do you know of any great, or at least rich, family that want a young man worth his weight in gold, to take care of their eldest hope. If you do, remember I have such a one, or shall have (I fear) shortly to sell; but they must not stand haggling about him; and besides, they must be very good sort of people too, or they shall not have him. Adieu. My respects to Mrs. Mason.

I am ever sincerely yours,

———.

Mr. Brown desires his best compliments to you both.

LETTER XCIX.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Jermyn Street, at Mr. Roberts's.
Oct. 9, 1766.

I am desired to tell you, that if you still continue to be tired of residence, or are in any

way moderately ambitious or covetous, there never was a better opportunity. The Duke of Grafton is extremely well inclined, and you know who is at hand to give his assistance; but the apparent channel should be your friend, Lord Holdernesse, who is upon good terms. This was said to me in so friendly a way, that I could not but acquaint you of it immediately.

I have made inquiry, since I came hither, on a subject that seemed much to take up your thoughts, and, I do assure you, find not the least grounds to give you uneasiness. It was mere distemper, and nothing more. Adieu.

I am sincerely yours,

T. G.

My respects to Mrs. Mason.

LETTER C.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Jermyn Street, Oct. 23, 1766.

I observed that Ansel* was dead, and made the same reflection about it that you did. I

* See Gray's Letter to Mr. Nicholls of Blundeston, Oct. 14, 1766, on the death of Ansel, a lay Fellow of Mr. Nicholls's College. See Works, vol. v. p. 65. *Ansel* was a Fellow of Trinity Hall, 22 years senior in standing to Mr. Nicholls.

also wrote to remind N.* of it, but have heard nothing since. We have great scarcity of news here. Every thing is in Lord Ch's breast. If what lies hid there be no better than what comes to light, I would not give sixpence to know it. Spain was certainly offered to Lord Weymouth, and in the second place, some say to Sandwich; at last, perhaps, Sir James Gray may go. But who goes Secretary do you think? I leave Mr. T. and you ten guesses a-piece, and yet they will be all wrong. Mr. Prowse† has refused the Post Office. I do not believe in any more dukes, unless, perhaps, my Lord Marquis of Rockingham should like it. The Prince of Wales has been ill of what they call a fever. They say he is better, but Sir J. Pringle continues to lie every night at Kew. My Lady ——— has discarded

* Mr. Norton Nicholls.

† See Grenville Papers for mention of Mr. *Prowse*, vol. i. p. 396, Duke of Newcastle's estimation of him; and p. 398, for Mr. Grenville's letter to him, Oct. 14, 1761, offering him the Speakership of the House of Commons; and p. 402, for his answer. In a letter from Mr. Nugent to Mr. Grenville, Oct. 1764, he says, "*Prowse* is here (at Bath), not at all well, and lives very much retired. I have heard some things of him which I do not entirely like, although they are only symptomatic." Mr Prowse was M.P. for Somersetshire for many years, and died in 1767.

Thynne* and taken to Sir T. Delaval,† they say. The clothes are actually making, but possibly she may jilt them both. The clerk who was displaced in the Post Office lost 1,700*l.* a-year. Would you think there could be such under-offices there? Have you read Mr. Grenville's Considerations‡ on the merits of his own Administration? It is all figures; so, I suppose, it must be true. Have you read Mr. Sharp the surgeon's Travels into Italy?§ I recom-

* Thomas Thynne, third Viscount Weymouth, "an inconsiderable, debauched young man, attached to the Bedfords." See Walpole's George III. ii. 176, and Sir D. Le Marchant's note for further account of him. He was named for Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but never went over. See Walpole's George III. vol. iii. p. 136; iv. pp. 237, 241, 246. In after life he made a much better and more conspicuous figure.

† Sir John Delaval died 1727. Sir Thomas Delaval, his son, succeeded. Concerning the descendants of this baronetcy nothing further is known. See Courthope's Extinct Baronetage, p 61.

‡ *George Grenville's* "Candid Refutation of the Charges brought against the present Ministers, in a late pamphlet, entitled, The Principles of the late Charges impartially considered, in a Letter to the supposed Author." 8vo. 1765.

§ See Monthly Review, 1766, p. 399-431, and a good character of them in Boswell's Johnson, vi. 177; again in Johnsoniana, p. 442, 8vo. Dr. Johnson says, "As to Italy, Baretti painting the fair side, and *Sharp* the foul, the truth perhaps lies between the two."

mend these two authors to you instead of Livy and Quintilian.

Palgrave, I suppose, you have by this time seen and sifted; if not, I must tell you, his letter was dated from Glamis, 30 Sept.,* Tuesday night. He was that day returned from my tour in the Highlands, delighted with their beauties, though he saw the Alps last year. The Friday following he was to set out for Hetton,† where his stay would not be long; then pass four days at Newby,‡ and as much at York, and so to Cambridge, where, ten to one, he has not yet arrived. Tom outstripped Lord Panmure at the county court at Forfar all to nothing. Dr. Richmond§ is body chaplain to the Duke of Athol, lives at Dunkeld, and eats muir-fowls' livers every day. If you know this already, who can help it?

* Glamis, in Forfarshire, a seat of Lord Strathmore's.

† *Hetton*, in Durham, was the seat of the Hon. Thomas Lyon, brother of Lord Strathmore.

‡ *Newby* was Mr. Weddell's seat in Yorkshire.

§ Probably *Richard Richmond*, who became Bishop of Sodor and Man 1773, and died in 1780, son of a Sylvester Richmond, rector of Walton, in Lancashire. He was of the family that produced many clergymen of that name in the last century, all descended from a Sylvester Richmond, a physician in Liverpool towards the close of the 17th century.

Pray tell me, how do you do; and let me know the sum total of my bill. Adieu.

I am ever yours, T. G.

Commend me to Mr. Talbot and Dr. Gisborne. Delaval is coming to you. Is Mr. Mapletoft there? If not, he will lie in my rooms.

LETTER CI.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Jermyn Street, 18 Nov. 1766.

I paid the sum above-mentioned this morning at Gillam's office in Bishopsgate Street. The remittance you will please to pay out of it. I have not time to add all the bad news of the times, but in a few days you shall have some of it; though the worst of all is just what I cannot write. I am perfectly out of humour, and so will you be.

Mason is here, and has brought his wife, a pretty, modest, innocent, interesting figure, looking like 18, though she is near 28. She does not speak, only whispers, and her cough as troublesome as ever; yet I have great hopes

there is nothing consumptive. She is strong and in good spirits. We were all at the opera together on Saturday last. They desire their loves to you. I have seen Mr. Talbot and Delaval lately. Adieu. I am ever yours,

T. G.

I cannot find Mons. de la Chalotais* in any of the shops. Lord Strathmore, I am told, is to be married here. I know nothing of Pa. but that he was still at Mr. Weddell's a fortnight since. Be so good to tell me you have received this, if you can, by the return of the post.

* Louis René de Chalotais, born 1701, died 1785, celebrated for the part he took in the expulsion of the Jesuits, and for his dangerous dispute with D'Aiguilon, which was near leading him to the scaffold. He wrote his Memoirs, and an Essay on National Education, in 1763. He was a man of courage, wit, and talent. See Lacretelle's History, vol. iv. p. 115, and vi. p. 3. Walpole says, in a letter to Conway, "The accusation against Chalotais is for treason. What do you think the treason is? a correspondence with Mr. Pitt, to whom he is made to say, "that Rennes is nearer to London than Paris." It is now believed that the letters, supposed to have been written by *Chalotais*, were forged by a Jesuit; those to Mr. Pitt could not have even so good an author." See Walpole's Miscellaneous Correspondence, vol. v. p. 106; and Chateaubriand Memoires d'outre-Tombe, vol. ii. pp. 25, 36. ed. 1849. Bruxelles.

LETTER CII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Pemb. Hall, Jan. 27, 1767.

Dean Swift says, one never should write to one's friends but in high health and spirits. By the way it is the last thing people in those circumstances usually think of doing. But it is sure, if I were to wait for them, I never should write at all. At present, I have had for these six weeks a something growing in my throat, which nothing does any service to, and which will, I suppose, in due time stop up the passage. I go however about, and the pain is very little. You will say, perhaps, the malady is as little, and the stoppage is in the imagination; no matter for that. If it is not sufficient to prove want of health (for indeed this is all I ail), it is so much the stronger proof of the want of spirits. So, take it as you please, I carry my point, and shew you that it is very obliging in me to write at all. Indeed, perhaps, on your account, I should not have done it, but, after three such weeks of Lapland weather, I cannot but inquire after Mrs. Mason's health. If she has withstood such a winter and her cough never the worse, she

may defy the doctors and all their works. Pray, tell me how she is, for I interest myself for her, not merely on your account, but on her own. These last three mornings have been very vernal and mild. Has she tasted the air of the new year, at least in Hyde Park?

Mr. Brown will wait on her next week, and touch her. He has been confined to lie on a couch, and under the surgeon's hands ever since the first of January with a broken shin, ill doctored. He has just now got abroad, and obliged to come to town about Monday, on particular business.

Stonhewer was so kind as to tell me the mystery now accomplished, before I received your letter. I rejoice in all his accessions. I wish you would persuade him to take unto him a wife, but do not let her be a fine lady. Adieu. Present my respects and good wishes to Argentile.* I am, truly yours,

T. G.

* Mrs. Mason. See p. 342.

LETTER CIII.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, Cleveland Row, Feb. 2, 1767.

No, alas! she has not withstood the severity of the weather; it nipped her as it would have done a flower half withered before, and she has been this last month in a most weak condition. Yet this present fine season has enabled me to get her three or four times out into the air, and it seems to have had some good effect, yet not enough to give me any substantial hopes of her recovery. There are few men in the world that can have a competent idea of what I have of late felt, and still feel; yet you are one of those few, and I am sure will give me a full share of your pity. Were I to advise Stonhewer to a wife, it should certainly be to a fine lady; it should not be to one he could love to the same degree that I do this gentle, this innocent creature.

I hope she will be well enough to see Mr. Brown when he comes. Pray tell him we have changed our lodgings, and are to be found at Mr. Menniss', a tailor, at the Golden Ball, in Cleveland Row, the last door but one nearest

the Green Park wall. Would to God he would persuade you to come with him.

If I had spirits for it, I would congratulate you on the new Bishop of Cloyne. Is it not, think you, according to the order of things (I mean not the general but the peculiar order of our own times), that the mitre which so lately was on the brows of the man with every virtue under heaven should now adorn those of our friend Frederic?*

I think it probable that the swelling you complain of in your throat is owing to some little swelling in a gland. I had a complaint of the same kind a great while, and after I used myself, first, to a flannel round my neck at night, and, afterwards, constantly lying in my stock, the disorder left me. I wish you would try the same method, if you have not tried it already.

Dear Mr. Gray, believe me to be,
Yours most cordially,
W. MASON.

My wife sends her kindest compliments.

Honourable Frederic Hervey (afterwards Earl of Bristol), translated to Cloyne, 1767, and to Derry in 1768. Gray's allusion is to Bishop Berkeley, as drawn by Pope, in lines warm from the hand of friendship.

Manners with candour are to Sutton given,
To Berkeley every virtue under heaven.
Epilogue to the Satires.

LETTER CIV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Sunday, Feb. 15, 1767.

It grieves me to hear the bad account you give of our poor patient's health. I will not trouble you to inquire into the opinions of her physicians; as you are silent on that head, I doubt you are grown weary of the inutility of their applications. I, you will remember, am at a distance, and cannot judge, but by conjecture, of the progress her disorder seems to make, and particularly of that increasing weakness which seems, indeed, an alarming symptom. I am told that the sea-air is advised as likely to be beneficial, and that Lord Holdernesse offers you the use of Walmer Castle,* but

* Lord Holdernesse had the Cinque Ports given to him on his retirement from office. See Walpole, in a letter to Mann, vol. i. p. 234. "You will ask what becomes of Lord Holdernesse? Truly he is no unlucky man. For a day or two he will be Groom of the Stole, with an addition of 1000*l.* a-year. At last he has the reversion of the Cinque Ports for life, after the Duke of Dorset, who is extremely infirm." See also Belsham's History, v. p. 18. "Lord Holdernesse having secured an ample pecuniary indemnification, together with the reversion of the Cinque Ports, resigned the seals." See also Lord Melville's Diary, p. 416; Waldegrave Memoirs, p. 121;

that you wait till the spring is more advanced to put this in execution. I think I should by no means delay at all. The air of the coast is at all seasons warmer than that of the inland country. The weather is now mild and open, and (unless the rains increase) fit for travelling. Remember how well she bore the journey to London; and it is certain that sort of motion, in her case, instead of fatigue, often brings an

Harris's Life of Lord Hardwick, vol. iii. p. 242; and numerous places in Walpole's Letters and Histories, where much of him occur, as Miscellaneous Letters, i. 342; iii. 41, 296; iv. 301, 434; History of George II. vol. i. 198; ii. 84, 124; History of George III. vol. i. p. 42; iii. p. 223; iv. p. 311, 314. To the office of Lord Warden a salary of 5000*l.* a-year was attached in May 19, 1778. George III. wrote to Lord North, "I never meant to grant you the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports for life. The being over-persuaded, when quite ignorant of public business, to *grant that office for life to Lord Holdernesse*, for a particular object, is no reason for doing so now. I daily find the evil of putting so many employments out of the power of the Crown, and for the rest of my life I will not confer any in that way, unless when ancient practice has made it a matter of course. I will confer it on you, during pleasure, with an additional salary, to make it equal to the sum received by Lord Holdernesse." See Lord Mahon's History, vi. xli. Lord Barrington, in a letter to Mitchell, says, "Our friend Holdernesse is finally in harbour; he has 4000*l.* a-year for life, with the reversionship of the Cinque Ports after the Duke of Dorset," &c.

accession of strength. I have lately seen that coast, and been in Deal Castle, which is very similar in situation to Walmer and many other little neighbouring forts; no doubt, you may be very well lodged and accommodated there. The scene is delightful in fine weather, but in a stormy day and high wind (and we are but just got so far in the year as the middle of February), exposed to all the rage of the sea and full force of the east wind; so that, to a person unused to the sea, it may be even dreadful. My idea, therefore, is that you might go at present to Ramsgate, which is sheltered from the north, and opening only to the south and south-east, with a very fine pier to walk on.* It is a neat town, seemingly, with very clean houses to lodge in, and one end of it only running down to the shore; it is at no season much pestered with company, and at present, I suppose, there is nobody there. If you find Mrs. Mason the better for this air and situation (which God send), when May and fine

* Sir Egerton Brydges told me that when Gray was staying in Kent with his friend the Rev. W. Robinson, they went over to Ramsgate. The stone pier had just been built. Some one said, "For what did they make this pier?" Gray immediately said, "*For me to walk on*," and proceeded, with long strides, to claim possession of it.—Ed.

settled weather come in, you will easily remove to Walmer, which at that season will be delightful to her. If—forgive me for supposing the worst, your letter leaves me too much reason to do so, though I hope it was only the effect of a melancholy imagination—if it should be necessary to meet the spring in a milder climate than ours is, you are very near Dover, and perhaps this expedient (if she grow very visibly worse) may be preferable to all others, and ought not to be deferred: it is usually too long delayed.

There are a few words in your letter that make me believe you wish I were in town. I know myself how little one like me is formed to support the spirits of another, or give him consolation; one that always sees things in their most gloomy aspect. However, be assured I should not have left London while you were in it, if I could well have afforded to stay there till the beginning of April, when I am usually there. This, however, shall be no hindrance, if you tell me it would signify anything to you that I should come sooner. Adieu: you (both of you) have my best and sincerest good wishes.

I am ever yours, T. G.

P.S.—Remember, if you go into Kent, that

W. Robinson lives at Denton (eight miles from Dover); perhaps he and his wife might be of some little use to you. Him you know; and for her, she is a very good-humoured, cheerful woman, that (I dare swear) would give any kind of assistance in her power; remember, too, to take whatever medicines you use with you from London. A country apothecary's shop is a terrible thing.*

My respects to Dr. Gisborne, and love to Stonhewer. When you have leisure and inclination, I should be very glad to hear from you. Need I repeat my kindest good wishes to Mrs. Mason.

LETTER CV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

MY DEAR MASON, March 28, 1767.

I break in upon you at a moment when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say that you are daily and hourly pre-

* So it was in those days, for Adam Smith computes the value of all the drugs in the shop of a country apothecary at no more than 25*l.*!

sent to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet passed, you will neglect and pardon me; but if the last struggle be over, if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do were I present more than this), to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart, not her who is at rest, but you who lose her. May He who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you. Adieu!

I have long understood how little you had to hope.

NOTE.—As this little billet, which I received at the Hot Wells almost the precise moment when it would be most affecting, then breathed and still seems to breathe the voice of friendship in its tenderest and most pathetic note, I cannot refrain from publishing it in this place.

(MASON.)

LETTER CVI.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, Bath, April 1st, 1767.

The dear testimonial of your friendship reached Bristol about the time when the last offices were done to my lost angel at the cathedral, and was brought to me hither just now, where I had fled to my Wadsworth relations a few hours before the ceremony. I cannot express the state of my mind or health, I know not what either of them are; but I think that I mean at present to steal through London very soon and come to you at Cambridge, though I fear it is about the time you are going to town. I have business there with Sidney College. I can add no more but that I am as much

Yours as I am my own,

W. M.

LETTER CVII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Jermyn Street, May 23, 1767.

All this time have I been waiting to say something to the purpose, and now am just as far off as at first. Stuart appointed Mr. Weddell an hour when I was to meet him; and (after staying an infinite while at his lodgings in expectation) he never came, indeed he was gone out of town. The drawing and your questions remain in Weddell's hands to be shown to this rogue as soon as he can meet with him; but I firmly believe when he has got them he will do nothing, so you must tell me what I am to do with them. I have shown the Epitaph to no one but Hurd, who entirely approves it. He made no objection but to one line (and that was mine),* "Heav'n lifts," &c. so if you please to make another you may; for my part I rather like it still.

I begin to think of drawing northwards (if

* Gray wrote the three last lines of Mason's epitaph on his wife:—

"Yet, the dread path once trod,
Heav'n lifts its everlasting portals high,
And bids the poor in heart behold their God."

my wretched matters will let me), and am going to write to Mr. Brown about it. You are to consider whether you will be able or willing to receive us at Aston about a fortnight hence; or whether we are to find you at York, where I suppose you to be at present. This you will let me know soon; and if I am disappointed I will tell you in time. You will tell me what to do with your Zumpe,* which has amused me much here. If you would have it sent down, I had better commit it to its maker, who will tune it and pack it up. Dr. Long† has bought the fellow to it. The base is not quite of a piece with the treble, and the higher notes are somewhat dry and sticky. The rest discourses very eloquent music.

Adieu, dear Sir, I am ever yours,

T. G.

Gisborne, Fraser, and Stonhewer often inquire after you, with many more.

* This I presume alludes to the musical instrument invented by Mason, mentioned in the Walpole and Mason Correspondence, as the Celestinette. Does Gray call it a *Zumpe*, from the *Zampogna*, an *instrumento pastorale*, mentioned by Bonanni in his Descrizione degli Instrumenti Armonici, 1806, 4to. pp. 85, 86, figs. xxvii. xxviii.? but that was a wind instrument.

† Dr. *Long*, the Master of Pembroke College. He had a scientific knowledge of music and of musical instruments.

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Jermyn Street, June 2, 1767.

Where are you? for I wrote to you last week to know how soon we should set out, and how we should go. Mason writes to-day, he will expect us at Aston in Whitsun-week; and has ordered all his lilacs and roses to be in flower. What can you be doing? And so, as I said, shall we go in the Newcastle post-coach or the York coach? Will you choose to come to town or be taken up on the way? Or will you go all the way to Bantry in a chaise with me and see sights? Answer me speedily. In return I will tell you, that you will soon hear great news; but whether good or bad is hard to say; therefore I shall prudently tell you nothing more. Adieu.

I am ever yours, T. G.

Old Pa. is still here, going to Ranelagh and the Opera. Lady Strathmore is with child, and not very well, as I hear.

LETTER CIX.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Jermyn Street, Saturday, June 6, 1767.

My intention is *(Deo volente)* to come to Cambridge on Friday or Saturday next; and shall expect to set out on Monday following. I shall write to Mason by to-night's post, who otherwise would expect us all Whitsun-week. Pray that the Trent may not intercept us at Newark, for we have had infinite rain here, and they say every brook sets up for a river.

I said nothing of Lady M. Lyon,* because I thought you knew she had been long despaired of. The family I hear now do not go into Scotland till the races are over, nor perhaps then, as my lady will be advancing in her pregnancy, and I should not suppose the Peats or the Firth very proper in her condition; but women are courageous creatures when they are set upon a thing.

Lord Bute is gone ill into the country with an ague in his eye and a bad stomach. Lord Holland is alive and well, and has written three

* Wife of Mr. Lyon. See Letter LXXII.

poems;* the only line† in which, that I have heard, is this:—

"White-liver'd Grenville and self-loving Gower."‡

Lord Chatham is ———, and the Rockinghams§ are like the brooks that I mentioned

* These lines by Lord Holland are given in the Asylum for Fugitive Pieces, vol. ii. p. 9. They are copied into the Selwyn Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 162. Lord Holland landed in England 23rd May, 1767.

† The poem from which this line is taken, the editor of the Selwyn Correspondence tells us (vol. ii. p. 162) was printed on a handsome broad sheet, entitled, "Lord Holland's Return from Italy, 1767." In a letter on the 9th of the previous May, he alludes to his having made some poetry as he came over Mount Cenis.

‡ G Grenville's name needs no other memorial than the portrait of him by the hand of Burke; see Works, vol. ii. p. 388. On Lord Gower, see Rockingham Papers, ii. p. 47; Walpole's Misc. Letters, iv. 314. Also Boswell's Johnson, vol. ii. p. 50, and a character of him drawn at length in Dr. King's Anecdotes of his own Time, p. 45. Lord Holland in 1770 writes to George Selwyn, "I can't imagine what you mean when you speak of joining with me about Lord *Gower*. I do not remember I said anything about where he lived. I know I do *not love him*, and can give good reasons for it." See Selwyn Correspondence, ii. 394. See an account of his various appointments in ibid. vol. iii. p. 115; born 1721, died 1803. Also Walpole's Memoirs of George II. pp. 105, 188; Misc. Letters, vi. p. 514. A slight allusion to *Mr. Fox's* poetry occurs in Sir C. H. Williams's Works, vol. ii. p. 241, note. See also Nichols's Illustrations, v. p 825.

§ See on the King commissioning Conway to treat with Lord

above. This is all the news that I know. Adieu.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

How do you do, good Mr. Brown? Do your inclinations begin to draw northward, as mine do, and may I take you a place soon? I wait but for an answer from Mason how to regulate our journey, which I should hope may take place in a little more than a week. I shall write a line again to settle the exact day, but you may now tell me whether you will come to town, or be taken up at Buckden, or thirdly, whether you will go in a chaise with me by short journeys, and see places in our way. I dined yesterday on Richmond-hill, after seeing Chiswick, and Strawberry, and Sion; and be assured the face of the country looks an emerald, if you love jewels.

The Westminster Theatre is like to come to a sudden end. The manager will soon embark for Italy without Callista.* The reason is a speech, which his success in Lothario embol-

Rockingham, with *no restrictions*, &c., Walpole's George III. vol. iii. p. 62. Lord Chatham writes that his (Lord Rockingham's) time being that of Minister—Master of the Court—and the public, making offers to men who are seekers of office, &c. See Chatham Corr. iii. p. 12 (1766).

* See on this subject Cavendish's Debates, pp. 596, 603;

dened him to make the other day in a greater theatre. It was on the subject of America, and added so much strength to the opposition, that they came within six of the majority. He did not vote, however, though his two brothers did, and, like good boys, with the ministry. For this he has been rattled on both sides of his ears, and forbid to appear there any more. The Houses wait with impatience the conclusion of the East India business to rise.* The E. of Chatham † is mending slowly in his health, but sees nobody on business yet, nor has he since he came from Marlborough: yet he goes out daily for an airing.

Adolphus's Hist. i. p. 289; Walpole's Misc. Letters, v. 175 (Dec. 1766); and his Letters to Mann, i. p. 345. "This is not the only walk of fame he (Duke of York) has lately chosen. He is acting plays with Lady Stanhope (wife of Sir Wm. Stanhope) and her family the Delavals. They have several times played the *Fair Penitent.* His Royal Highness is Lothario; the lady, I am told, an admirable Callista. They have a pretty little *theatre at Westminster;* but none of the Royal family have been audience," &c.

* See on this subject Adolphus's Hist. vol. i. p. 299; Belsham, vol. v. p. 241; Walpole's Letters to Mann, i. p. 299.

† See Adolphus's History, i. p. 299; and Hume's Private Correspondence, iv. p. 19, June 1767. "We are in great confusion because of the strange condition of Lord Chatham, who was regarded as our first Minister. The public here as well as with you believe him wholly mad, but I am assured it is not so; he has only fallen into low spirits," &c. p. 243.

I have seen his lordship of Cloyne* often. He is very jolly, and we devoured four raspberry-puffs together in Cranbourn-alley standing at a pastrycook's shop in the street; but he is gone, and Heaven knows when we shall eat any more.

Rousseau† you see is gone too. I read his letter to my Lord Chancellor from Spalding, and hear he has written another long one to Mr. Conway from Dover, begging he might no longer be detained here. He retains his pension. The whole seems madness increasing upon him. There is a most bitter satire on him and his Madlle. le Vasseur,‡ written by Voltaire, and called *Guerre de Geneve.*§ Adieu, and let me hear from you.

I am ever yours, T. G.

* Honourable Frederic Hervey.

† See in the Private Correspondence of David Hume, &c., between 1761 and 1776, 4to, a copious account of Rousseau's conduct in England; pp. 56, 76, 126, 146, 223.

‡ "Vous voulez que je vous donne des nouvelles de Mademoiselle le *Vasseur.* C'est une bonne et honnête personne, digne de l'honneur que vous lui faites. Chaque jour ajoute à mon estime pour elle," &c. Rousseau to the Comtesse de Boufflers, 1763. The rest of Theresa's history is a singular commentary on this letter. In the Memoires de Mons. Girardin, the proprietor of Ermenonville, where Rousseau died, is an interesting and authentic account of his death, and of Madame le Vasseur, "C'etait une mechante femme, qui a causé beaucoup de chagrins à Rousseau." See vol. i. p. 19 to p. 37.

§ La Guerre Civile de Genève, ou les Amours de Robert

How do our Elmsted friends?* Are they married yet? Old Pa. is here, and talks of writing soon to you.

LETTER CX.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Jermyn Street, June 6th, 1767.

We are a-coming, but not so fast as you think for, because Mr. Brown cannot think of stirring till Whitsun week is over. The Monday following we propose to set out in our chaise. Do not think of sending Benjamin, I charge you. We shall find our way from Bantry very cleverly.

Covelle, poëme heroique, avec des notes instructives, 1768. Rousseau is severely handled in this poem, but Voltaire finds his apology, according to his Editors, in saying that Rousseau had publicly accused him of *atheism;* of publishing irreligious writings to which he did not put his name, and endeavoured to draw persecution on him; "et que l'accusateur lui-même avait imprimé des choses plus hardis que celles qu'il reprochait a son ennemi," &c. Rousseau appears in the second canto, and in the note to it marked (i), and still more severely in the third.

* This is one of the allusions which, from the length of time that has elapsed, it seems hopeless to explain. There are two parishes of that name, but no inquiries in them have thrown any light on the *Elmsted friends.*

I shall bring with me a drawing which Stuart has made. He approves your sketch highly, and therefore, I suppose, has altered it in every particular, not at all for the better in my mind. He says you should send him an account of the place and position, and a scale of the dimensions. This is what I modestly proposed before, but you give no ear to me. The relief in artificial stone, he thinks, would come to about eight guineas.

Poor Mr. Fitzherbert* had a second son, who was at Caen. He complained of a swelling, and some pain, in his knee, which rather increasing upon him, his father sent for him over. The surgeons agreed it was a white swelling, and he must lose his leg. He underwent the operation with great fortitude, but died the second day after it. Adieu.

I am ever yours, T. G.

I rejoice Mr. Wood† is well, and present my humble service to him.

* Thomas Fitzherbert was in the navy, and on board of his vessel got a severe crush, and so injured the limb, as to render amputation necessary: he was uncle to the present baronet, Sir Henry Fitzherbert of Tissington.

† He died in 1771. Mr. D. Wray, in a letter to Lord Hardwicke, says, "I was not acquainted with Mr. Wood, but he was thought a little *commis*, and I know that he was a good

LETTER CXI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Old Park, near Darlington,
July 10, 1767.

DEAR MASON,

We are all impatient to see you in proportion to our various interests and inclinations. Old Park thinks she must die a maid, if you do not come and lay her out. The river Atom weeps herself dry, and the Minikin cries aloud for a channel. When you can determine on your own motions, we pray you to give us immediate notice. Soon as you arrive at Darlington you will go to the King's Head, where may be had two postillions, either of which know the road hither. It is about sixteen miles, and runs by Kirk Merrington and Spennymoor House;* a little rough, but not bad or dangerous in any part. Your aunt, I hope, is well again, and little Clough produces a plentiful crop: delay, therefore, no longer.

writer; besides, common humanity has claims on our concern *when a man is torn away* just in sight of an agreeable retreat, which his age might promise him the power to enjoy for some years," &c. 1771.

* *Old Park*, where Gray was staying with his friend Dr. Wharton, is a little distant in a northern direction from Bishop's Auckland and Merington.

Mr. Brown is enchanted and beatified with the sight of Durham, whither he went yesterday. I performed your commission to Mrs. Wilkinson, who expressed herself, I thought, like a woman of a good heart, and wished much to see you. Adieu: we really long for you.

LETTER CXII.

THE REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR SIR, York, July 15, 1767.

My old aunt is dead, but she has not left me so much money that I can come and make ducks and drakes in the Minikin. You will say I need not, I have only to teach Dr. Wharton how to make them. Perhaps my metaphor was not well chosen; it is, however, as good as yours, where you say Old Park must die a maid, if I do not come and lay her out. When Mr. Hurd comes to publish our Correspondence, I know what will be his note upon this passage: "To have made the allusion appear with due congruity, the poet should have written 'lay her down;' for to 'lay her out,' supposes her to be already dead, which the premises inform us this

old maid was not; and, therefore, only wanted to be laid down. As the passage now stands there is an impropriety in it, which, however, the freedom of the epistolary mode of writing will not justify." Take another note from Dr. Balguy: "There are two vernacular phrases which we apply separately, and which indeed will not admit of a reciprocal usage in our tongue; the one we apply constantly where any thing is predicated concerning gardening, and the other we as constantly use as a term in agriculture; thus we lay out pleasure grounds, but we lay down field lands. Now had the writer delivered the above sentiment without a figure, he would have simply said Old Park wants to be laid out; and here, as Old Park means a pleasure ground or garden, the phrase would have been just and pertinent; but he chose to personify Old Park, and to speak of her under the figure of an old maid, and hence arose the incongruity which the critic has so justly stigmatised, and which would not have appeared so had Old Park been a common field; but, unhappily for the writer, Old Park was (as we have seen) a pleasure ground or garden, and as such required to be laid out, not to be laid down; hence it would not admit of the metaphor in question, and I know no way of reducing

this passage into the rules of chaste composition but by supposing Old Park arable; then the figure will be in its place, and the maid will be laid down in a natural and even elegant manner."

Explicit, nonsense! and now what remains must be serious. I dined lately at Bishopthorpe, when the Archbishop* took me into his closet, and, with many tears, begged me to write an epitaph on his daughter. In our conversation he touched so many unison strings of my heart (for we both of us wept like children) that I could not help promising him that I would try, if possible, to oblige him. The result you have on the opposite page. If it either is or can be made a decent thing, assist me

* Archbishop the Honourable Robert Hay Drummond, translated from Salisbury 1761; died December 10, 1777. Succeeded by William Wickham, Dean of Christ Church. He was brother to Lord Viscount Dupplin, and his eldest son succeeded to the earldom of Kinnoul 1777 (?). A favourable character is given of him in the Editor's Notes to Walpole's Memoirs of George III. vol. i. p. 73. He died in 1776, in his 66th year In 1803 a volume of Sermons on Public Occasions by him was printed by Mr. George Drummond, one of his sons. In Forbes's Life of Beattie is a Letter from Archbishop Drummond to Dr. Beattie, September, 1772, offering him his assistance in procuring preferment in the English Church.

with your judgment immediately, for what I do about it I would do quickly, and I can do nothing neither, if this will not do with correction. It cannot be expected, neither would I wish it, to be equal to what I have written from my heart upon my heart's heart. Give me, I beg, your own sentiments upon it as soon as possible. To conclude, I wish heartily to be with you, but cannot fix a time, for I was obliged to invite Mr. Robinson and the Wadsworths hither, and I have not received their answer. In my next perhaps I can speak more determinately. My best compliments to Dr. and Mrs. Wharton, and best wishes for the continuance of Mr. Brown's beatifications.

Yours cordially,
W. MASON.

EPITAPH ON MISS DRUMMOND.

Hence, stoic apathy, to hearts of stone:
A Christian sage with dignity can weep.
See mitred Drummond heave the heartfelt groan,
Where the cold ashes of his daughter sleep.
Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace,
Grace that express'd, in each benignant smile,
That dearest harmony of soul and face,
When beauty glories to be virtue's foil.

Or thus,—

That sweetest sympathy of soul and face,
When beauty only blooms as virtue's foil.
Such was the maid, that, in the noon of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Grac'd with each liberal art and crown'd with truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace, and died.
He weeps. O venerate the holy tear!
Faith soothes his sorrows, lightens all their load;
Patient he spreads his child upon her bier,
And humbly yields an angel to his God.*

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* See this Epitaph on Miss Drummond, in the Church of Bridgnorth, Yorkshire, in Mason's Works, vol. i. p. 138:—

Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace,
Grace that with tenderness and sense combined,
To form that harmony of soul and face,
Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.
Such was the maid, that, in the morn of youth,
In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
Blest with each art that owes its charm to truth,
Sunk in her father's fond embrace and died.
He weeps. O! venerate the holy tear!
Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load:
The parent mourns his child upon its bier,
The Christian yields an angel to his God.

LETTER CXIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Old Park, Sunday, July 19, 1767.

I come forthwith to the epitaph which you have had the charity to write at the Archbishop's request. It will certainly do (for it is both touching and new), but yet will require much finishing. I like not the first three lines: it is the party most nearly concerned, at least some one closely connected, and bearing a part of the loss, that is usually supposed to speak on these occasions, but these lines appear to be written by the chaplain, and have an air of flattery to his patron. All that is good in them is better expressed in the four last verses: "where the cold ashes," &c. These five verses are well, except the word "benignant," and the thought (which is not clear to me, besides that it is somewhat *hardly* expressed) of "when beauty only blooms," &c. In gems that want colour and perfection, *a foil* is put under them to add to their lustre. In others, as in diamonds, the foil is black; and in this sense, when a pretty woman chooses to appear in public with a homely one, we say she uses her *as a foil.* This puzzles me, as you neither mean that beauty sets off virtue by its contrast and opposition to

it, nor that her virtue was so imperfect as to stand in need of beauty to heighten its lustre. For the rest I read, "that sweetest harmony of soul," &c.: "such was the maid," &c. All this to the end I much approve, except "crowned with truth," and "lightens all their load." The first is not precise; in the latter you say too much. "Spreads his child," too, is not the word. When you have corrected all these faults it will be excellent.

I thank you for your comments on my inaccurate metaphor; in return, I will be sure to show them to the parties who should have wrote them, and who doubtless, when they see them, will acknowledge them for their own. We are all much in want of you, and have already put off two journeys, because we thought you were to come on Mondays. Pray tell us your mind out of hand, lest we lose all our future Mondays. Mr. Brown has not above another week to stay with us (for Lord Strathmore comes on the 27th out of Scotland), and must go into the third heaven to see nothing at all—all—all.* Adieu!

I am truly yours, T. G.

No news of Palgrave.

* John ninth Earl of Strathmore married 1767 the great

LETTER CXIV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Old Park, 26th July, 1767.

You are very perverse. I do desire you would not think of dropping the design you had of obliging the Archbishop. I submitted my criticisms to your own conscience, and I allowed the latter half to be excellent, two or three little words excepted. If this will not do, for the future I must say (whatever you send me) that the whole is the most perfect thing in nature, which is easy to do when one knows it will be acceptable. Seriously, I should be sorry if you did not correct these lines, and am interested enough for the party (only upon your narrative) to wish he were satisfied in it, for I am edified when I hear of so mundane a man, that yet he has a tear for pity.

By the way, I ventured to show the other epitaph to Dr. Wharton, and sent him brim-full into the next room to cry. I believe he did not hear it quite through, nor has he ever asked to hear it again; and now will you not come and see him?

Durham heiress, daughter of George Bowes, Esq. of Streatlam Castle. This earl died April 1776.

We are just come back from a little journey to Barnard Castle,* Rokeby,† and Richmond (Mr. Brown and all). Some thoughts we have of going for two or three days to Hartlepool; then we (Dr. W. and I) talk of seeing Westmoreland and Cumberland, and perhaps the west of Yorkshire; the mountains I mean, for we despise the plains. Then at our return I write to you, not to show my talent at description, but to ask again whether you will come or no. Adieu. I wish you health and peace of mind; and am ever yours,

T. G.

* This castle is in Durham, and is the property of the Duke of Cleveland.

† The well-known seat of Mr. Morris, situated near the junction of the Tees and the Greta. It is the place whence the ancient family of Rokeby derived their name. It was bought of the Rokebys, in the reign of Elizabeth, by one of the family of Robinson. A younger son of this family, Richard, died Archbishop of Armagh 1794; created Baron Rokeby of Armagh 1777. The estate was sold by the Robinsons to Mr. Morritt, father of the well-known J. B. Morritt, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and to whom the poem of Rokeby was inscribed. His dissertation on the subject of the Troad against the theory of Jacob Bryant, is well known. "You have no connexions at *Rokeby;* if you had, *Mason is adored there*, and would, on account of fame, be a most proper patron." Letter of Rev. D. Watson, 1788, in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes.

Mr. Brown and the Dr. desire their compliments to Mr. Robinson.*

LETTER CXV.

MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, York, July 27, 1767.

In hopes this may catch you before you set off for Hartlepool, I answer yours the moment I receive it (minster vespers only intervening). The dean has disappointed me, and is not yet arrived. The Robinsons I expect every hour; in the meanwhile, I will resume the subject of the epitaph.

Had you given me any hint, any *lueur*, how the three first lines might have been altered, it would have been charitable indeed; but you say nothing, only that I must alter them. Now in my conscience, to which you appeal, I cannot find fault with the sentiment which they contain; and yet, in despite of my conscience, if I

* Probably Mr. William Robinson, brother of Sir Thomas Robinson, proprietor of Rokeby, who died in 1777, who was some time Governor of Barbados, created a Baronet in 1730. He built the present house at Rokeby. Another brother, Richard, was at this period an Irish bishop. Sir Thomas Robinson sold Rokeby to the Morritt family about 1770.

thought that they implied the least shadow of flattery to the Archbishop, I would wipe them out with a sponge dipped in the mud of the kennel. But I cannot think they do. I think, on the contrary, they give the composition that unity of thought which ought always to run through compositions of this kind; for in my mind a *perfect epitaph is a perfect epigram without a sting*. N.B. This sentence in our Epistolæ familiares cum notis variorum, will be explained in a note of Dr. Balguy's, to the contentation of every reader; in the meantime, if you do not understand it yourself, console yourself with the pleasing idea that posterity will, and that is enough in reason.

However, to show you my complacency, and in dread that you should ever do as you threaten, and call whatever I send you the most perfect things in nature, I will sacrifice the first stanza on your critical altar, and let it consume either in flame or smudge as it choose. Then we begin, "here sleeps," a very poetical sort of *ci git*, or "here lies," and which I hope will not lead the reader to imagine a sentence lost.

1. Here sleeps what once was beauty, once was grace,
2. Grace that with native sentiment combined
3. To form that harmony of soul and face,
4. Where beauty shines the mirror of the mind.

5. Such was the maid, that, in the noon of youth,
6. In virgin innocence, in nature's pride,
7. Blest with each art that taste supplies or truth,
8. Sunk in her father's fond embrace and died.
9. He weeps. O! venerate the holy tear;
10. Faith lends her aid to ease affliction's load:
11. The parent mourns his child upon her bier,
12. The Christian yields an angel to his God.

Various sections, pick and choose.

2. "Inborn sentiment."

3. "Displayed (or diffused) that harmony," &c.

7. "That springs from taste or truth;" "derived from taste or truth;" "that charms with taste and truth." But, after all, I do not know that she was a metaphysician, "blest with each art that owes its charms to truth," which painting does, as well as logic and metaphysics.

10. "Faith lends her lenient aid to sorrow's load;" "Faith lends her aid, and eases (or lightens) sorrow's load."

11. "Pensive he mourns," or "he views" or "gives."

12. "Yet humbly yields," or "but humbly."

Now if from all this you can pick out twelve ostensible lines, do, and I will father them; or if you will out of that lukewarm corner of your

heart where you hoard up your poetical charity throw out a poor mite to my distresses, I shall take it kind indeed; but, if not, *stat prior sententia*, for I will give myself no further trouble about it; I cannot in this uncomfortable place, where my *opus magnum sive didacticum* has not advanced ten lines since I saw you.

God bless Dr. Wharton, and send him (for sympathy) never to feel what I feel. I will come to him the moment I can. Write, be sure, when you return from your longer tour; but I hope to have an answer to this before you set out, because I shall not give the Archbishop any determinate answer about the matter till I hear again from you. The Robinsons are just arrived. Adieu.

W. M.

I must needs tell you, as an instance of my enjoyments here, that yesterday Mr. Comber* preached again, and dined with me, and in

* Probably William Comber, M.A. Vicar of Kirkby-Moorside, Yorkshire, second son of Thomas, LL.D. of Buckworth, Huntingdon, who published, in 1778, the Memoirs of the Lord Deputy Wandesford, 12mo. The present person was, therefore, grandson of Thomas Comber, D.D. Dean of Durham, of whom a life was published by his great-grandson, Thomas Comber, A.B. of Jesus' College, Cambridge.

the afternoon who but Billy Hervey should preach and drink tea with me. The said Billy inquired most cordially after you, and has got your directions how to come at you by Kirk-something and Spennymoor House, for he is going into Scotland with a Scotch captain ten times duller than himself. You will have them at Old Park almost as soon as this, if you do not run away.

Anecdote.—The country folks are firmly persuaded that the storm (which made us get up here) was raised by the devil, out of revenge to Comber for preaching at him the day before in the Minster.

LETTER CXVI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Old Park, 9 Aug. 1767; Sunday.

I have been at Hartlepool like anything, and since that, visiting about (which is the sum of all my country expeditions), so that I was not able to write to you sooner. To-morrow I go vizzing to Gibside to see the new married

countess,* whom (bless my eyes!) I have seen here already. There I drop our beatified friend, who goes into Scotland with them, and return hither all alone. Soon after I hope to go into Cumberland, &c., and when that is over shall let you know.

I exceedingly approve the epitaph in its present shape. Even what I best liked before is altered for the better. The various readings I do not mind, only, perhaps, I should read the 2nd line:

> Grace that with tenderness and sense combined,
> To form, &c.

for I hate "sentiment" in verse. I will say nothing to "taste" and "truth," for perhaps the Archbishop may fancy they are fine things; but, to my palate, they are wormwood. All the rest is just as it should be, and what he ought to admire.

Billy Hervey† went directly to Durham, and called not here. He danced at the Assembly with a conquering mien, and all the misses swear he is the genteelest thing they ever

* Lady Strathmore. Gibside is a seat of Lord Strathmore's, in Durham, not far from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and near to Ravensworth Castle.

† Frederic William Hervey, Bishop of Cloyne.

set eyes on, and wants nothing but two feet more in height. The Doctor and Mr. Brown send their blessing; and

I am ever yours,

T. G.

LETTER CXVII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Old Park, Sep. 11, 1767.

I admire you as the pink of perversity. How did I know about York races, and how could I be more explicit about our journey?* The truth is, I was only too explicit by half, for we did not set out in earnest till the 29th of August, being delayed, partly by the bad weather, and partly by your cousin, my Lord Perrot, and his assizes, whose train we were afraid to overtake, and still more afraid of being overtaken by it. At last then we went in the sun and dust broiling to Newcastle, and so by the military road to Hexham at night, where it began to rain, and continued like fury, with very short intervals, all the rest

* Gray passed all the latter part of this summer in the North of England, with his friends Mr. Brown and Dr. Wharton. See Works, vol. iv. p. 98.

of our way. So we got to Carlisle, passed a day there in raining and seeing delights. Next day got to Penrith—more delights; the next dined and lay at Keswick; could not go a mile to see anything. Dr. Wharton taken ill in the night with an asthma. Went on, however, over stupendous hills to Cockermouth. Here the Doctor grew still worse in the night, so we came peppering and raining back through Keswick to Penrith. Next day lay at Brough, grew better, raining still, and so over Stonemoor home. Sep. 5th.—In a heavy thundershower. Now you will think from this detail, which is literally true, that we had better have staid at home. No such thing; I am charmed with my journey, and the Doctor dreams of nothing but Skiddaw, and both of us vow to go again the first opportunity. I carried Mr. Brown to Gibside the 11th of August, and took a receipt for him; they did not set out for Scotland till the 1st of September, and as yet I have not heard from him.

If you are not too much afflicted for the loss of Charles Townshend,* now is your time to

* On Charles Townshend's death, see Cavendish Debates, vol. i. p. 608. He died Sept. 4, 1767, aged 42. Horace Walpole writes to General Conway, "As a man of incomparable parts and most entertaining to a spectator I regret his

come and see us. In spite of your coquetry, we still wish of all things to see you, and (bating that vice, and a few more little faults) have a good opinion of you, only we are afraid you have a bad heart. I have known purse-proud people often complain of their poverty, which is meant as an insult upon the real poor. How dare you practise this upon me? Do not I know little Clough? Here is a fuss indeed about a poor three-score miles. Don't I go galloping five hundred, whenever I please? Have done with your tricks, and come to Old Park, for the peaches and grapes send forth a good smell, and the voice of the robin is heard in our land. My services to Mr. Alderson,* for he is a good creature. But I forget, you are at York again. Adieu! I am, ever yours,

T. G.

The Doctor presents his compliments to you

death. His good humour prevented one from hating him, and his levity from loving him; but in a political light I own I cannot look on it as a misfortune." vol. v. p. 181. See also his opinion at more length in his Memoirs of George III. vol. ii. pp. 9 and 275; vol. iii. pp. 23, 29, 99, 102. See also Lady Hervey's Letters, p. 325; Belsham's History, v. 278; Adolphus's History, i. p. 304; and especially Burke's Works, ii. p. 422.

* The Rev. Christopher Alderson, then curate to Mr. Mason, subsequently Rector of Aston and Eckington.

with great cordiality, and desires your assistance. One of his daughters has some turn for drawing, and he would wish her a little instructed in the practice. If you have any professor of the art at York, that would think it worth his while to pass about six weeks here, he would be glad to receive him. His conditions he would learn from you. If he have any merit in his art, doubtless so much the better. But above all he must be elderly, and if ugly and ill-made so much the more acceptable. The reasons we leave to your prudence.

LETTER CXVIII.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, York, Sat. 31 Oct. 1767.

I have received a letter from Howe; another from Mr. Beattie;* and a third, which was a printed catalogue, from London. The parcel

* There is a letter from Dr. Beattie to Gray, dated 30th August, 1765, when Gray was on a visit at Glamis Castle, in Forbes's Life of Beattie, vol. i. p. 89; another in Foulis's Edition of Gray. See pp. 145, 155. Gray's Letter on the Minstrel is to be found, vol. i. pp. 254-261. I possess a few very interesting Letters from Dr. Beattie to Mason, giving an account of his Conversations with Mr. Gray, when the latter

sent to Cambridge was a set of Algarotti's works for your library, which need not be impatient if it remain unopened till I come. The Doctor and I came hither on Saturday last. He returned on Wednesday, and I set out for London (pray for me), at ten o'clock to-morrow night. You will please to direct to me at Roberts's, as usual, and when it is convenient I shall be glad of my bill. I will trouble you also to give notice of my motions to Miss Antrobus as soon as you can.

Here has been Lord Holdernesse's ugly face since I was here, and here actually is Mr. Weddell,* who inquires after you. Pa. is in London with his brother,† who is desperate. If he dies, we shall not be a shilling the better,

was in Scotland, dated from Aberdeen. See also Forbes's Life, vol. i. p. 95.

*. Mr. Weddell, of Newby, who made the collection of statues, since belonging to Lord de Grey, collected during his travels in Italy with Mr. Palgrave

† Mr. Palgrave's elder brother here alluded to took the name of Sayer, and married Miss Tyrell of Gipping, afterwards Lady Mary Heselrigge. The Palgrave family, connected by marriage with the Burtons of Staffordshire (of which was the celebrated author of the Anatomy of Melancholy), and afterwards of Leicestershire and Derbyshire, settled at Homersfield and Aldersea Park, and also with the Fountaynes of Narford, Norfolk, and with the Lawsons of Boroughbridge, Yorkshire.

so we are really very sorrowful. Mason desires his love to you. Adieu, the Minster bell rings. I am ever yours, T. G.

I rejoice greatly at N's good luck.

LETTER CXIX.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Pemb. Coll. 8 Jan. 1768.

I did not write to you—that's to be sure; but then, consider, I had the gout great part of the time that I passed in town, and ever since I came hither I have been confined to my room; and besides, you know, you were at Aston, and did not much care. As to Monsieur de la Harpe,* he is not to be had at any of the shops, and, they say, never was in

* The well-known writer, Jean François de la Harpe, born 1739, died 1803. Up to the period of Gray's Letter, 1768, he had distinguished himself chiefly as a *dramatic writer*, the author of Tragedie de *Warwick*, Timoleon, Pharamond, Gustavus Vasa, &c. in 1776; after that he entered into what is called "La carriere des concours academiques." His Literary Correspondence with the Emperor Paul was printed in 1801, in four volumes, and perhaps is the most *interesting* of his works at the present day. A portrait of him is sketched in lively, yet fair colours, in Chateaubriand, Mémoires d'outre Tombe, vol. i. p. 175.

England. What I saw and liked of his must have been in some bibliothèque or journal that I had borrowed.

Here are, or have been, or will be, all your old and new friends in constant expectation of you at Cambridge; yet Christmas is past, and no Scroddles appears.

> Weddell attends your call, and Palgrave proud,
> ————————, and Delaval the loud.*
> For thee does Powell† squeeze, and Marriot‡ sputter,
> And Glyn§ cut phizzes, and Tom Neville stutter.
> Brown sees thee sitting on his nose's tip,
> The Widow feels thee in her aching hip.
> For thee fat Nanny sighs, and handy Nelly,
> And Balguy‖ with a bishop in his belly.

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* See Letter CXXXVII. "Delaval is by no means well, and looks sadly, yet he goes about and *talks as loud as ever.*"

† On Powell, see p. 322.

‡ Sir James Marriot, Knt. Master of Trinity Hall, 1764. He is mentioned in Gray's Letters to Nicholls at pp. 60, 65, 67, 82. He continued Master for nearly forty years, and was succeeded by Sir William Wynne, Knt. There are some verses by him in Dodsley's Collection, iv. p. 285, and several small poems in Bell's Fugitive Poetry. See also Nichols's Illustrations of Literature, vol. i. p. 134. Neville has been mentioned.

§ Dr. Glynn was Gray's physician at Cambridge, and also a very intimate friend. He was "The lov'd Iapis on the banks of Cam."

‖ It is well known that Dr. Balguy refused a *Bishoprick.*

It is true of the two archdeacons. The latter is now here, but goes on Monday. The former comes to take his degree in February. The rector writes to ask whether you are come, that he may do the same. As to Johnny, here he is, divided between the thoughts of * * * * and marriage. Delaval only waits for a little intreaty. The master, the doctor, the poet, and the president, are very pressing and warm, but none so warm as the coffee-house and I. Come then away. This is no season for planting, and Lord Richard* will grow as well without your cultivation as with it; at least let us know what we are to hope for, and when, if it be only for the satisfaction of the methodist singing-man your landlord.

You will finish your *opus magnum* here so clever, and your series of historical tragedies, with your books (that nobody reads) all round

* See Gray's Letter to Nicholls, p. 82 (Correspondence). "Lord Richard Cavendish is come. He is a sensible boy, awkward and bashful beyond all imagination, and eats a buttock of beef at a meal. I have made him my visit, and did tolerably well considering. Watson is his public tutor, and one Winstanley his private." He was born 1751, and died at Naples September 1781, where he went for the recovery of his health. In 1780 he was chosen Member for Derby.

you; and your critic at hand, who never cares a farthing, that I must say for him, whether you follow his opinions or not; and your hypercritics, that nobody, not even themselves, understands, though you think you do. I am sorry to tell you Saint John's Garden is quite at a stand; perhaps you in person may set it going. If not, here is Mr. Brown's little garden cries aloud to be laid out (it is in a wretched state, to be sure, and without any taste). You shall have unlimited authority over it,* and I will take upon me the whole expense. Will you not come? I know you will. Adieu, I am ever yours, T. G.

* Mason says in his Memoirs, that Gray never professed any knowledge of or skill in laying out gardens; but the Author of The English Garden prided himself on his talent in this respect. He laid out the flower-garden at Nuneham, Mr. Hurd's at Thurcaston, and others. "I once," says Mr. Cradock, "called on Mr. Hurd, at Thurcaston, and he said to me, 'I wish you had come sooner, for Mason has just left me: he is going to Aston. I think you must have passed him in the gateway. He got up very early this morning to plant those roses opposite, and otherwise decorate my grounds. He boasts that he knows exactly where every rose ought to be planted.'" See Cradock's Memoirs, iv. p. 194. Gray's opinion was very unfavourable to the publication of Mason's English Garden; his friend Dr. Burgh did all he could in his excellent Commentary to redeem it. It has, however, been favourably received in France, and translated.

LETTER CXX.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Southampton Row, April 27, 1768.

By this time, I conclude, you are returned to Cambridge, though I thought it a long time before I heard of you from Thrandeston,* and could have wished you had stayed longer with Palgrave. Perhaps you are in Hertfordshire; however, I write at a venture. I went to Mr. Mann's,† and, though he is in town, not finding him at home, left a note with an account of my business with him, and my direction. I have had no message in answer to it. So, possibly, he has written to you, and sent the papers. I know not.

Mr. Precentor is still here, and not in haste to depart. Indeed, I do not know whether he has not a fit of the gout. It is certain he had a pain yesterday in his foot, but whether owing to bechamel and claret, or to cutting a corn, was not determined. He is still at Stonhewer's house, and has not made his jour-

* Thrandeston, in Suffolk, one of Mr. Palgrave's livings, near to Botesdale and Diss, and joining Palgrave.

† Probably the brother of Sir Horace Mann. Two of the brothers were clothiers to the Army.

ney to Eton and to Bath yet, though he intends to do it.

We have had no mobs nor illuminations yet, since I was here. Wilkes's speech you have seen. The Court was so surprised at being contemned to its face, and in the face of the world, that the chief in a manner forgot the matter in hand, and entered into an apology for his own past conduct, and so, with the rest of the assessors, shuffled the matter off, and left the danger to the officers of the Crown, that is, indeed, to the ministry.* Nobody had ventured, or would venture to serve the *capias* upon him. I cannot assure it is done yet, though yesterday I heard it was; if so, he comes again to-day into Court. He professes himself ready to make any submissions to the King,† but not to give up his pursuit of Lord H.‡

* See Walpole's Memoirs of George III. vol. iii. ch. vii. p. 182, for a good account of these transactions, and Adolphus's Hist. vol. i. chap. xv.; Letters to Mann, i. p. 394.

† Wilkes wrote a letter to the King. See Walpole's George III. vol. iii. p. 182. It was delivered at the palace by Wilkes's footman, and returned in the same way. It is printed in the third volume of Almon's Life of Wilkes.

‡ Lord Halifax, "a statesman" (says Lord Mahon, Hist v. p. 183) "of some reputation, but who impaired his constitution by drinking, and his fortune by neglect." He had the ill luck to be Secretary of State at that time. See Walpole's George III.

The Delavals* attend very regularly, and take notes of all that passes. His writ of error on the outlawry must come to a decision before the House of Lords.

I was not among the coalheavers† at Shadwell, though seven people lost their lives in the fray. Nor was I in Goodman's Fields when the brothel was demolished. The ministry, I believe, are but ticklish in their situation. They talk of Grenville and his brother‡ again. Lord forbid! it must be dreadful necessity indeed that brings them back.

Adieu. I am ever yours,

T. G.

If you are at Cambridge, pray let me know.

vol. iii. p. 230. "After term time, Wilkes published a violent and vile speech against Lord Halifax. Lord Halifax stood in a weak predicament, as it depended on a jury to give what damages they should please against the Earl. No limits were set to them by law, nor could King or Parliament remit the fine," &c. See Lord Chesterfield's Works, iv. 294, for a favourable character of Lord Halifax, and Belsham's History, vol. v. p. 354. He died in 1771.

* The Delaval family took a strong party on politics. See the Grenville Papers, vol. ii. pp. 144-149, as instances.

† On the riot of the *coalheavers*, see Walpole's History of George III. vol. iii. p. 219.

‡ George Grenville and Lord Temple.

LETTER CXXI.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, 1st. August, [1768.]

Where you are, I know not, but before this can reach you I guess you will be in residence. It is only to tell you that I profess Modern History and languages in a little shop of mine at Cambridge, if you will recommend me any customers. On Sunday Brocket died of a fall from his horse, drunk, I believe, as some say, returning from Hinchinbroke.* On Wednesday the Duke of Grafton wrote me a very handsome letter to say that the King offered the vacant place to me, with many more speeches too honourable for me to transcribe. On Friday, at the levee, I kissed his Majesty's hand.† What

* Hinchinbroke, the seat of Lord Sandwich, in Huntingdonshire. See description of it by Horace Walpole, in Misc. Lett. v. p. 283.

† See Gray's Works, vol. iv. p. 123, and at p. 127 his letter to Dr. Bentham of 31st October. Mr. Cole says, "I believe Mr. Stonhewer, the Duke of Grafton's secretary and Mr. Gray's friend, was the first man in this affair" Cole's MS. Notes on Gray. Horace Walpole tells T. Warton, "Mr. Stonhewer is a great favourite with the Duke of Grafton, and the person who recommended Mr. Gray; he is a very worthy man," &c. See Wooll's Life of Dr. J. Warton, p. 336. Sir Egerton

he said I will not tell you, because everybody that has been at court tells what the King said to them. It was very gracious, however. Remember you are to say that the Cabinet Council all approved of the nomination in a particular manner. It is hinted to me that I should say this publicly, and I have been at their several doors to thank them. Now I have told you all the exterior; the rest, the most essential, you can easily guess, and how it came about. Now are you glad or sorry, pray? Adieu. Yours ever,

T. G., P. M. H. and L.*

Brydges informed me, "That when Gray went to court to kiss the King's hand for his place, he felt a mixture of shyness and pride which he expressed to some of his intimate friends in terms of strong ill humour." See Gray's Works, ed. Ald. i. p. ciii. Yet he could not say with Swift—

"What if for *nothing* once you kiss'd,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist."

* Thomas Gray, Professor of Modern History and Letters.

LETTER CXXII.

MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. PROFESSOR, Hornby Castle, August 8th, 1768.

I will not congratulate you, for I would not have you think I am glad, and I take for granted you do not think I am, or at least would not have me so to be, else you would have given me a line; but no matter. I went the other day to Old Park, and read what you had written to the Doctor, and he was not so glad neither as to hinder him from making water, which he did all the time I was with him, and continues still to do so, and thinks he shall not give over for some months. Do not be afraid, the discharge does not come from his vesicatory, but his pecuniary ducts, and I, as physician, and Summers, as apothecary, hold it to be a most salutary diabetes.

I have my good luck too, I can tell you, for when I was at Hull I met with a Roman ossuary of exquisite sculpture. How I came by it no matter; it is enough that I am possessed of it. I send you the inscription, which your brother Lort,* of Halifax, may, perhaps,

* Gray, in a letter to Miss Antrobus, 29th July, 1768,

help me to construe, for as to yourself I take for granted that all your skill in the learned languages transpired in the kiss which you gave his Majesty's little finger, and you rose up a mere modern scholar, with nothing left but a little Linnæan jargon. Be this as it may, here is the inscription *literatim*:

PONPONIA PRIMI
GENIAE
T PONPONIO FELICI
P. ET P. PA.

The first three lines I read, "Pomponia primigeniae Tito Pomponio Felici;" but as to the rest it is all Hebrew Greek to me. Seriously, if you can make it out for me, I shall be obliged to you.

I go to York on Thursday, but I mean to

speaking of his Professorship, says, "The only people who asked for it are *Lort*, Marriott, Delaval, Tebb, and Peck; at least I have heard of no more. . . . *Lort* is a worthy man, and I wish he could have it, or something as good. The rest are nothing." See Works, iv. p. 123. "Lort," says Professor Smyth (in a MS. letter to me,) "was a scholar and antiquary, afterwards chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, rector of Fulham, and Prebendary of St. Paul's. He died from the effects produced by an overturn of his carriage. See Nichols's Anecdotes, vii. 237, 618, and Lit. Illustrations, vii. 438, where is a portrait of him. Boswell says, "Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit."

call in my way on Mr. Weddell and Proud Palgrave* on Wednesday. Remember me kindly to your brother, Mr. Professor Shepherd,† and the successor of Mr. Professor Mickleborough;‡ and believe me to be, dear Mr. Professor,

Yours most truly and sincerely,

W. MASON.

LETTER CXXIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Pembroke College, Sept. 7, 1768.

What can I say more to you about Oddington?§ You seem engaged to Mr. Wood, and in consequence of that to Mr. Meller. Mr. Brown is not here, and if he were I could by

* In Lord Harcourt's MS. Correspondence with Mason he is called "Le petit Palgrave."

† A. Shepherd, A.M. of Christ's College, Professor of Astronomy and Experimental Philosophy in 1760. He was succeeded in 1796 by Mr. Vince.

‡ T. Mickleburgh, A.M. of Corpus Christi College, Professor of Chemistry in 1718. His successor was T. Hardy, M.A of Queen's, in 1756. He was succeeded by Dr. Watson, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff.

§ Rectory in Gloucestershire, a living in the gift of Mason, as the Precentor of York.

no means consult him about it. His view to the mastership will be affected by it just in the same manner as if he had accepted of Framlingham* and had it in possession, which I little doubt he would accept if it were vacant and undisputed. As to the dubious title, he told me of it himself, and I was surprised at it as a thing quite new to me. This is all I know; nor (if you were under no previous engagements) could I direct or determine your choice. It ought to be entirely your own; as to accept or refuse ought to be entirely his. The only reason I have suggested anything about it is, that (when we first talked on this subject) you asked me whether Mr. Brown would have it; and I replied, it would hardly be worth his while, as Framlingham was of greater value; in which, all things considered, I may be mistaken.

I give you joy of your vase; I cannot find P. et P.P.A. in my Sertorius Ursatus, and consequently do not know their meaning. What shall I do? My learned brethren are dispersed over the face of the earth. I have lately dug up three small vases, in workman-

* Framlingham, a market town in Suffolk. The rectory is in the gift of Pembroke College. Its castle is well known to antiquaries, and the monument of Lord Surrey, in the church, to poets.

ship at least equal to yours; they were discovered at a place called Burslem in Staffordshire, and are very little impaired by time. On the larger one is this inscription, very legibly, $\frac{s}{9}$; and on the two smaller thus, $\frac{s}{7}$. You will oblige me with an explanation, for Ursatus here too leaves us in the dark.

I fear the King of Denmark* could not stay till your hair was dressed. He is a genteel lively figure, not made by nature for a fool; but surrounded by a pack of knaves, whose interest it is to make him one if they can. He has overset poor Dr. Marriot's head here, who raves of nothing else from morning till night.†

Pray make my best compliments to your brother-residentiary Mr. Cowper, and thank

* Christian the Seventh, who married Caroline Matilda, the posthumous child of Frederic Prince of Wales; she died at Zell, 1775. See account of her in Walpole's Miscellaneous Letters, vol. iv. p. 329; v. 215–217. Walpole's Letters to Mann, i. p. 399; ii. p. 2. Memoirs of George III. ii. p. 257; iii. p. 235; iv. pp. 163, 280. Selwyn Correspondence, ii. pp. 326, 341. Lord Mahon's History, v p. 463. Belsham's History, vi. p. 232. Cavendish Debates, vol. i. pp. 283, 612. See also Wraxall's Memoirs of the Courts of Berlin, Dresden, &c. vol. i. p. 47, &c.

† See Gray's Letter to Nicholls, Works, v. p. 80. "His Danish Majesty has had a diarrhæa, so could not partake of Dr. *Marriott's* collation; if he goes thither at all, I will contrive *not* to be present at the time."

him for his obliging letter of congratulation, which I did not at all expect. Present also my respects and acknowledgements to Miss Polly. Mr. Bedingfield I shall answer soon, both as to his civilities and his reproaches; the latter you might have prevented by telling him that I gave my works to nobody, as it was only a new edition. Adieu; write to me.

I am ever yours, T. G.

LETTER CXXIV.

GRAY TO MASON.

29th December, 1768.

Oh, wicked Scroddles! There have you gone and told my *arcanum arcanorum** to that

* This *arcanum arcanorum* must, I think, be an allusion to the lines written by Gray, in 1766, on Lord Holland's seat at Kingsgate. See Gray's Poems, vol. i. p. 161, ed. Ald. Walpole says, on these lines, "I am very sorry that he ever wrote them and ever gave a copy of them. You may be sure I did *not recommend their being printed in his works*, nor were they." See Letters to Lady Ossory, ii. 193, and Miscellaneous Correspondence, ii. 574, and Letters to Mason, i. p. 109. The lines were written at Denton, in Kent, when on a visit to Rev. William Robinson, and found in a drawer of Gray's room, after his departure. They are given with the variations of the MSS. in the Aldine edition, vol. i. p. 161. They were printed in the Gent. Mag. and afterwards in Nichols's Select Poems, vol. vii. p. 350, before they appeared in his works.

leaky mortal Palgrave, who never conceals any thing he is trusted with; and there have I been forced to write to him, and (to bribe him to silence) have told him how much I confided in his taciturnity, and twenty lies beside, the guilt of which must fall on you at the last account. Seriously, you have done very wrong. Surely you do not remember the imprudence of Dr. G.,* who is well known to that rogue in Piccadilly, and who at any time may be denounced to the

"*Foxium* patrem," says Mr. W. S. Landor, "satirâ perstrinxit *Graius* acerrimâ, in quo genere vidi ejus alia summi acuminis." Landor, de Cultu Latini Sermonis, p. 196. Of these lines it must indeed be said, they were "satira acerrima."

The following *jeux d'esprits* by Gray were once in the possession of Mason, but were probably destroyed by him:—

1. Duke of Newcastle's journal going to Hanover.
2. History of the Devil: a fragment.
3. The Mob Grammar.
4. Character of the Scotch.
5. Fragments of an Act of Parliament relating to monuments erected in Westminster Abbey.

Mason also mentions a fragment of Mr. Gray's, "A History of Hell," which appears to have been a political squib. See Walpole and Mason Correspondence, i. 66. "Pray take notice of the conclusion concerning Kingcraft, and tell me whether he is not a prophet as well as poet." See also p. 156.

* Dr. Gisborne. Who the *rogue in Piccadilly* was, I do not know, for there was no *Court Guide* in those days. Lord Bath, who had lived there, was dead; but Lord March was then living in the street. The parish rate-books, which still exist, would be the only guide that I know in solving the mystery.

party concerned, which five shillings reward may certainly bring about. Hitherto luckily nobody has taken any notice of it, nor I hope ever will.

Dr. Balguy tells me you talk of Cambridge; come away then forthwith, when your Christmas duties and mince-pies are over; for what can you do at Aston, making snow-balls all January.* Here am I just returned from London. I have seen Lt.† whose looks are much mended, and he has leave to break up for a fortnight, and is gone to Bath. Poor Dr. Hurd has undergone a painful operation: they say it was not a fistula, but something very like it. He is now in a way to be well, and by this time goes abroad again. Delaval was confined two months with a like disorder. He suffered three times under the hands of Hawkins, and, though he has now got out, and walking the streets, does not think himself cured, and still complains of uneasy sensations. Nobody but I and Fraser, and Dr. Ross (who

* About two months after the date of this letter Mr. James Harris wrote to Chancellor Hoadly, saying, "Mason preached at St. James's, early prayers, and gave a fling at the French for their invasion of Corsica. Thus politics, you see, have entered the sanctuary." See Wooll's Life of J Warton, p. 343.

† Mr. Lort, before mentioned.

it is said is just made Dean of Ely), are quite well. Dr. Thomas,* of Christ's, is Bishop of Carlisle.† Do not you feel a spice of concupiscence? Adieu.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

* Dr. Thomas was Master of Christ's College; was offered a bishoprick, and persuaded by Law, formerly of Christ's and Master of Peterhouse, to *decline it, that he himself might be nominated Bishop.* Such was always the representation of Mrs. Thomas.—*MS. Note by Professor Smyth to me.*

† *Edmund Law* was made Bishop of Carlisle in 1768. A Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Winchester, was translated from Peterborough in 1757. See Walpole's George II. vol. i. p. 292; George III. vol. i. p 75; iv. p. 370, for an account of him; but on the subject of these *synonymous doctors* see Bishop Newton's Autobiography, p. 59. "Dr. Thomas, who died Bishop of Salisbury. I so describe him, for it was not always easy to distinguish the two Dr. Thomas's. Somebody was speaking of *Dr. Thomas;* he was asked, Which Dr. Thomas do you mean? Dr. John Thomas. They are both named John. Dr. Thomas, who has a living in the City. They both have livings in the City. Dr. Thomas, who is Chaplain to the King. They are both Chaplains to the King. Dr. Thomas, who is a very good preacher. They are both very good preachers. Dr. Thomas, who squints. They both squint; for Dr. Thomas, who died Bishop of Winchester, handsome as he was, had a little cast in one of his eyes. John Thomas, Bishop of Salisbury, was Preceptor to the Prince of Wales (George III.)." See on him Waldegrave's Memoirs, p. 10 and p. 36; in the latter place he is called Bishop of Norwich (*by mistake*). I

Mr. Brown's companion here is Lord Richard.* What is come of Foljambe? † Service to my curate.

may add that *both* these John Thomas's had been Bishops of *Salisbury*, one in 1757, the other in 1761. He of Salisbury died in 1766; he of Winchester in 1791: but there was a *third* Dr. John Thomas, who succeeded Dr. Pearce as Dean of Westminster, and on his death, in 1774, succeeded him as the Bishop of Rochester. An old Kentish gentleman, a neighbour of this Bishop's, told me, many years ago, that he knew him well; but all he remembered, or rather all he communicated, was, that the Bishop used to *net partridges*, which he thought very unlike a sportsman. The portrait of this Dr. Thomas, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is in the Bridgwater Gallery, No. 270, and his monument in Westminster Abbey, with his bust by Nollekens, and a Latin inscription by his nephew, G. A. T. The Bishop died August 20, 1793, aged 81 years.

* Lord Richard Cavendish.

† "Here is Mr. *Foljambe* has got a flying hobgoblin from the East Indies and a power of rarities; then he has given me such a phalæna, with looking-glasses in its wings, and a queen of the white ants, &c. . . . . Oh! she is a jewel of a pismire." Gray's Letter to Nicholls, vide Works, v. p. 113. Mason, in a letter to Horace Walpole in 1771, asks him for a recommendatory letter or two to some persons of fashion at Paris, for a young gentleman of his neighbourhood, Mr. *Foljambe*, of an ancient family and good fortune, &c. See Walpole and Mason Correspondence, vol. i p. 40. This person was probably Francis Ferrand Homé Foljambe, who represented the county of York 1787; married as his second wife Arabella, daughter of Lord Scarborough, in 1792; died in 1814. The arms of twenty families appear on the Foljambe monuments

LETTER CXXV.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Old Park,

DEAR MASON, Saturday, August 26th, 1769.

I received last night your letter, big with another a week older than itself. You might as well have wrote to me from the deserts of Arabia, and desired me to step over and drink a dish of tea with you. This morning I sent to Auckland for a chaise; the man's answer is that he had a chaise with four horses returned yesterday from Hartlepool, that the road was next to impassable, and so dangerous that he does not think of sending out any other that way, unless the season should change to a long drought. I would have gone by Durham, but am assured that road is rather worse. What can I do? You speak so jauntily, and enter so little into any detail of your own journey, that I conclude you came on horseback from Stockton (which road, however, is little better for carriages). If so, we hope you will ride over to

at Chesterfield. His seats, Osberton, Notts; Aldweston, Yorkshire. Sir Thomas Foljambe was a person of public note in the time of Henry the Third.

Old Park with Mr. Alderson;* there is room for you both, and hearty welcome. The doctor even talks of coming (for he can ride) to invite you on Monday. I wonder how you are accommodated where you are, and what you are doing with Gen. Carey. I would give my ears to get thither, but all depends on the sun. Adieu.

It is twenty miles to Old Park, and the way is by Hart, over Sheraton Moor, and through Trimdon. There is no village else that has a name. Pray write a line by the bearer.

T. GRAY.

We have a confirmation of the above account of the state of the roads from other evidences; nevertheless, I shall certainly come on horseback on Monday to inquire after your proceedings and designs, and to prevail upon you and Mr. Alderson to return with me to Old Park. A rainy morning, perhaps, may stop us a few hours, but when it clears up I shall set forward. Adieu; accept all our compliments.

Yours ever,

T. WHARTON.

* The Rev. Christopher Alderson, curate to Mr. Mason, and afterwards Rector of Aston and of Eckington, before alluded to.

LETTER CXXVI.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Lancaster, 10 Oct. 1769.

I set out on the 29th September, with poor Doctor Wharton, and lay at Brough, but he was seized with a fit of the asthma the same night, and obliged in the morning to return home. I went by Penrith to Keswick, and passed six days there lap'd in Elysium; then came slowly by Ambleside to Kendal, and this day arrived here. I now am projecting to strike across the hills into Yorkshire, by Settle, and so get to Mason's; then, after a few days, I shall move gently towards Cambridge. The weather has favoured all my motions just as I could wish.

I received your letter of 23 Sept.; was glad you deviated a little from the common track, and rejoiced you got well and safe home.

I am, ever yours,

T. G.

LETTER CXXVII.

TO RICHARD STONHEWER, ESQ., DURHAM.

(By Caxton Bag.)

MY DEAR SIR, Cambridge, November 2, 1769.

I am sincerely pleased with every mark of your kindness, and as such I look upon your last letter in particular.* I feel for the sorrow you have felt, and yet I cannot wish to lessen it; that would be to rob you of the best part of your nature, to efface from your mind the tender memory of a father's love, and deprive the dead of that just and grateful tribute which his goodness demanded from you.

I must, however, remind you how happy it was for him that you were with him to the last; that he was sensible, perhaps, of your care, when every other sense was vanishing. He might have lost you the last year, † might have seen you go before him, at a time when all the ills of helpless old age were coming upon him,

* Mr. Stonhewer's father, the Rev. Richard Stonhewer, D.D., Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, Durham, died 1769. See Gent. Mag., Deaths (November). This short, but exquisitely tender and beautiful letter, will not be passed by the reader without the attentive feeling it deserves.

† I had been very ill at the time alluded to.—M.

and, though not destitute of the attention and tenderness of others, yet destitute of *your* attention and *your* tenderness. May God preserve you, my best friend, and, long after my eyes are closed, give you that last satisfaction in the gratitude and affection of a son, which you have given your father.

I am ever most truly and entirely yours,

T. G.

LETTER CXXVIII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR SIR, Pembroke College, December 2nd, 1769.

I am afraid something is the matter with you that I hear nothing from you since I passed two days with you in your absence. I am not in Ireland, as you perhaps might imagine by this natural sentence, but shall be as glad to hear from you as if I were.

A week ago I saw something in the newspaper signed "An Enemy to Brick Walls in Improper Places." While I was studying how, for brevity's sake, to translate this into Greek, Mr. Brown did it in one word, Μασονιδης. I hope it is not that complaint, hard I must own

to digest, that sticks in your stomach, and makes you thus silent.

I am sorry to tell you that I hear a very bad account of Dr. Hurd. He was taken very ill at Thurcaston, and obliged with difficulty to be carried in a chaise to Leicester. He remained there confined some time before he could be conveyed on to London. As they do not mention what his malady is, I am much afraid it is a return of the same disorder that he had last year in town. I am going thither for a few days myself, and shall soon be able to tell you more of him.

Wyatt* is returned hither very calm but melancholy, and looking dreadfully pale. He thinks of orders, I am told. Adieu.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

* The Rev. William Wyatt, A.M., F.R.S., elected Fellow of Pembroke College in 1763, Rector of Framlingham-cum-Saxted in 1782, and in 1792 of Theberton in Suffolk; buried Feb. 8, 1813, aged 71 years.

LETTER CXXIX.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR SIR, Jermyn Street, 14th Dec. 1769.

I have seen Dr. Hurd, and find the story I told you is not true, though (I thought) I had it on very good authority. He was indeed ill at Thurcaston, but not so since, and walked an hour in Lincoln's Inn walks with me very hearty, though his complexion presages no good. St.* is come to town, and in good health. The weather and the times look very gloomy, and hang on my spirits, though I go to the Italian puppet show (the reigning diversion) to exhilarate them. I return to Cambridge on Tuesday next, where I desire you would send me a more exhilarating letter. Adieu.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

All your acquaintances here are well—Lord Newnham and Mr. Ramsden, and all.

Stonhewer.

LETTER CXXX.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, 1770.

I am very well at present, the usual effect of my summer expeditions, and much obliged to you, gentlemen, for your kind inquiry after me. I have seen Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, Shropshire—five of the best counties this kingdom has to produce. The chief grace and ornament of my journey was the river Wye, which I descended in a boat from Ross to Chepstow (near forty miles), surrounded with ever-new delights; among which were the New Weir (see Whateley), Tintern Abbey, and Persfield. I say nothing of the Vale of Abergavenny, Ragland Castle, Ludlow, Malvern Hills, the Leasowes, and Hagley, &c., nor how I passed two days at Oxford very agreeably. The weather was very hot, and generally serene. I envy not your Greffiers,* nor your Wensley-dale and Aisgarth Forces; but did you see Winander-mere and Grass-mere? Did you get to Keswick, and what do you think of the matter? I stayed a

* His allusion to Greffiers or registrars must refer to some passage in a letter of Mason's which is wanting.

fortnight stewing in London, and now am in the midst of this dead quiet, with nobody but Mr. President* near me, and he "is not dead, but sleepeth."

The politics of the place are that Bishop Warburton will chouse Bishop Keene† out of Ely by the help of Lord Mansfield, who can be refused nothing at present. Every one is frightened except Tom Neville.

Palgrave, I suppose, is at Mr. Weddell's, and has told you the strange casualties of his household. Adieu.

I am ever yours,

T. G.

The letter in question was duly received.

* The Rev. James Brown, President of Pembroke College.

† Bishop Keene was translated from Chester to Ely, 1771. See account of this transaction in Bishop Newton's Life of Himself, p. 114. In 1764 there was a correspondence between Warburton and George Grenville on the bishopric of London, which was vacant by the death of Osbaldeston, when Terrick was appointed to it. See Grenville Papers, vol. ii. pp. 313—316. Bishop Keene had, in 1764, refused the Primacy of Ireland: see ibid. pp. 534, 535.

LETTER CXXXI.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR, Jermyn Street, May 22, 1770.

I have received two letters from you with one inclosed from Paris and one from Mason. I met poor Barber (?) two or three days after the fire with evident marks of terror in his countenance; he has moved his quarters (I am told) somewhere into Gray's-inn-lane, near the fields.

I do not apprehend anything more than usual from the City Remonstrance;* and the

* See Hansard's Parliamentary Reports, vol. xvi. p. 900, for the Address of both Houses to the King on the City Remonstrance. The addresses and answers were in the Annual Register, 1770, p. 199 to p. 203. In the Misc. Correspondence of Horace Walpole, so well edited by Mr. Wright, vol. v. p. 275, is a note on this subject, in which the Editor quotes a MS. note of Isaac Reed, saying, "That Beckford did not utter one syllable of this speech. It was penned by Horne Tooke, and by his art put on the records of the city and on Beckford's statue, as he told me, Mr. Braithwaite, Mr. Sayer, &c. at the Athenæum Club:" then adding, "There can be but little doubt that the worthy Commentator and his friends were imposed upon;" meaning, I presume, they were imposed upon by Horne Tooke. If so, it was an imposition which he maintained also with others. My friend Mr. William Maltby, of the London Institution, whom I questioned on the subject, answers me to this effect:—"Dr. Charles Burney first told me the

party principally concerned, I hear, does not in the least regard it. The conversation you mention in the House of Lords is very true; it happened about a fortnight since; and the Archbishop replied, it was not any concern of his, as he had received no complaint from the University on that head. It begins to be doubted whether Lord Anglesey * will carry

speech in Guildhall was written by Horne Tooke, and *was never delivered.* The first time I saw Mr. Tooke afterwards I asked him the question. He *said he wrote every word of that speech*, and he was much amused when one of the corporation said he had heard every word of it delivered, with the exception of "two" and "necessary." It must be remembered that Charles Townshend said "That Beckford had made no *bad* speech upon the exclamation of His Majesty (in 1763). It is composed upon good ideas of taste, and firm and explicit, without being indecent or warm." See Grenville Papers, ii. 133, and Rockingham Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 173; and for some account of Beckford, ibid. p. 169.

* This alludes to the disputed Peerage. Arthur, on arriving at his majority 1765, took his seat as Lord Valentia, after an investigation by the Lords of Ireland of nearly four years, during his minority; his succession to the Irish estates being opposed by his kinsman, John Annesley, derived from the first Regent Valentia. When he petitioned for his writ of summons to the Parliament of Great Britain as Earl of Anglesey, the judgment was against him. A renewal of the claim again took place in Ireland, when they came to the same conclusion as before, and confirmed the claim. So his Lordship enjoyed his Irish honours; but the earldom in England

his point, his witnesses being so very Irish in their understandings and consciences that they puzzle the cause they came to prove; but this cannot be cleared up till another session. Pa. and I have often visited, but never met. I saw my Lord and Tom* the other day at breakfast in good health; and Lady Maria did not beat me, but giggled a little. Monsieur de Villervielle has found me out, and seems a sensible, quiet young man. He returns soon to France with the ambassador, but means to revisit England and see it better. I dined at Hampton Court on Sunday all alone with St. who inquired after you; and the next day with the same, and a good deal of company in town.

was considered as extinct, and the title of the latter conferred on another family. See Gent. Magazine on this subject, vol. xiv. xxi. xxvi. xli. Dr. Balguy wrote to Dr. Warton: "I doubt your friend Lord Lyttelton is by no means sure of success in the business of the Anglesey claim. There is proof, not easy to be overcome, that the certificate of the marriage is forged. The House wait at present for some *living witnesses* from Ireland" See Wooll's Life of Warton, p. 372. It was published as "The Trial or Ejectment between Campbell Craig, lessee of James Annesley, Esq. and other plaintiffs, and the Right Hon. Richard Earl of Anglesey, defendant. Dublin, 1774." For full particulars see Collins's Peerage, art. Anglesey.

* Lord Strathmore and Thomas Lyon, and Lady Maria Lyon his wife.

I have not seen him so well this long time. I am myself indifferent; the head-ache returns now and then, and a little grumbling of the gout; but I mean to see you on Monday or Tuesday next.

Adieu. I am ever yours, T. G.

P.S. Pray is Mrs. Olliffe come to Cambridge?

LETTER CXXXII.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

DEAR MASON, Pembroke Hall, Oct. 24, 1770.

I have been for these three weeks and more confined to my room by a fit of the gout, and am now only beginning to walk alone again. I should not mention the thing, but that I am well persuaded it will soon be your own case, as you have so soon laid aside your horse, and talk so relishingly of your old port.

I cannot see any objection to your design for Mr. Pierce. As to Wilson* we know him much alike. He seems a good honest lad; and I believe is scholar enough for your purpose. Perhaps this connection may make (or mar) his

* Thomas Wilson, elected Fellow of Pembroke in 1767; became vicar of Soham 1769; died 1797.

fortune. Our friend Foljambe * has resided in college, and persevered in the ways of godliness till about ten days ago, when he disappeared, and no one knows whether he is gone a hunting or

The little Fitzherbert † is come a

* A Fellow Commoner of Bene't College, of a Yorkshire family, and a person of fortune. He was lineally descended from one of the knights who murdered Becket. A carving in bas-relief in stone was ordered by the King, soon after the murder, to be placed in the castle of this Knight, which represented the deed: it was in the possession of Mason. See previous note to Letter CXXIV.

† The little Fitzherbert was afterwards Lord St. Helen's, brother of the one mentioned in Letter CX.: he took a high degree in 1774. Of the visit which Gray paid to him on the occasion, Lord St. Helen's gave an account to Mr. Samuel Rogers, which he has allowed me to transcribe from his own words:—"I came to St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1770, and that year received a visit from *Gray*, having a letter of introduction to him. He was accompanied by Dr. Gisborne, Mr. Stonhewer, and Mr. Palgrave, and they walked one after one, in Indian file. When they withdrew, every college man took off his cap as he passed, a considerable number having assembled in the quadrangle to see Mr. Gray, who was seldom seen. I asked Mr. Gray, to the great dismay of his companions, what he thought of Mr. Garrick's Jubilee Ode, just published? He answered, 'He was easily pleased.'" Lord St. Helen's was Minister for some time at the Court of St. Petersburgh, and could recollect in after-life and repeat some interesting anecdotes of the Empress Catherine. He resided and I believe died in Albemarle Street. Mr. Rogers often

pensioner to St. John's, and seems to have all his wits about him. Your *elève* Lord Richard Cavendish, having digested all the learning and all the beef this place could afford him in a two months' residence, is about to leave us, and his little brother George* succeeds him. Bishop Keene has brought a son from Eton to Peterhouse; and Dr. Heberden† another to St. John's,

speaks of the pleasure he had in his acquaintance, of his visits to Lord St. Helen's house, and of his agreeable and enlightened conversation. In his last illness—moriens legavit—he presented to Mr. Rogers, Pope's own copy of Garth's Dispensary, enriched with the MS. annotations of the younger poet, in his early *print-hand.* The Ode of Garrick was "An Ode on dedicating a building, or erecting a statue, to Shakspere at Stratford-upon-Avon, by D. G." 1769, 4to. *and it is bad enough!*

* Lord George Augustus Henry, born Feb. 27, 1754, married 1792 Lady Elizabeth Compton, created Earl of Burlington, and died May 9, 1834.

† Dr. William Heberden, formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, died in his 91st year in May, 1801, being then Senior Fellow of the College of Physicians. See a good sketch of his life in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. iii. p. 71-74. He was called by Dr. Johnson "Ultimus Romanorum," and his name is immortalized in the poetry of Cowper:

> "Virtuous and faithful *Heberden*, whose skill
> Attempts no task it cannot well fulfil," &c.

His son, destined to the Church, was Charles, of St. John's College, who died May, 1796, aged 24. Dr. Heberden, in a

who is entered pensioner, and destined to the Church. This is all my university news; but why do I tell you? come yourself and see, for I hope you remember your promise at Aston, and will take us in your way as you go to your town residence.

You have seen Stonhewer, I imagine, who went northwards on Saturday last; pray tell me how he is, for I think him not quite well. Tell me this, and tell me when I may expect to see you here.

I am ever yours, T. G.

LETTER CXXXIII.

REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, Curzon Street,* March 27.

I find from [redacted]hewer that he has now 129*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* as a[redacted] by the account on the opposite page; if therefore it be not inconvenient to you I should be glad to borrow 100*l.* of you for a little pocket-money during the present sequestration of my ecclesiastical and

letter to Dr. Birch, introduces Mason to him. "He is of the same college with me, and I have a great esteem for him." His was indeed Mason's earliest friend, and patron.

* Mason had stayed during the winter at Mr. Stonhewer's house, in Curzon Street, May Fair.

temporal concerns.* I wish you would favour me with a line as soon as may be on this matter; and if you do not object to my proposal, I will immediately send you my note, which I have the vanity to presume is as good as my bond. S.† is perfectly well; the fortnight's rest which his feverish complaint obliged him to take totally removed his other malady, so that he has never had occasion to recur to his former applications, which both you and I thought dangerous, and I always unnecessary.

Wilson was with me yesterday; he has very gladly accepted the tutoring of Mr. Pierse, and will write to Mr. Brown shortly on that subject; I therefore turn the matter over entirely to him and the master.

The general opinion of what will be the business of the day is, that the Lord Mayor‡

* I presume that Mason must [redacted] to his expenses at this time, occasioned by his erecti[redacted] new rectory house at Aston; a general account of which extended from December, 1769, to December, 1772. Mason pulled down the old parsonage, and erected a very handsome and commodious house upon another site, which must have cost a considerable sum of money, as the Archbishop told him, when he visited Aston parish, of which episcopal visit, Mason gives some account in a letter to Horace Walpole.

† Mr. Stonhewer.

‡ "Brass Crosby," who was very popular. See Walpole's George III. vol. iv. pp. 195 and 304. Cavendish Debates,

on account of his gout will not be sent to the Tower, but committed to the care of Bonfoy, whose pizzy-wizzyship will be horribly frighted on the occasion. The riot is nothing in comparison of what you would have thought respectable when you interested yourself in these matters, and attended them in Bloomsbury Square.

I am much amused at present in living privy to a great court secret, known only to myself, the King, and about five or six persons more in the world. I found it out by a penetration which would have done honour to a first minister in the best of days, even in the days of Sir Robert* or Fobus. When it is ripe for discovery, I shall perhaps let you into some parts of it that will never be made public; in the meanwhile *mum* is the word from

Your friend and servant, SKRODDLES.

I am glad the Master likes his chairs; my true love to him.

ii. 422, 467. Adolphus's History, i. 469. Belsham's History i. 349. Walpole to Mann, ii. 144. Rockingham Papers, ii. 205, where is some account of him. He is said "for a time to have almost rivalled Wilkes in popularity."

* Sir Robert Walpole and Duke of Newcastle. See Lord Holland's character of the Duke of Newcastle in Selwyn Correspondence, ii. p. 269.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Received by Mr. Stonhewer of Mr. Barber for Mr. Gray				180	14	0
Paid for Mr. Brown's patent	49	1	6			
Given to Mr. Barber .	2	2	0			
				51	3	6
Remains . .				129	10	6

LETTER CXXXIV.

REV. WILLIAM MASON TO GRAY.

DEAR MR. GRAY, Curzon Street, April 15th, 1771.

Stonhewer has this post received yours, but you tiffed at him so much in a former letter that you are not to wonder he is backward in answering it; however, he means to write to you if he survives the next subscription masquerade, for the superb garniture of which the Adelphi* are now exerting all their powers.

* The two brothers, Adams, who built the Adelphi, and, among other things, Lord Bute's house at Luton: the entrance-gate to the Duke of Northumberland's at Sion is also theirs. Walpole, writing to Mason, says: "Sir William Chambers is not gone away, so I retract all, *but that the Adams' ought to be gone.*" Vol. ii. p. 89.

Lovatini* cannot sing for them to-morrow, and it is thought Mrs. Cornelys† will be happy if they allow her a third underground floor in Durham-yard to hide her diminished head in. Well, and so the great state secret is out, that I and the King knew so well two months ago: but it may be well to inform you, and such rusticated folks as you, that it is not my friend the surveyor Jackson, of Hornby Castle, who is sub-preceptor, but a Jackson of Christ Church.‡

* *Lovatini* enjoyed the public favour for eight years, and left England in 1774.

† Mrs. Cornelys established a subscription concert in Soho Square, where the best performers and best company assembled; *till Bach and Abel uniting interests*, in 1765, opened a subscription, about 1763, for a weekly concert, which continued with uninterrupted prosperity for twenty years. See Burney's Hist. of Music, iv. 676. Previous to Mrs. Cornelys, Hickford's dancing school continued the fashionable place for concerts. See Burney, iv. p. 196. Walpole says, in a letter to George Montagu, "Strawberry, with all its painted glass and glitter, looked as gay as *Mrs. Cornelys's* ball-room." Miscellaneous Correspondence, v. p. 274. See also Selwyn Correspondence, vol. i. p. 340. "Have we not every house open every night, from *Cornelys's* to Mrs Holman's?" 1765. Again in p. 360, which mentions the rise of Almack's. See also Walpole and Mason's Corresp. vol. ii. p. 153.

‡ Dr. Cyril Jackson, afterwards Dean of Christ Church. He was sub-preceptor; L. Smelt, the sub-governor; Lord Holdernesse, governor, 1771. See Walpole to Mann, ii. 379. Afterwards the preceptors were Markham and Hurd. See

My uncle Powell* may bless his stars that he is removed to Court, for he read such wonderful mathematical lectures there, that if he had gone on a few years longer it is thought St. John's would have been eclipsed by the glories of Peckwater, that Peckwater which, in the days of Roger Paine, was fain to bow even to Trinity. Then what say you of Mr. Smelt? Is it not a proof that patient merit will buoy up at last? In a word, did you ever see an arrangement formed upon a more liberal and unministerial ground? To say nothing of the Governor himself, what think you of the preceptor? Could anything be more to yours and Lord Mansfield's mind? Pray let me know if the new-married Stephen† chooses to be seller of mild and stale to his royal highness, because I would put his name on the list of the expectants I am to apply for, if agreeable. I have a baker, a locksmith, a drawing-master, a laundress, an archbishop's cast-off groom of the chamber, already upon my hands; you must

Walpole's George III. vol. iv. 311, for an account of these appointments. Hurd, in the dates of his Life, p. xii. writes, "Was made preceptor to the Prince of Wales, and his brother Prince Frederic, 5 June, 1776."

* On *Powell*, see Letter LXXXVI. He had been one of the tutors at St. John's College, while Balguy was the other.

† Probably alluding to Gray's servant. See p. 459, note.

speak in time if you would have anything, not that I believe there will be a household these several years, even if we were rich enough to pay for one. Lord J. blabbed to Jack Dixon that Dr. Hurd refused, and he blabbed it to Gould, who will blab it to all the university, and we shall be quite shent. Tell Gould,* if he says a word, that Oddyngton† may again become vacant, and I shall certainly serve him as I served him before. Now I thought that Jack Dixon‡ would have been at Petersburg before he could tell it to anybody, and I did not much mind whether the Czarina knew it or no, for I know she will get out all Jack's secrets in some of their amorous moments. But here am I writing nonsense when I should be thanking you seriously for your 100*l.*, and sending you your security. *Voila donc:* here it is, tear it off and put it in your§ [strong-box].

You say nothing of coming up, and Palgrave affects not to come up till the beginning of

* "My service to *creeping Gain* (I do not mean Mr. Gould); I hope it has conceived vast hopes from the smiles of his grace." Nicholls to Gray, Works, vol. v. p. 97.

† The living before alluded to, which was in Mr. Mason's gift, as Precentor of York Cathedral.

‡ A relation of Mason's; mentioned in Mason's will.

§ Torn out.

May. I will press neither of you, I know you both too well. As to myself, I mean to fly northward by the way of Northamptonshire; and poor Hoyland* comes *Zephyris et Hirundine*

* This was the Francis Hoyland whose Poems were published in 1763, 4to. and subsequently reprinted, with much alteration, in his edition of the English Poets, 1808, by Mr. Thomas Parke (The Poetical Works of the Rev. Mr. Hoyland, collated with the best editions). Horace Walpole, in a letter to Mason, of May, 1769, says, "When I see Mr. Stonhewer I will know if he will choose another edition of *poor Mr. Hoyland's Poems*. I doubt not, as when he sent for the last twenty he said he believed he *could* get them off. I gladly adopt your correction, but I cannot further your own goodness. It is to you, Sir, *Mr. Hoyland* owes everything." See also Mason's letter, p. 8. The edition from the Strawberry Hill Press of Hoyland's Poems was printed in 1769. In 1783 appeared Odes by the *Rev.* F. Hoyland, Edinb. 4to, with the following motto in the title-page:—

Sæpe manus demens, studiis irata sibique
Misit in arsuros carmina nostra focos.
Atque ita de multis quoniam non multa supersunt,
Cum veniâ, facito, quisquis es, ista legi.

OVID.

This edition contains four Odes. 1. From the French of Fenelon. 2. The Dove. 3. An Autumnal Ode. And Ode Four, the Ode to the Guardian Angel, much altered from the edition of 1763, in the Strawberry Hill edition, 1769. Rural Happiness, an Elegy in the first edition, is called an Ode in that of 1769.

In the edition of his poems, 1822, is a brief Memoir by

primâ; but as it snows at present you will think, perhaps, to find me here in June, and perhaps you may. Well! do your pleasure; and believe me ever yours,

W. M.

Congratulate me on the cessation of all my fears about kitchen-garden walls, &c.; it is an ill wind that blows nobody profit.

R. A. Davenport. From this we learn that Hoyland was born previous to 1725; that he was Bachelor of Arts, probably of Cambridge; that he was married, and had a child. Patronage, for which he had often prayed, he at length obtained; but he gave us to understand that it was burthened with conditions by which it was rendered a curse. It is obvious, from his own language, that his promotion, whatever it was, made him a dependent, and that to some one who exacted his full share of homage, if not of servility. Mr. Davenport was at a loss to know by what means Hoyland's poems acquired a typographical distinction (*he means at the Strawberry Hill press*) which was so seldom granted. The title-page to the first edition was as follows:—

Poems and Translations by Francis Hoyland, A.B.

Nasutum volo, nolo polyposum. (Martial.)

Give me a house like other people,
Not one as large as Strasburg steeple.

(Printed for London and York), 1763. (Two Shillings).

LETTER CXXXV.

TO THE REV. JAMES BROWN.

DEAR SIR,

I am sorry to think you are coming to town at a time when I am ready to leave it; but so it must be, for here is a son born unto us, and he must die a heathen without your assistance; Old Pa. is in waiting ready to receive you at your landing. Mason set out for Yorkshire this morning. Delaval is by no means well, and looks sadly, yet he goes about and talks as loud as ever; he fell upon me tooth and nail (but in a very friendly manner) only on the credit of the newspaper, for he knows nothing further; told me of the obloquy that waits for me; and said everything to deter me from doing a thing that is already done. Mason sat by and heard it all with a world of complacency.

You see the determination of a majority of fifty-four, only two members for counties among them. It is true that Luttrell was insulted, and even struck with a flambeau, at the door of the House of Commons on Friday night; but he made no disturbance, and got away. How he will appear in public I do not conceive. Great disturbances are expected, and I think

with more reason than ever. Petitions to Parliament, well-attended, will (I suppose) be the first step, and next, to the King to dissolve the present Parliament. I own I apprehend the event whether the mob or the army are to get the better.

You will wish to know what was the real state of things on the *hearse-day* :* the driver, I hear, was one Stevenson, a man who lets out carriages to Wilkes's party, and is worth money. Lord —— was not rolled in the dirt, nor struck, nor his staff broken, but made the people a speech, and said he would down on his knees to them if they would but disperse and be quiet. They asked him whether he would stand on his head for them, and begun to shoulder him, but he retired among the soldiers. Sir Ar. Gilmour received a blow, and

* A hearse drawn by two black and two white horses, and hung with escutcheons representing the death of Clarke at Brentford and of Allen in St. George's Fields, appeared in the streets, and was drawn to the gates of St. James's, where the attendant mob hissed and insulted all who entered the court. Earl Talbot took courage and went down with his white staff, which was soon broken in his hand. He seized one man, and fourteen more of the rioters were made prisoners. The Duke of Northumberland was very ill treated, &c. See Walpole's Memoirs of George III. iii. 353; see also Lord Mahon's History, vol. v. p. 346.

seized the man who struck him, but the fellow fell down and was hustled away among the legs of the mob. At Bath House a page came in to his mistress, and said, he was afraid Lord Bath did not know what a disturbance there was below; she asked him if "the house was on fire?" he said "No; but the mob were forcing into the court:" she said "Is that all; well I will go and look at them:" and actually did so from some obscure window. When she was satisfied, she said, "When they are tired of bawling I suppose they will go home."

Mr. Ross, a merchant,* was very near murdered, as the advertisement sets forth, by a man with a hammer, who is not yet discovered, in spite of the 600*l.* reward. I stay a week longer. Adieu: I am, ever yours,

---

* The Treasury offered a reward of 500*l.* for discovering the person who, at the procession of the merchants, had with a hammer broken the chariot of one Ross, an aged merchant, and wounded him in several places. See Walpole's George III. iii. p. 354.

LETTER CXXXVI.

REV. DR. BROWN TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

DEAR SIR, Pembroke Hall, July 26, 1771.

I am writing to you in Mr. Gray's room, and he is ill upon the couch, and unable to write to you himself. His illness is something like the gout in the stomach, but as Dr. Glynn tells me there are many different degrees of that disorder we may hope this is one of the less dangerous degrees, and that we shall see him well again in a short time. The last night passed over tolerably well, but this morning, after drinking asses-milk, the sickness at the stomach has returned again. Mr. Gray has received from you one letter from Paris, dated June 29, and he has sent you a letter from Mr. Temple inclosed in a very short one from himself. You will give me leave to add my best compliments to you, and hearty wishes for your health, and,

* These and the five following letters are directed to Mr. Norton Nicholls of Blundeston. The letter that concludes the volume, from Dr. Wharton to Mason, has not been previously printed. Mr. Brown's Correspondence with Dr. Wharton, during Gray's last illness, may be found in the four volumes of Gray's Works, pp. 202, 223; and see Horace Walpole's Miscellaneous Letters, vol. v. p. 318.

when there happens a vacancy in your conversation with Mr. Bonstetten, tell him that I do myself the honour to think of him often with esteem and admiration, and wish him well.*

I am, your faithful humble servant,

J. BROWN.

LETTER CXXXVI.

REV. DR. BROWN TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

DEAR SIR, Pembroke Hall, Aug. 1, 1771.

The night before last, between the 30th and 31st of July, about eleven o'clock, we lost Mr. Gray. My former letter would give you some apprehensions, but we did not think this sad event to be so near. He had frequently convulsion fits from the time I wrote to you till the time of his death; and the physicians thought he was past the sense of pain some hours before he died. On the Saturday he told me where to find his will if there should be occasion. I did not imagine then there would be occasion to look for it; and he said no more to me upon that subject. He told Miss Antrobus he should die; and now and then some short

* See Appendix.

expressions of this kind came from him, but he expressed not the least uneasiness at the thoughts of leaving this world. He has left all his books to Mr. Mason; and his papers of all kinds and writings to be destroyed or preserved at his discretion.* His legacies are to Miss Antrobus and her sister, to Mr. Williamson of Calcutta, to Lady Goring, to Mr. Stonhewer, and Dr. Wharton. He has joined me in the executorship with Mr. Mason; his scrutoire hath not yet been examined, but upon opening it for the will, I observed a parcel sealed up and indorsed, "Papers belonging to Mr. Nicholls," which we shall take care of. Your last letter came too late for him either to read or to hear; I have it by me unopened, and will take care of it. Mr. Bonstetten will be much grieved. Adieu! we shall miss him greatly. Cambridge will appear a very different place to you when you come

* The following is an extract from the Obituary in the Gentleman's Magazine, August 6, 1771:—"The remains of the late celebrated Mr. GRAY, author of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard,[a] were, agreeably to his will, interred at *Windsor*. He has, among other legacies, left a pension to an old faithful servant named Stephen, who has lived with him several years." ! !

[a] See Appendix IV.

again. I am, with my best wishes for your health,

Your faithful humble servant,

JAMES BROWN.

LETTER CXXXVIII.

REV. DR. BROWN TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

DEAR SIR, Pembroke Hall, Sept. 6, 1771.

I thought it might be some satisfaction for you to know that I had disposed of the letter you mentioned according to your desire. You expressed yourself in the singular number. I have seven or eight others by me, several of which I have read in company with Mr. Gray, but be assured they are sacred. I have looked into none of them but with him, and shall still observe the same restraint. They may be kept till you come, or otherwise disposed of as you shall direct. I have received a letter lately from Mr. Mason. Mr. Gray, you know, made memorandums in his pocket-books of his transactions. In that for 1770, March 23, Mr. Mason tells me there is this memorandum: "Lent Mr. de Bonstetten 20*l.*;" and it appears further

to be the day he set out for Dover. I venture to mention this to you as it makes a part of our charge; and perhaps it may be the best opportunity we shall have of hearing from Mr. de Bonstetten how that matter stands. You will act in that matter as you please. No successor to Mr. Gray is yet appointed. Mr. Symonds* has been most mentioned; I believe indeed he does not himself apply for it, which makes his success the more unlikely. I shall rejoice to see you, and to see you well.

I am your faithful humble servant,

JAMES BROWN

LETTER CXXXIX.

REV. DR. BROWN TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

DEAR SIR, June 29, 1773.

I received your letter in London: it is dated May 21st, and I thought it a little unlucky that it came not to my hands before I left Cambridge, which was not till the 25th. I might then have delivered the parcel myself to

* John Symonds, M.A. of St. John's College, succeeded to the Professorship in 1771, which he held till 1807.

Mr. Turner. I have now sent it by Mr. Gillam, and put it into his hands yesterday. He is a trusty agent, otherwise I should have thought your direction to Mr. Turner rather too concise. Amongst Mr. Gray's things we found some little presents for his friends, which they might esteem as memorials of him; for some of his friends I mean. Mr. de Bonstetten had sent him from Paris a little picture of himself; we thought it would be acceptable to you, and therefore, with Mr. Mason's full approbation, it is sent, and makes a part of your parcel. There are those of your letters which we found, but the two or three journals you speak of are not there, unless possibly they may be inclosed in the parcel sealed. Excuse me that I send no directions about the 20*l.* You have wrote to Mr. de Bonstetten, who will mention it, if he be as we imagine. I met Mr. Barrett* twice in my walks in London, and should not have known him the first time had he not been kind enough to know me. I was pleased to see him look so well. You will easily know what was the subject of our discourse whilst we stood together. I believe I was sitting by Mr. Gray at the time he wrote you his last letter to Paris, without

* Mr. Barrett, of Lee Priory, near Canterbury.

feeling what it seems he suggested to you—how near he was to his end. It gives me a melancholy kind of satisfaction that my letters *could* be at all useful to you. The report you mention, I believe, was never uttered in England. Pray let me know when you receive your parcel. I am, with my best wishes for your health, and with much esteem,

Your faithful humble servant,

J. BROWN.

LETTER CXL.

REV. DR. BROWN TO THE REV. NORTON NICHOLLS.

DEAR SIR, Gibside, July 24, 1773.

I received your letter at York, where I was upon a visit to Mr. Mason, who is at this time in residence there. As to the 20*l.*, we were both of the same opinion, that it will be better to stay till Mr. de Bonstetten writes either to you or to one of the executors, and the rather because in case of any accident to Mr. de Bonstetten your payment to us will be no discharge for yourself against any claims which his executors might make. Mr. Mason desired his respectful com-

pliments to you. The Life proceeds well; it promises to be useful and entertaining. It will consist of five or six sections; the first of them relates to his acquaintance with Mr. West, and will contain some extracts of letters and poems both Latin and English, and goes to the time of his going abroad with Mr. Walpole. I am much obliged to you for your kind invitations, and shall be very glad of the opportunity of seeing you whenever it so happens at Cambridge or in Suffolk. Pray make my compliments to your mother. I wish her joy of your safe return. I am, with great respect,

Your faithful humble servant,

J. BROWN.

LETTER CXLI.

DR. WHARTON TO THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

SIR, Old Park, near Darlington, May 29, 1781.

I received the favour of your present yesterday. You will suffer me to acknowledge that I am particularly pleased with the elegant compliment you pay to the memory of Mr. Gray. I remember he said that the merit of his own to that of Shakespeare consisted in the novelty

of it, because it is difficult to invent anything new upon such subjects. The Sonnet has the same merit, and I am certain is of that kind which while he was upon earth would have pleased his ear.

You will now listen for the public judgment; I mean as a satisfaction to your curiosity, for I can by no means admit it as a decision of the merits. I yet reflect with pain upon the cool reception which those noble odes, The Progress of Poetry and The Bard, met with at their first publication; it appeared that there were not twenty people in England who liked them.

I expect to see my nephew shortly, when our conversations upon the subject of your poems will be renewed. He will always give me pleasure when he can assure me you enjoy that happiness which ought to be the lot of wise and good men. Give me leave to mention Mr. Gray once more; it was one of his favourite maxims that employment is happiness; surely we may add, that the more elegant the employment is, the more refined must be the happiness.

I am, Sir, your most obliged and
Obedient humble servant,
THOMAS WHARTON.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX I. (See page 104.)

GRAY'S REMARKS on the LETTERS prefixed to MASON'S ELFRIDA.—See Mason's Works, vol. ii. p. 177—193, and Gray's Letters, vol. iv. p. 1, ed. Ald.

LETTER I.

Dear sir—very bad; I am yours—equally bad: it is impossible to conciliate these passages to nature and Aristotle.

"*Allowed to modern caprice.*"—It is not caprice but good sense that made these alterations in the modern drama. A greater liberty in the choice of the fable and the conduct of it was the necessary consequence of retrenching the Chorus. Love and tenderness delight in privacy. The soft effusions of the soul, Mr. Mason, will not bear the presence of a gaping, singing, dancing, moralising, uninteresting crowd: and not love alone, but every passion, is checked and cooled by this fiddling crew. How could Macbeth and his wife have laid the design for Duncan's murder? What could they have said to each other in the hall at midnight not only if a chorus but if a single mouse had been stirring there? Could Hamlet have met the Ghost or taken his mother to task in *their* company? If Othello had said a harsh word to his wife before *them*, would they not have danced to the window and called the watch?

The ancients were perpetually crossed and harassed by the necessity of using the Chorus, and, if they have done wonders

nothwithstanding this clog, sure I am they would have performed still greater wonders without it. For the same reason we may be allowed to admit of more intrigue in our drama, to bring about a great action—it is often an essential requisite; and it is not fair to argue against this liberty for that misuse of it which is common to us, and was formerly so with the French, namely, the giving into a silly intricacy of plot, in imitation of the Spanish dramas. We have also, since Charles the Second's time, imitated the French (though but awkwardly) in framing scenes of mere insipid gallantry; but these were the faults of the writers and not of the art, which enables us, with the help of a little contrivance, to have as much love as we please, without playing the petits maîtres or building labyrinths.

I forgot to mention that *Comedy* continued to be an odd sort of farce, very like those of the Italian theatre, till the Chorus was dismissed, when nature and Menander brought it into that beautiful form which we find in Terence. *Tragedy* was not so happy till modern times.

II.

I do not admit that the excellences of the French writers are measured by the verisimilitude or the regularities of their dramas *only*. Nothing in them, or in our own, even Shakspere himself, ever touches us, unless rendered *verisimile*, which, by good management, may be accomplished even in such absurd stories as the Tempest, the witches in Macbeth, or the fairies in the Midsummer Night's Dream; and I know not of any writer that has pleased chiefly in proportion to his *regularity*. Other beauties may, indeed, be heightened and set off by its means, but of itself it hardly pleases at all. Venice Preserved or Jane Shore are not so regular as the Orphan, or Tamerlane, or Lady Jane Grey.

III.

Modern Melpomene.—Here are we got into our tantarems! It is certain that pure poetry may be introduced without any Chorus. I refer you to a thousand passages of *mere* description in the Iambic parts of Greek tragedies, and to ten thousand in Shakspere, who is moreover particularly admirable in his introduction of pure poetry, so as to join it with pure passion, and yet keep close to nature. This *he* could accomplish with passions the most violent and transporting, and this any good writer may do with passions less impetuous; for it is nonsense to imagine that tragedy must *throughout* be agitated with the furious passions, or attached by the tender ones: the greater part of it must often be spent in a preparation of these passions, in a gradual working them up to the light, and must thus pass through a great many cooler scenes and a variety of *nuances*, each of which will admit of a proper degree of poetry, and some the purest poetry. Nay, the boldest metaphors, and even description in its strongest colouring, are the natural expression of some passions, even in their greatest agitation. As to moral reflections, there is sufficient room for them in those cooler scenes that I have mentioned, and they make the greatest ornaments of those parts, that is to say, if they are well joined with the character. If not, they had better be left to the audience than put into the mouths of a set of professed moralists, who keep a shop of sentences and reflections (I mean the Chorus), whether they be sages, as you call them, or young girls that learnt them by heart out of their samples and primers.

There is nothing ungracious or improper in Jane Shore's reflections on the fate of women, but just the contrary, only that they are in rhyme; and, in like manner, it is far from a beautiful variety when the Chorus makes a transition

in the —— from plain iambics to high-flown lyric thoughts, expressions, and numbers, and, when their vagaries are over, relapse again into common sense and conversation. A confidante in skilful hands might be a character, and have both sense and dignity. That in Maffei's Merope has as much as any Chorus.

The Greeks might sing better than the French, but I'll be burnt if they *danced* with more grace, expression, or even pathos. Yet who ever thought of shedding tears at a French opera?

IV.

If modern music cannot, as you say, express poetry, it is not a perfection, but a deterioration. You might as well say that the *perfectionnement* of poetry would be the rendering it incapable of expressing the passions.

APPENDIX II.—(See page 360.)

The following Letter to the Printer of "The St. James's Chronicle" is ascribed to Mr. Archdeacon BLACKBURNE, on the authority of the late Mr. LOCKYER DAVIS, who was deep in the secrets of that respectable literary journal. (Nichols's Literary Illustrations, vol. iii. p. 715—718.)

"SIR, Thursday, October 16, 1766.

"There is a tribute of *candid report* due to the memory of men of genius and learning, how unfortunate soever they may have been in the application of their talents, or however they may have fallen short of that approbation which the publick has given to men of much inferior abilities, at the same time

that it hath been denied to *them*. I would endeavour to apply this reflection to the case of the unhappy Leucophæus,* who has just finished his mortal course in a way which some people may think has fully justified the world in the unfavourable sentiments that were so generally entertained of his literary conduct. Leucophæus is now out of the reach of every man's resentment, as well as of every man's envy; and I would willingly hope, that a few dispassionate reflections upon his fortunes and his fate, from a person who knew something of him at different times of his life, may not be offensive to those who have candour enough to make the requisite allowances for errors and frailties, which have been excused in others who had but a small portion of his merit to qualify them. Merit he certainly had, and merit will be allowed him by the capable readers, even of such of his writings as convey the most striking idea of the author's mental infirmities.

"Few men have given earlier proofs of capacity and erudition than Leucophæus. His rising genius was marked and distinguished by the *tendered* patronage of some who had gained, and of others who thought they were gaining, the summit of fame in the republic of letters. With certain of the latter Leucophæus entered into the most intimate connection, upon the assurance of being conducted, in virtue of that alliance, to as much reputation, and as great a proportion of emolument, as he had reason to look for. A fatal step! which he never afterward could retrieve, when he most desired it. Had he preserved his independency, he had preserved his probity and honour; but he had parts, and he had ambition. The former might have eclipsed a jealous competition for fame; the latter laid him open to practices proper to prevent it. No arts or allurements were omitted to attach him to a

* The learned but unhappy Dr. John Brown; of whom see Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," vol. ii. p. 211.

party, which easily found the means to consign him to contempt the moment it was suspected that he was uneasy in his bonds, and that he was meditating expedients to break them.

"An intimate friend spent a long evening with him, when he was *literally* on the road to his ruin;* that is to say, when he was going to confirm and cultivate the alliance abovementioned. Leucophæus's prospects were then talked over. He was warned to be aware of consequences; but the connection was formed, and must be adhered to; and they who had heard Leucophæus harangue on that occasion, concerning the world with which he was going to engage, and concerning what would become him in his commerce with it, would have sworn that nothing could surprise his prudence, nothing pervert his integrity.

"Splendid and decorated *guide-posts*, promising straight and easy roads, often stand at the head of dirty, crooked lanes. These were pointed out to Leucophæus at his first setting forwards. He soon found them fallacious indexes: he had the satisfaction, however, to have *one* example immediately before him, that shewed how well it might be worth the while of an *aspirant* to *turn* and *wind* about, and even to be a little *bemired*, in order to come at a comfortable lodging, clean linen, and a complete change of raiment.

"But these were blessings which were not intended for Leucophæus. The *tempter* could have given the clue, which would have led his pupil through all difficulties; but that might have spoiled his own game. He contented himself therefore with escorting Leucophæus to the thickest of the filth, and there he fairly left him to the scorn and derision of lookers-on; calmly observing, with a shrug, 'If a man *will* expose himself, who can help it?' It happened, however, that

* Alluding, perhaps, to his poem prefixed to Pope's Works, or his "Essays on the Characteristics."

out of this piteous condition Leucophæus emerged, and with that vigour as in a great measure to recover his estimation. And here the *tempter saw* it necessary to strike in again. A little coaxing procured an act of oblivion for one of the cruelest insults that could be offered to an ingenuous mind; and to shew the sincerity of his reconciliation, the first thing Leucophæus did was to disfigure one of his capital performances, by copying the ungracious manner of the *Grand Examplar*.

"At what period Leucophæus lost himself with the publick every one knows. At the same instant was he deserted by the *alliance;* and so apprehensive were they lest he should once more find such encouragement for his powers as might throw their importance into obscurity, that some pains were taken to have *one* door of preferment shut against him, even where the recommendation of the *alliance* would have been of no service to him had it been kept open. But they succeeded; and in that success added one more to the many instances upon record, of the power and proclivity of many a man to do mischief, where he has neither the power nor the inclination to do good. Certain fragments in the last thing* Leucophæus committed to the press, throw some faint light upon this part of his history.

"Leucophæus now found himself in a wide world, at enmity with him on every side. What was he to do? Should he return to the paths of truth and probity, to which he had been so long a stranger? Alas! his *credit*, his *weight* was gone. His *early* connections had left a stain upon his character, which the after-conduct of an angel could hardly have discharged from the minds of honest men. It appeared by some very remarkable evidence that he was suspected to be the scout of the *alliance*, even to the very last. It has since appeared that his most zealous remonstrances against the imputation could

* "Thoughts on Civil Liberty, Licentiousness, and Faction."

not perfectly clear him of that suspicion. What remained then for him, but to do—what numbers (perhaps a majority) of his brethren had done before him—what his original patrons and conductors were then doing—what the dexterous part of mankind generally find their account in doing?—In one word, he *temporized*, but with this difference from the calmer speculators of the ground before them—he made his evolutions too quick and visible. Unhappily for him, the changes in the upper regions were frequent, sudden, and unforeseen. To these he accommodated himself without hesitation; and it was impossible that so immediate and so nimble transitions in so conspicuous a character, should not give the cue to the publick to mark *him*, rather than an hundred others, who really *temporized* no less than he, but who had the discretion not to notify it upon paper, or (if that was unavoidable in an occasional sermon or so) who had the art to balance so cleverly as to leave matters in that sort of see-saw way, which affords the publick no clear indications of their *present* attachments.—Common fame says, that the last effort of *Leucophœus's* genius was a panegyric on the Earl of Chatham.* This, probably, the sad catastrophe of the author broke off abruptly; otherwise the publick had been favoured with it ere this. What the brotherhood in general think of the noble Earl, we shall hardly be informed in *print* before the end of January. Such is the difference between impetuosity and discretion in committing the same sin.

"The last province allotted to Leucophæus was of a sort which implied a civil dismission from all his expectations at home. It is said to have been planned in a consultation of casuists, upon the same considerations which induce physicians to send their patients to Bath, when they chuse not to be longer troubled with their hypochondriacal complaints in

* See Dr. Brown's "Estimate," vol. ii.

town. Leucophæus was *evidently contemptuously, unaccountably* neglected; and the publick was eternally asking *Why?* He was a *temporizer*. What then? is not *temporizing* the *cardinal virtue* of the age? is it not almost the *singular merit* of that class of men to which Leucophæus belonged? To whomsoever his trimming character was obnoxious, it should not have been so to those who denounce utter exclusion against all who are inflexibly tenacious of unpolite truths. Is an obsequious blockhead a greater credit to the cause he espouses, or a greater ornament to the master who employs him, than an obsequious genius? No. But the former will be quiet, every way quiet; and geniuses are apt to speculate, and speculation is apt to run foul of system, and to do mischief, even where the meaning is good enough. Aye, there was the rub; Leucophæus speculated once upon a time* on his *quiet* brethren, in the midst of their repose; and for this he has ever since been called an impudent writer. But has it been duly considered in what respectable school he learned his *impudence?* Did he bring anything from that school but his *impudence?* And why should not *impudence* do as much for him as it has done for—others? So reasoned the publick. And they who perhaps would not have employed Leucophæus, where an honester man was to be had, could suggest no reason to themselves why he should not be employed by those who were no honester than himself. At length the dispute is ended. An office was contrived which would answer the highest demands of his ambition. He was to be the *Solomon* to a Queen of *Sheba.*† A little solemn grimace in the quarter where it was first proposed drew him in to act his part in this egregious farce. Of all men upon earth, Leucophæus was the last to suspect *design*, when anything was said to his advantage. Compliments on this occasion were not spared; and as they came

* Dr. Brown's "Estimate," vol. i. † Empress of Russia.

from the *white-bearded* fellow,* no *gull* was suspected. Intoxicated with this prospect, he became, what his insidious coaxers wanted him—perfectly ridiculous. After some time the loudness of the laugh roused him from his reverie. The length of the nap had sobered him. He inquired seriously of those who knew the best where all this was to end, and—*behold! it was all a dream.* The reflection was too much for the feeling, indignant spirit of Leucophæus. A speedy end was put to it by an act of desperation, for which perhaps, at the final day of account, not Leucophæus alone shall be answerable.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"ÆACUS."

APPENDIX III.—(See page 458.)

THE sudden intimacy and almost romantic attachment of Gray to *Bonstetten* is so curious as to make some account of him not unacceptable, especially as his name is but little known in England. Charles von Bonstetten was Baillie of Nion, in the canton of Berne in Switzerland. When young, and his father still alive, he came and resided for a short time at Cambridge. He first appears in a letter to Mr. Nicholls, 6 January, 1770, in which he describes his pursuing his studies with Gray. "I am in a hurry from morning till evening. At eight o'clock I am roused by a young square-cap, with whom I follow Satan through chaos and night.† He explained me in Greek and Latin 'the *sweet, reluctant, amorous delays*' of our grandmother Eve. We finish our travels in a copious breakfast of muffins and tea. Then appear

* Dr. Warburton.

† That is, he read Milton's Paradise Lost.

Shakspere and old Linnæus,* struggling together as two ghosts would do for a damned soul. Sometimes the one got the better, sometimes the other. Mr. Gray, whose acquaintance is my greatest debt to you, is so good as to show me Macbeth, and all witches, beldames, ghosts, and spirits, whose language I never could have understood without his interpretation. I am now endeavouring to dress all these people in a French dress, which is a very hard labour. I am afraid to take a room, which Mr. Gray shall keep much better," &c. To this letter of young Bonstetten Gray has added the following post-script:—"I never saw such a boy; our breed is not made on this model. He is busy from morning to night; has no other amusement than that of changing one study for another; likes nobody that he sees here, and yet wishes to stay longer, though he has passed a whole fortnight with us already. His letter has had no correction whatever, and is prettier by half than English." In the next letter, March 20, 1770, Gray writes—"On Wednesday next I go (for a few days) with Mons. de Bonstetten to London. His father will have him home in the autumn, and he must pass through France to improve his talents and morals. He goes from Dover on Friday. I have seen (I own) with pleasure the efforts you have made to recommend me to him, *sed non ego credulus illis*, nor, I fear, he neither. He gives me too much pleasure, and at least *an equal share* of inquietude. You do not understand him so well as I do; but I leave my meaning imperfect till we meet. I have never met with so extraordinary a person. God bless him! I am unable to talk to you about anything else, I think." The 4th April, 1770, P. Hall:—"At length, my dear sir, we have lost our poor De Bonstetten. I packed him

* Gray's copy of Linnæus, which in his later years was always on the table, and which was filled with his notes and pen-and-ink drawings, being interleaved for that purpose. It was sold with his other books.

up with my own hands in the Dover machine at four o'clock on the morning of Friday, 23rd March. The next day at seven he sailed, and reached Calais at noon, and Boulogne at night. The next night he reached Abbeville, where he had letters to Madame Vanrobais, to whom belongs the famous manufacture of cloth there. From thence he wrote to me; and here am I again to pass my solitary evenings, which hung much lighter on my hands before I knew him. This is your fault! Pray let the next you send be halt and blind, dull, unapprehensive, and wrongheaded. For there (as Lady Constance says) '*was never such a gracious creature born:*' and yet—but no matter. Burn my letter that I wrote you, for I am very much out of humour with myself, and will not believe a word of it. You will think I have caught madness from him (for he is certainly mad), and perhaps you will be right." Bonstetten is mentioned in three subsequent letters; and in one from Mr. Nicholls, in January, 1771, it would appear as if Gray had meant to visit him at Berne (see Correspondence, p. 122); and in March Bonstetten entreats Gray and Nicholls, *à deux genoux*, to come (p. 130). Gray's health began to fail in the spring of this the last year of his life, and Nicholls took his journey alone in June. The last mention of Bonstetten was in a letter of Gray, 3rd May, when he was yet uncertain whether or not to venture abroad, and asking Nicholls to stay a week or fortnight for his determination. In it he says, "Three days ago I had so strange a letter from Bonstetten, I hardly know how to give you any account of it, and desire you will not speak of it to anybody. That he has been 'le plus malheureux des hommes;' that he has 'décidé à quitter sa pays,' that is, to pass the next winter in England; that he cannot bear 'la morgne de l'aristocratie et l'orgueil armé des loix:' in short, strongly expressive of uneasiness and confusion of mind, so as to talk of 'un pistolet'

and 'du courage,' and all without the shadow of a reason assigned; and so he leaves mè. He is either disordered in his intellect (which is too possible), or has done some strange thing which has exasperated his whole family and friends at home, which (I'm afraid) is equally possible. I am quite at a loss about it. You will see and know more; but by all means curb these vagaries and wandering imaginations, if there be any room for counsels," &c. Three letters from Gray to Bonstetten, in April and May, 1770, are printed in Gray's Works, ed. Ald. vol. iv. p. 179, which are taken from an edition of Mathison's Letters translated and published by Miss Plumtree in 1799. By the advertisement to the work it appears that Mason's application to Bonstetten for these letters met with a refusal. Mathison had alluded to Bonstetten under the name of Agathon in his stanzas on the Leman Lake:—

> When Agathon, the Muses', Greece's pride,
> The palace's delight, the peasant's stay,
> E'en here, to distant Jura's shaggy side,
> In warmest friendship clasp'd me as his *Gray*.

In the year 1822, when I was in Switzerland, the Hon. W. Ward, who was there at the same time, informed me that he called on Bonstetten, who said to him that "Gray took lodgings for me at Cambridge, and I used to visit him in the evening, and read classical authors with him;" and nothing more was obtained from him. Bonstetten died at Genoa, Feb. 1832, aged 87. He was author of several works, as "Letters on the Pastoral Poets of Switzerland;" "The Hermit," an Alpine tale, 1787; on Education at Berne, 1786; and others better known, as "L'Homme du Midi et l'Homme du Nord," and "Les Six derniers Livres de l'Æneide." Some account of him may be found in the Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges, vol. i.

pp. 117, 330, and Restituta, iii. 542, and in the Biographie des Hommes Vivans. The year before M. Bonstetten died (1831) he wrote a little work called "Souvenirs de Chevalier Victor de Bonstetten," in which a curious and interesting account of Gray's life is to be found, and which forms a very good commentary on the previous narrative.

"Dix-huit ans avant mon séjour a Nyon, j'avais passé quelques mois à Cambridge avec le celèbre poéte *Gray*, presque dans la même intimité qu'avec *Mathison*, mais avec cette difference, que *Gray* avait trente ans plus que moi, et *Mathison* seize de moins. Ma gaieté, mon amour pour la poësie Angloise, *que je lisait avec Gray*, l'avaient comme subjugué, de maniere qué la differeuce de nos ages n'etait plus sentie par nous. J'etais logé à Cambridge dans un café, voisin du Pembroke Hall. *Gray* y vivait enseveli dans une espece du cloître, d'ou le quinzieme siecle n'avait pas encore déménagé. La ville de Cambridge avec ses colleges solitaires n'etait qu'une réunion de couvens, où les mathematiques, et quelques sciences, ont pris la forme et le costume de la théologie du moyen age. De beaux couvens à longs et silencieux corridores, des solitaires en robes noirs, des jeunes seigneurs travestis en moines, à bonnets carrés, portant des souvenirs des moines à côté de la gloire de Newton. *Aucune femme honnête ne venait égayer la vie de ces rats de livres à forme humaine.* Le savoir prosperait quelquefois dans le desert du cœur. Tel j'ai en Cambridge en 1769. Quel contraste de habit de Gray à Cambridge avec cette de Mathison à Nyon. Gray en se condamnant à vivre à Cambridge, oubliait que le génie du poéte languit dans la secheresse du cœur. Le génie poëtique de Gray etait tellement eteint dans le sombre manoir de Cambridge, *que le souvenir de ses poësies lui etaient odieux. Il ne permit jamais de lui en parler.* Quand je lui citais quelques vers de lui, il se lui fait comme un enfant obstiné. Je lui disais quelquefois, 'Voulez vous bien me

repondre?' Mais aucune parole ne sortait de sa bouche. Je le voyais tous les soirs, de cinque heures à minuit. Nous lisions Shakspere, qu'il adoroit, Dryden, Pope, Milton, &c.; et nos conversations, comme celle de l'amitié, n'arrivaient jamais à la derniere pensée. Je racontrai à Gray ma vie et mon pays; mais toute sa vie à lui etait fermée pour moi. *Jamais* il ne me parlait de lui. Il y avait chez Gray, entre le present et le passé, un abîme infranchisable. Quand je voulais un approche, de sombres nuées venaient le couvrir. Je crus que *Gray* n'avait jamais aimé; c'etait le mot de l'enigme, et en etait resulté une misere de cœur, qui faisait contraste avec son imagination ardente et profonde, que, au lieu de faire le bonheur de sa vie, n'etait que le tourment. Gray avait la gaieté dans l'esprit, et de la mélancolie dans le caractere. Mais cette mélancolie n'est qu'un besoin non satisfait de la sensibilité. Chez *Gray* elle tenait au genre de vie de son âme ardente, releguée sous le pole arctique de Cambridge."

"Mr. Miller, who was curator of the physic garden at Cambridge, gave lectures on botany and on Linnæus to a Mons. Bonstetten, who studied at Cambridge for some months in a house opposite Pembroke Hall, where he lodged, chiefly on account of the vicinity to Mr. Gray of Pembroke, who had brought him from London to Cambridge. He was a most studious young gentleman, of a most amiable figure, and was son to the treasurer of the canton of Berne in Switzerland, whither he returned in March, 1770, on his leaving Cambridge, through Paris, not staying at London above a day or two. Mr. Miller read lectures to him to the very last day of his being at Cambridge."—Coll. for Athenæ Cantabrigienses, by Cole.

There is an anecdote of Bonstetten while he was staying at Madame de Stäel's house at Coppet in the Memoires de Josephine, p. 106; and Bonstetten gives an account of his friend

Mathison's life certainly very different from that of Gray: "Après dîner, il s'evadait furtivement pour faire de la poësie d'amour, avec quelque aimable et jeune personne." The description, however, of his apartment at the end of the gallery of the old chateau at Nion is very pleasing.

APPENDIX IV.—(See p. 459.)

As a specimen of the *correct* manner in which the French writers treat our literary history, I here give an anecdote from a work bearing a high character in France, viz. Barbier, Bibliothèque d'un Homme de Goût, vol. i. p. 425. "GRAY.—*Gray*, dit M. Hennet, dans sa Poëtique Anglaise, se trouvant un jour à une vente des livres, regardait une belle collection des meilleurs auteurs François, très bien reliée, et du prix de cent guinées. Il temoignait à un de ses amis le regret d'être hors d'etat de l'acheter; la Duchesse de Northumberland, qui l'entendit, s'informa adroitement de cet ami, qu'il etoit. Ils se retirèrent avant elle, et *Gray* trouva, en rentrant chez lui, la collection, avec un billet de la duchesse, qui le pria de l'excuser, si elle lui offrait un aussi foible gage de sa reconnoissance, pour le plaisir qu'elle avoit eprouvé a la lecture de l'Elegie sur un Cimetière de Campagne." It is useless to conjecture on what foundation this extraordinary romance could have been built. The same writer says, that, *after* translating Virgil, Dryden commenced his dramatic career, and that Gay died of grief from the Lord Chamberlain *forbidding the representation* of the Beggar's Opera; that Cowley was employed in political negotiations by Charles the First and Second; and that Young died of grief from the loss of a virtuous wife and two young children.

He mentions with praise a translation of Paradise Lost by Mons. St. Maur, but says, " Le traducteur n'a pas toujours suivi literalement son original. Tantot il en a adouci quelques traits, tantot il en a retranché d'autres. Il en a supprimé quelques uns; par example, dans le livre neuvième, *ou la pudeur n'est point assez ménagée*, lorsque le poéte fait la peinture des plaisirs que les premieres atteintes de la concupiscence font chercher à Adam et Eve apres leur chute. Mais il en reste assez dans la traduction, pour fair sentir que Milton, quoique Chretien, n'avoit pas sur cet article la même delicatesse que montre Virgile dans la quatrieme livre de son Eneide. D. de St. Maur a aussi epargné au lecteur la plupart des details, dans lequels le poéte entre sur le chemin que le superflu des alimens prenoit dans les esprits celestes, comment il *se dissipait par la transpiration;* et il y a d'autres imaginations encore plus extravagantes dans le poëme Anglais dont quelques unes n'ont point, avec raison, été traduites par l'ecrivain François," &c.

ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 190. On Lord G. Sackville, see a remarkable note in Grenville Correspondence, iv. p. 173.

Page 213. On the death of Lady Hervey and her will, see Grenville Correspondence, iv. p. 357.

Page 255. On Sir Richard Lyttelton, see Grenville Correspondence, iv. p. 528. Sir Richard's nephew, Thomas Pitt, afterwards Lord Camelford, erected an obelisk to his memory in the park at Boconnoc, in Cornwall, now the property of Lady Grenville.

Page 317. On Humphrey Cotes, see Wilkes's Letters in Grenville Correspondence, iv. p. 3 and p. 16.

Page 338. On the Bedford Riots in 1765, see Grenville Correspondence, iii. p. 164. "The Duke of Bedford showed him (Mr. Grenville) a stone of five or six pounds weight which had been thrown at him into his chariot. He parried the blow with his hand, which was wounded by it, notwithstanding which it had struck his temple," &c. p 168.

Page 352. (Married.) An anecdote, on good authority, is told of this lady, that, on the morning of the marriage, and after the ceremony was concluded, Mason presented his bride with a complimentary copy of verses, which she, without looking at them, crumpled up and thrust into her pocket.

Page 364. On Mr. Prowse, see Grenville Correspondence, i. pp. 397, 398, 402.

Page 385. "The Duke of York invited Lady C. Edwin to his play on Saturday." See Grenville Correspondence, iv. p. 227.

Page 407. On C. Townshend's death, see Grenville Correspondence, iv. p. 158.

Page 424. On the King of Denmark in England, see Grenville Correspondence, iv. pp. 342, 365.

Page 426. (Dr. G——.) Dr. Gisborne was the second son of the Rev. James Gisborne, Rector of Staveley, Derbyshire, and Prebendary of Durham. He had three brothers; the eldest a General in the army.

Page 439. On the "remonstrance," the speech of Beckford, see Grenville Correspondence, iv. p. 517. "He died three weeks afterwards, from the effect of a violent fever, caused, as was supposed, by political excitement." As a public monument has been erected by the city of London in honour of their patriotic magistrate, it is certainly interesting to know as exactly as we can on what grounds his claim to that honour has been derived. I therefore again consulted my friend Mr. Maltby, who says that Mr. Horne Tooke told him, "that he with others was waiting at the Mansion House when Beckford returned from St. James's; that he was asked what he had said? and his answer was, that he was so *flurried* that he could not remember any part of it. 'But,' said Horne Tooke, 'it is necessary that a speech should be given to the public,' and accordingly he went into a room and wrote the one which is attributed to Beckford." Mr. Maltby said that Horne Tooke invariably mentioned the speech as his composition; and that some years since he (Mr. Maltby) had a request from the corporation of the city to give them some information on this point.

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00141384

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Government of Maharashtra
on 27 February, 2016